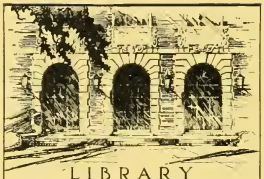

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NOTES

POLITICAL

MR. HANNIS TAYLOR'S article in the *North American Review* and his subsequent interviews with newspaper reporters have excited consternation in Madrid, as well they might. Something may be said of the impropriety of these utterances coming from an ex-minister of the United States while the subject he discusses is still in suspense. Doubtless Mr. Taylor has violated "the cardinal article of professional honor," besides proving himself a very snug dissembler, since it is apparent that while he lived in Madrid and was a commensal of the ministers of the government, he professed a lively friendship for Spain and a generous faith in her ability to crush the insurrection. He has not improved his own reputation as a trustworthy national servant. But, on the part of the public, resentment of his abuse of confidence has given way to the feeling that he has spoken the really definite and authoritative word on Cuba. It has been apparent for two years that, no matter what professions of good intentions may come from Madrid, Spain will never abandon her traditional colonial policy. As Mr. Taylor says: "A mere change in the person who fills the premiership amounts to nothing unless it signifies a change of policy. . . . I am satisfied, after careful investigation, that the ruling classes of Spain, civil, clerical, and military, are resolved, regardless of party, to refuse to make such concessions to their rebellious colonists as would meet with their acceptance. I cannot doubt that any ministry that dares to undertake such a perilous enterprise will be at once discredited and driven from office." The "reforms" recently promulgated by Sagasta are shams and frauds, and even if they were honest they would not touch the chief causes of the revolt, which are economic rather than political. Mr. Taylor declares boldly for intervention by the United States, but those who have not fallen under the influence of Spanish hospitality will hardly agree with him when he predicts that a joint resolution, favored by the President, will bring the Spanish government to a right-about-face. If the "ruling classes" are able to prevent a grant of adequate reforms to Cuba, they will be able to stifle the protests of "the Spanish people themselves, worn out and exhausted by an unfruitful struggle." In any case, the problem has

grown suddenly more complex, and a peaceful solution will not be rendered easier by the gathering of the jingoes in Congress a month hence.

THE RESULTS OF THE RECENT ELECTIONS may go far toward determining the president's position. Mr. McKinley went into office with a firm purpose to "settle the Cuban question." With this intention he despatched by the hand of General Woodford a note which probably has no parallel in the record of diplomatic correspondence between "friendly nations." But no sooner had the contents of the note leaked out than Mr. McKinley perceived that management of an international dispute is a far more complicated transaction than any that fell to his lot as congressman or party leader. Spain simply dodged, and the blow fell harmless. Directly the consequences of his action began to appear in the stock quotations, he was entreated by the most important of his supporters to modify his policy. Mr. Gage, the secretary of the treasury, a determined opponent of the "jingo policy," argued that a war with Spain would carry the country to a silver basis in a month. The president was alarmed, and his close friends who have talked with him since the despatch of the Woodford note have perceived a remarkable change of manner in discussing Cuba.

In ordinary circumstances the president might be expected to resist an onslaught of the "jingoes" with all his might. But the recent elections have shown the need of "stirring up new issues" to keep intact the following of the administration. The overturning of the enormous majority in New York state and the melancholy reduction of the Republican vote in Ohio and Iowa prove that the money question and the tariff question have lost interest for the masses. A new diversion is needed, and especially needed to save Senator Hanna. The hopes of the Republican manager hang on a slender majority in the legislature. Disaffection with his rule is apparent. It is reported on good authority that agents of Senator Foraker and employes of Governor Bushnell were active for two weeks before the election, urging local Republican managers to "knife" the Hanna candidates for the legislature. The Cuban question will come up in Congress before the Ohio legislature meets, and Foraker, who is the wildest jingo of all that wild tribe, undoubtedly will do his utmost to put Hanna on record as "an enemy of Cuban liberty." The Republican manager, who is a business man first, and only by avocation a politician, is opposed to intervention. But needs must when the Devil (or Foraker) drives, and he may be forced to adopt an advanced position, dragging his party behind him, next month.

IT HAS BEEN ASSUMED that if General Tracy had withdrawn from the canvass in Greater New York in favor of Mr. Low, the president of Columbia would have been elected. This assumption is based upon the fact that the combined vote for Low and Tracy was 20,000 greater than that cast for Van Wyck. This is an insecure foundation, for we must reflect that if Tracy had withdrawn, a large —a very large—portion of his vote would have gone to Van Wyck. Nothing could have been more clear than the fact that Mr. Platt's second choice was Van Wyck, and that his instructions to the initiated lieutenants of his numerous following were to beat Low at any cost. Since the election the *New York Sun* has declared on authority that a great many republican votes went to Van Wyck, and these were but a small fraction of what would have gone in the same direction if it had appeared that Mr. Low was "dangerous." The result was disappointing only to those whose fervor had led them to believe that the semi-savage masses in the dark back streets of New York are approachable from the side of intelligence or good morals. As we said once before, Mr. Low was defeated not because he was unfit to be mayor, but because New York is unfit to have him for mayor.

LITERARY

NO FOREIGN WRITER who visits America can complain that his reception lacks enthusiasm. That is the one quality that distinguishes our hospitality to the point of gush. Tact and taste are not always so apparent in the rush we habitually make for a newly-arrived author. Mr. Barrie, for instance, spent what were easily the three most uncomfortable hours of his life at the famous Aldine Club dinner. Bored, frightened, and abashed, the poor fellow tried again and again to efface himself in a quiet corner, only to be pulled out to submit to the presentation of some exuberant Scot who had hardly got well started on the subject of Scotland before he was supplanted by an American who did business with a Glasgow firm. Mr. Barrie did his best to appear cheerful and conceal his discomfort; though the expression on his face would not have yielded at any time a more flattering translation than "It 's very kind of you, but —," with a suppressed glance at the door. We find it difficult, practically impossible, to square our welcome to the disposition of our literary guests. Our class of writers is not large enough or sufficiently concentrated in any one town to recall to a stranger the atmosphere of London or Paris. We turn on the tap of hospitality and there flows forth a condescending stream of business men, politicians, railroad presidents, lawyers, bankers, and so on, flecked here and there by authors and publishers, subsiding ultimately into a pool of Depewism to the instant submergence of literature. Not that Depewism, as a social factor, is without its attrac-

tions; on the contrary it would make a capital supplement to any comic paper. But to one who has drunk of the waters of the Garrick Club and the Travellers and the Savage and the Vagabonds, the fountain of Depewism, for a fixed literary liquid, is as Californian claret to Château Lafitte. There is too much iron in it, too harsh a flavor. Yet see its magical influence on New York's literary digestion! Lawyers drink of it and straightway become critics; an ex-Tammany spouter sips at it and passes Dickens and Thackeray in final review; a dry-goods man gulps it down and is transformed admittedly into an oracle on æsthetics. It is Circe's cup mixed over again, a new variation of the oldest confidence trick in the world. And whenever we have an English writer among us, a dozen New Yorkers will always fall victims to it.

Take, for instance, Mr. Bourke Cockran's speech at the dinner given by the Lotos Club to Mr. Anthony Hope. Mr. Cockran, up to quite recently, was one of the head braves in the Tammany Wigwam, distinguished among his fellow chieftains by an air of shrewd respectability. Mr. Cockran is also known as a great orator; as a matter of fact he can do no more than clothe commonplace thoughts in a fury of tempestuous words. However, taking Mr. Cockran at the popular estimate, we will admit his propriety as a lawyer, politician, and speaker. But has any human being ever thought of consulting Mr. Cockran as a literary critic? Does anybody suppose that he has any more capacity to judge of literature than Richard Croker himself? Yet the fatal cup was offered to him in the shape of an invitation to speak at the Lotos Club dinner, and Mr. Cockran had not the good sense to pass it on. He drank deeply, boisterously; with the effects described in Comus and elsewhere. A literary debauch is as disagreeable as any other kind of orgie; but the transcription of a few of Mr. Cockran's sentences at the height of his frenzy may serve as a silent and impressive sermon on the wisdom of the cobbler sticking to his last:—"In my judgment there is no living writer whose works can be compared with those of Mr. Hope." That is a good beginning, the first sign of the remoulding of reason's mintage. "I believe it is no disparagement of living writers to say that, since the hand of Charles Dickens fell helpless by his side, no one has wielded a pen of equal power, no one has drawn characters so forceful, so remarkable, and yet so natural. . I believe that Mr. Hope occupies now in the literature of this period the place which Charles Dickens occupied in the literature of another generation." The madness mounts, you perceive. Now for the whirlwind of delirium. "Hope's work, every single sentence of it, contributes to the progress of the century." After this, to say that Anthony Hope is more of an artist than either Dickens or Thackeray, and that the "Prisoner of Zenda" is on a level with "Gulliver's Travels," seems almost like a lapse into sanity. By such antics do we entertain and captivate our visitors. Mr. Hope is entitled to our money and our grateful presence at his readings; but what has he done to deserve our dinners?

FURTHER RESEARCHES into Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" have brought to light a preface. And this preface speaks in no halting fashion of the objects and performances of the editor and his advisory council; and of the intellectual benefits that will accrue to America from the presence of the Library in every American household. Our scepticism in this regard is immovable. What man ever learnt anything from an Encyclopedia? We cannot conceive, for example, of any reader being stimulated into a study of Addison by glancing over a few selections from his essays, prefaced by an eight or ten page introduction from Mr. Hamilton Mabie. Mr. Warner's "Library" must resolve itself either into a guide to the best books, in which case Sonnenschein's catalogues have made it unnecessary; or into a substitute for the books themselves, in which case it can hardly claim to be doing anything but serious harm to literature. We should be justified in warning possible purchasers against it, on general grounds alone. But when we come to consider the "Library" in detail, to contrast its actual ingredients with the promises of Mr. Warner's preface, an instinctive suspicion of the principle of the thing hardens into a concrete dislike for its visible exposition. Mr. Warner guarantees his "Library" to be "a conspectus of the thought and intellectual evolution of man from the beginning." The title he declares to be "strictly descriptive," a most important admission. "What is offered is taken from the best authors," and the collection, we are assured, "is representative of the scholarship and wide judgment of our time." On what possible critical basis, then, does Mr. Warner justify the inclusion of R. H. Dana, of Mary Mapes Dodge, of Conan Doyle, J. R. Drake, H. B. Fuller, Hamlin Garland, Edmund Gosse, Horace Greeley, P. G. Hamerton, Julian Hawthorne, and Colonel Higginson? Why does Du Maurier receive twenty-three pages and Miss Edgeworth only eleven? Does the "scholarship and wide judgment of our time" really consider Conan Doyle a better and more important writer than Euripides? If not, why does he appear in Mr. Warner's "Library" with an advantage of three pages over the Grecian dramatist? Who are Colonel Higginson and Mary Mapes Dodge, and why is an allotment of twenty pages made to each of them, when only sixteen are given to Grote, only fourteen to John Evelyn, only ten to Guizot, and only eight to Dekker, John Donne, and Henry Hallam? Can it be that their American

nationality has anything to do with it? If so, the omission of Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs is inconceivable. If Aristophanes is thought worthy of twelve pages, a strict regard for Americanism demands at least eighteen for Mr. Bangs. The fact is Mr. Warner's compilation is not in any sense a library of the world's best literature. It is partly a piebald medley of the classical and the popular, and partly an appeal to the literary jingoes of the United States, a source of disgust to the real student and of utter bewilderment to the ignoramus for whose benefit it was constructed.

THE EDITOR OF *HARPER'S WEEKLY* deserves the grateful congratulations of all his readers on the engagement of Mr. Arnold White as the regular London correspondent of that excellent paper. Mr White is a writer of exceptional force and clearness and a well-known public man, with a large personal acquaintance among statesmen and the leaders of English society. A happier selection could not have been made. For the first time in American journalism, an American paper of the best standing will present the English view of current English events—a most sensible and important innovation. Hitherto, our London correspondents have been the critics instead of the interpreters of England. They have supplied not only the news but the comment too, and inevitably from an American standpoint. It need hardly be added that such methods have resulted in a portrayal of the country at once distorted and untrustworthy. What can one expect when New York editors order their representatives to "rip the Britishers up the back?" That is not journalism, but a system of scribbling spies. Mr. G. W. Smalley was the only American correspondent who ever painted England in her true colors, and Mr. Smalley was called a "Tory squire" in consequence. A petty international jealousy has made our London correspondence bitterly partial and perverted. Therefore we welcome the opportunity to learn from *Harper's Weekly* and Mr. White something of England as she really is.

MR. FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, the compiler of the *Golden Treasury*, died happily too soon to learn of his failure to repeat that exquisite success. The English papers were almost unanimously agreed that the "Second Series," published only a day or two before his death, was by no means the equal of its forerunner in critical judgment. But the *Golden Treasury* and the immense influence it had in fixing poetical taste may remain a sufficient monument for any man. No anthology was ever composed so harmoniously and tactfully, with such faultless discrimination, with so resolute a disdain for anything below the acknowledged best. A more perfect wreath was never laid on the altar of English poetry, every flower of it a true "immortal amaranth," as fresh to-day as when they were first woven together thirty-six years ago. Mr. Palgrave was himself a lyrical poet of some felicity, a sensitive and clear-headed critic both of literature and art, and at all times a talker of enthralling charm. He held the Oxford Professorship of Poetry for ten years, and spent most of his time, in and out of the chair, defending against all comers the works of his friend and master, Alfred Tennyson.

THE FIRST NUMBER of *Literature* is pretty much what a many years' study of the London *Times* had prepared us for; very "safe" in the views and very dignified, rather heavily so, in its manner of expressing them, laboriously just in its criticisms, with patches of determined sprightliness; altogether a sober and authoritative organ, quite superior to anything of the kind we have here. An interesting flavor of the old quarterly reviews, possibly unattractive to the more restless among us, hangs around it. It is not precisely pedantry, nor dullness, nor conceit; rather let us say a candid recognition of its own importance, the pride of Sir Oracle opening his mouth. And the sounds emitted are readily distinguishable from the barkings of our yellow dogs. Whether they will be more attractive in America we should not care to prophesy. The first number is exclusively and unmitigatedly British in tone and subject; and therefore not fully representative, so we understand, of what the journal is hereafter to become. Some American dressing is badly needed. When that is added we shall have a pleasant concoction indeed, one that should be palatable everywhere. A plain British diet has no future in this country; but a joint feast, with America supplying the side dishes, ought to bring many a guest to the table.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S MONUMENT was unveiled toward the end of last month in the Parc Monceau, the pretty garden on which he and Zola and the rest of the famous Realist Circle used to look down every Sunday from the fifth floor of the great and kindly Flaubert. The monument is only half in Maupassant's honor. The remainder is an advertisement of the vanity of a well-known literary lady who took a deep interest in Maupassant, subscribed five thousand francs to the monument fund, and collected as much more; but on condition that her own full-length portrait should be brought in. Only Maupassant's bust is given. It is on a tall pedestal, at the foot of which the lady, fashionably dressed, reclines on a sofa of the chaise-longue species. Her feet, stretched out, touch the ground. Her dress is artfully arranged, as though by a *femme de chambre*. The fore-arms are bare, the upper arms covered with puffed sleeves. One arm is thrown negligently forward on the back of the sofa,

and the elbow of the other rests on a pillow while the hand belonging to it supports the head. The effect, says Mrs. Crawford in the London *Daily News*, is that of an advertisement in marble for some leading dressmaker. The lady's attitude is inspired by the following quotation from *Fort comme la mort*:—"Sit down, darling. There, take this volume of poetry, open it at page 336, and read the verses on poor folks. Drink them as you should the choicest wine, sipping every word, and let intoxication and tender feeling steal upon you. Listen well to the answer your heart gives. Then shut the book, raise your eyes, think and dream." The lady is raising her eyes according to the prescription. She symbolises, of course, the Parisienne, the impassioned reader of Maupassant; and the monument is so far typical of Paris that it could have been erected in no other city, though the self-assertion of the lady is altogether provincial.

THE NEW AND THE BOLD is to be upheld in New York and the delicate mystery of Bohemia is to be unveiled by a paper called *The Criterion*. This publication we have known for some time as a St. Louis weekly of considerable individuality and merit. It has been transported to New York, and there has gathered to itself all the remnants of the "miniature" magazine movement. In this sense it is an encouraging sight. Youth, independence, and a real love of art and letters—all this, embodied in a clique, a school after the Parisian fashion, is a sight to do American journalists good. *The Criterion* is iconoclastic, sprightly, and fearless, which is very well. But by the transfusion of blood from *Mlle. New York*, *The Fly Leaf*, *Chips*, *The Echo*, and a number of other exponents of the New and the Bold, it has acquired other characteristics and presents a curiously nondescript and haphazard appearance. It is also at times silly, rambling, very wicked, in the Le Gallienne manner, astonishingly French by affectation, and extraordinarily journalistic in its critical judgments.

The Criterion is going to establish an *Independent Theatre*. This is very well. But in the *pronunciamento* with which Mr. Percival Pollard heralds the enterprise, we find such a paragraph as this:

"I remember passing a theatre once where Jerome's play, "The Councilor's Wife," was being performed, and turning to a sombre theorist at my side with the remark, 'There 's a thing you ought to see; it's by a man who can write.' The sombre person turned to me with the dismal query, 'Ah, but do you think he is in earnest?' There, you see, are the two gulfs fixed: the heedless, laughter-loving playgoer wishes to be entertained, and the humorless man, who takes his art as a burden, wishes to be sure that every one is in earnest."

To us an independent theatre, in the *foyer* of which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's image is to be found labelled "a man who can write" is an anomaly.

The Criterion has multifarious interests and a host of new writers, most of whom would seem by their names to be of foreign extraction, mainly French. The reader is expected to know them all well, and be interested in every variation of their critical opinion. He is constantly addressed across the café table, and he is assumed to be a comrade and boon companion of each and every young genius who may write for the paper. Indeed, the intimacy of tone is something positively embarrassing. Such a passage as that with which Mr. Vance Thompson concludes an interview with Mr. Nevin seems to us indelicately personal, besides being very silly.

"A lyric youth, with gold-tipped cigarette and hair sown with gray—famous at thirty!

"'You remember the dreams we dreamed a decade ago in the old house in Friedrichstrasse?'

"'I remember,' he said.

"'Yours were the dreams that came true.'

"'And yours?' he asked.

"I dropped my gilt-tipped cigarette into the coffee cup; it hissed and sputtered and went out—"

Here is the sweetness of Bohemia and art—lyric youth, gold and gilt-tipped cigarettes, and sloppy sentiment.

But it is not all like this, and although it is all prodigiously mincing and affected, it is fresh and varied, and new, and quite entertaining, and probably short-lived, unless the person who backs it be very rich.

A SHORT CUT to a moderate reputation has been for some few years the volume of *College Stories*. Books of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton stories have had considerable vogue, a popularity rather out of proportion to their actual merit. The collegian was flattered that the great outer world was willing to read about him, and he was somewhat dazzled by book covers, for he was used to college stories only in his own papers and magazines. Local color is a very seductive thing, especially when you have helped lay it on yourself. And so the student, carrying along with him his mother, his younger brothers, his sisters, and his fellow collegian's sisters, advertised the books throughout the land (only avoiding the editorial rooms of dignified and serious papers of criticism), gave them in short a popular, if not a critical, success. He did not carp at small inaccuracies, or even at dubiously successful attempts to reflect the real spirit of the college.

But it now appears that this route to fame was over very thin ice, for a Mr. Terhune has fallen through. *Columbia Stories* is the name of the volume which is now being vigorously denounced from the heights of Morningside. *The Columbia Literary Monthly* and *The Morningside* agree in condemning the volume, and in taking its publication as an insulting libel on their *alma mater*. Practical joking, caddishness, blasphemy, and intoxication, are not the most prominent features of Columbia's life; its

students object, with some show of reason, to the exclusion of the gentlemen and the scholar from a book bearing Columbia's name.

IN THE COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS, which have come to us this autumn, we have noted a welcome tendency to confine the editor's critical attention to matters naturally demanding his notice. With memories of intercollegiate contests over Mr. Le Gallienne and his Golden Girl, we approached the autumn issues of the college papers with a haunting fear that we should find reviews of *The Christian*, and attempts to find a place for Mr. Hall Caine in literature. But nothing of the sort appears. The editors, having proved their powers of self-restraint, might now to advantage enlarge their scope somewhat. It is not necessary to edit a college paper as though it were a competitor of the newspapers and the critical journals, nor is it on the other hand needful to have only one's own college public in view. Nothing, we believe, would help the literary atmosphere of our colleges more than a free interchange of publications. We wish that half the subscription list of the *Harvard Advocate* and the *Yale Courant* might be in colleges other than their own. We wish that the *Yale Courant*, for example, would be more eager to rival *The Morningside* than to fight the *Yale "Lit,"* and we wish the *Harvard Lampoon* might take a few lessons in drawing from the *Yale Record*. With keen intercollegiate rivalry in intellectual matters we might hear less of the dangers of intercollegiate athletics. We already have "joint debates" which are a cumbrous and somewhat inadequate test of ability. But if every time a Harvard writer fumbled a subjunctive a Yale critic scored on him, his college pride might induce him to look upon English courses somewhat as he looks upon football practice. The usual college paper is dull and perfunctory, and the usual college student is not that. The reason is largely because the student body takes such a languid interest in the merits of its writers. But if the editing boards could only shake off their torpor and recognize what a really important work they could be doing, there would be no more *Bachelor of Arts* prize contests failing because nothing was submitted, and *The Century* would be sure of having work offered for its prizes that would amply justify them. The college student is not expected to produce the year's novel, its best criticism, or its ablest research. But he should try to show that he is going to do so after he is graduated.

IF THE WISE MAN were alive to-day he would make no wish, but abide in silence, perfectly satisfied that all his enemies would write books sooner or later, and books of verse at that. During the twelvemonth ending October 1—the close of one and the beginning of the next year among publishers —not less than five hundred volumes containing original verses have been given to the English-speaking world. This does not include new editions, republications, or translations: every two years, as matters go nowadays, a full thousand new works, exhibiting more or less poetic ability, are dropped with a discouraging effect upon the head of the devoted student of contemporaneous English verse. From Tasmania, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Straits Settlements, the Rand, the Orange Free State, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, Hawaii, and various other places of a certain importance upon the face of the earth, come sporadic examples of men, women, and poesie in combinations of varying discretion, not to mention the steady stream, flowing like the rivers in the Garden of Eden, from the presses of the four great English-speaking nations, England, the United States, Australia, and Canada, this last showing a most amazing desire to make worthy amends for a protracted silence. The personalities behind these effusions are as assorted as their habitations. The missionary shuts out the howl of savages to assert rhythmically that only man is vile, the matron the screams of her offspring to compose a sonnet on true femininity. Even miners lay down their picks and shovels—the opening of spring will undoubtedly bring returns from the Klondike—to prove in blank verse that the greed for great riches is not the noblest attribute of man.

Women write epics to show the evils of vivisection, the anti-vaccinationists have a self-appointed laureate, university professors of poetry compose other epics to prove how readily susceptible the language of the Bible is of improvement, and children have their rhyming fancies made public to gratify an unhealthy public desire for notoriety. It is all very sad; for the yearly output already exceeds all that has come down to us from classical antiquity in quantity—nothing else; and the visible supply shows not the slightest sign of diminution. It has already become necessary to distinguish between minor poets and those *minimus*, these latter mere rhymesters, soiled snowflakes muddying the Parnassian stream. It is as certainly the age of poetastry and poeticules as of steel and steam.

The fact that five hundred persons publish books every year does not take into consideration those who exhibit their abilities in practically every number of every periodical published in our mother-tongue. These swell the number of self-appraised poets past ordinary belief. It may be conjectured that twenty thousand is none too large a figure to express the totality of all who have written, are writing, or shall be, or shall have been writing what they think is poetry before another year rolls drearily over them; and until the census officials give the matter proper attention, this rather informal statistic will have to stand. It may be used to prove at least one thing; the mute inglorious Milton is a thing of the past; he may be inglorious, but he is not mute.

THE LATE PROFESSOR DARMESTETTER, under the head *Irish Political Ballads* in his book of *English Studies*, writes: "Some while ago, in Paris, I heard a young Englishwoman sing one of the prescribed ballads of 1798: *The Wearing of the Green.*" The amiable professor being thereby set in motion, ranged Ireland over and obtained a number of unimportant variants of the ballad; but to his regret it remained anonymous. Yet it was not a far cry to the author — not nearly so far as 1798; for Dion Boucicault wrote it for *The Shaughraun* in the early '60's. Possibly some one will be making a similar investigation in regard to *God Save Ireland*, which betrays its youth, in this country at least, by adapting itself to that product of the Civil War, known as *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching*.

DRAMATIC

THE LIVELY SPECULATION in American drama in the London market has just suffered a set-back, and the "bears," headed by Mr. Clement Scott, have weakened prices considerably. The boom was on to such an extent that Mr. Frohman never dreamed of failure in his Chinese-American play. There was a pretty little flurry of excitement in New York over the departure of *The Cat and the Cherub* and *The First Born* for England. The company which was to bring out Mr. Fernald's play stole away on a Wednesday. Mr. Frohman discovered this Thursday morning. Immediately he had a new company in rehearsal for *The First Born*, and on Saturday the original company started on a stern chase after *The Cat and the Cherub*, the unsyndicated rival. Both arrived safely in England, and failed with promptness and vigor. *The First Born* was retired at the end of six days. Mr. Clement Scott's verdict, being critically the least important, has been cabled. *The Cat and the Cherub*, he thinks, may do for a week or so as a music-hall "turn;" the other is not even good enough for that. What the other critics wrote we do not as yet know. We await with great interest the arrival of their articles. Until then it is quite impossible to explain the complete fiasco.

THE CHIEF PECULIARITY of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's pose is that no one is allowed to enjoy it but himself. Congratulations rouse Mr. Shaw's worst passions. Tell him he is a "brilliant" playwright and he will affect to call you a fool for your pains. The monoply of appreciating Mr. Shaw rests with Mr. Shaw and no one else. Assure him that you sympathize with his vegetarianism and he at once will order a beefsteak. It is the simplest thing in the world to provoke a quarrel with Mr. Shaw. You have simply to praise him. The New York critics, for example, spoke well of *The Devil's Disciple*. Mr. Shaw was up in arms at once, and wrote the following characteristic letter to the dramatic critic of the London *Daily Mail:*

"DEAR PHŒBUS,—There is only one New York daily paper that gives the story of *The Devil's Disciple* accurate. That is the *Times*. The part played by the husband, whom you have been misled into calling a villain, is altogether heroic. When he calls for his horse and rides off, his wife thinks he is running away to save his life, because she is a silly, romantic creature. The critics, being also silly, romantic creatures, think the same. What he actually does is to raise the countryside, organize resistance to the 'Continentals' (the English), and force Burgoyne next morning to treat with him and release 'the D.'s D.' The point is, of course, that when the same emergency comes upon the two men, the devil's disciple shows the instinct of a saint, and goes to martyrdom; whereas the pious minister throws off his black coat and acts like a practical man and a first-rate soldier. Here is the speech he makes in the last scene:

ANDERSON (to General Burgoyne).—Sir, it is in the hour of trial that a man finds his true profession. This foolish young man boasted himself the Devil's Disciple; but when the hour of trial came to him, he found it was his destiny to suffer and be faithful to the death. I thought myself a decent minister of the gospel of peace; but when the hour of trial came to me, I found it was my destiny to be a man of action, and that my place was amid the thunder of the captains and the shouting. So I am starting life at fifty as Captain Anthony Anderson, of the Springtown Militia; and the devil's disciple here will start presently as the Reverend Richard Dudgeon, and wag his pow in my old pulpit, and give good advice to this silly, sentimental little wife of mine. Your mother told me, Richard, that I should never have chosen her if I'd been born for the ministry.

RICHARD.—Minister—I mean captain. I have behaved like a fool.

JUDITH.—Like a hero.

RICHARD.—Much the same thing, perhaps. But no! if I had been any good, I should have done for you what you did for me, instead of making a vain sacrifice.

ANDERSON.—Not vain, my boy. It takes all sorts to make a world—saints as well as soldiers.

"I think you will find this plain enough for plain people who look at a play for what is to be found in it, and not for opportunities of making foolish remarks about the "cynicism' and 'brilliancy' of the author.

"You will remember that in *Arms and the Man*, when the soldier mentioned that he carried chocolate in his cartridge-box, the romantic heroine, who had never thought of a military hero as needing anything to sustain him but fresh air and glory, concluded that he meant confectioner's chocolate, and was disgracefully addicted to the eating of sweets. You will also remember that our critical colleagues, almost to a man, took the lady's view, and conveniently accounted for its silliness by my 'cynicism.' Well, that is just what has happened in New York. If the minister in '*The Devil's Disciple* had called for the sword of his ancestors, sworn never to sheathe it until he had rescued Richard or fallen a cold corpse in the attempt, and dropped elegantly on one knee and kissed the hilt in pledge

thereof, the critics would have understood perfectly, and admired my simple and straightforward knowledge of human nature. Unfortunately, instead of doing this, the minister roars for his boots, sends a messenger flying to the inn for a fast horse, divides all the money in the house with his wife, refuses to 'bid her farewell' because it would waste twenty seconds, and dashes off to the rescue. His words are just ambiguous enough to take in his 'silly, sentimental wife,' and her silly, sentimental compeers in front. But at all events, she sees her mistake when her huband turns out to be a bigger man than she thought. The compeers in front see nothing, even when it is not only shown to them, but explained in the unmistakable words I have quoted.

"Is it worth while, do you think, my dear 'Phœbus,' to trouble one's self about the opinion of such a flock of ganders (including, I am sorry to say, one flattering goose)? I blush for my profession.

Yours truly, G. B. S."

MUSICAL

THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS announce with some solemnity that the interest felt in Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is curiously shown by the fact that a musical composition of the same name, by Richard Strauss, is to be given in New York, at the Metropolitan Opera House, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Now, this interest in Nietzsche, as well as a strange ignorance on the part of the New York critics, is perhaps more curiously shown by the fact that last season the Chicago Orchestra, under Mr. Thomas's direction, twice played "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

It is not often that we feel the impulse, so common in these regions, to rush to Chicago's defense. But since Boston and Chicago are the only cities in the country where a first-class orchestra is maintained, it might have been hoped that, in musical matters, at least, the critics might have some knowledge of what was happening outside the metropolis.

THE ROAD

PRAY, whither leads the road, fair heart?
Say, whither leads the road?
Across a rill, around a hill,
Beside a dell where rivers start,
Where bending nut-trees shed their load—
Oh, thither leads the road, dear heart,
Oh, thither leads the road.

What matter where the road may lead,
So thou and I together go?
Companionship is all our need,
Division all our woe.

The pine-tree tall on yonder hill
For years has watched the passer-by;
When he is dust we shall be still
Together, thou and I.

How hushed the afternoon! I dare
Not whisper love, but send the thought
In speechless message. All the air
In Silence' thrall is caught.

Oh, these are God-reared trees! How soft
The wind-dreams round their tall heads creep,
The drowsy leaves that doze aloft
Stir like a child in sleep.

Young Autumn's fire begins to burn
The brands to hurl at Winter's brow;
The sun-wooed leaves sigh low, and turn
To crimson on the bough.

Pray, whither leads the road, fair heart?
Say, whither leads the road?
Across a rill, around a hill,
Beside a dell where rivers start,
Where bending nut-trees shed their load—
Oh, thither leads the road, my heart,
Oh, thither leads the road.

JOHN ALBERT MACY.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. KIPLING'S COCKNEY RHYMES

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

THE whole history of many books is—that they are born, reviewed, die, and are forgotten. Sometimes the critics kill them, but much oftener it happens that they die because they have not sufficient vitality to live.

But such a book as *The Seven Seas* of Mr. Rudyard Kipling is of so robust a constitution that THE CHAP-BOOK, as well as other literary journals, continues to print interesting paragraphs concerning it, although it is no longer the newest important book of the year; and I think they will go on doing so until some better and stronger book of original poems shall appear—an event which we need not expect for many a long day.

It would be a thankless task for me to attempt merely to find fault with such a work; and what I have to say concerning it is more in the way of pointing out a minor "curiosity of literature" connected with the author's art of versification than an attempt to find little faults in the poems of a master.

The curiosities in question are the egregious cockney rhymes—the only false ones—that mar some of Mr. Kipling's verses. To the millions of English-

speaking people whose ears and tongues are not vitiated by the mincing affectation of contemporary London speech, these false rhymes come with an unpleasant little shock, which may be compared to the sudden spit of cold sea-water that flies in the tourist's face while, from the deck of an Atlantic steamer, he is absorbed in contemplating the glories of the ocean.

Among the great qualities of Mr. Kipling's poems the critics have justly commended the immense technical skill (as well as the variety) of his versification. Rhymes seem to obey him almost as the piano keys obey Paderewski; and it is therefore not to be thought that these cockney rhymes exist through any poverty of resource on the author's part. The only conclusion we can come to is that he himself pronounces the English language a good deal as our ancient friend, Lord Dundreary, did, and that he believes such pronunciation to be correct. I may be using the wrong term in characterizing such pronunciation as "cockney." It certainly is not the cockney speech of such common folk as "'Arry" and "'Arriet," but it is also far removed from the sound and clear pronunciation of such a scholar as Mr. Gladstone or the faultless rhyming of an artist like Tennyson.

Such defects may never be detected till a man writes in rhyme—just as a person may be color-blind all his life and never suspect it till he comes to paint a picture; and even then the false coloring which startles normally endowed people still seems right and true to him. We may be sure that so eminent a literary artist as Oliver Goldsmith must have believed it right to omit the sound of the *l* in the word fault (Irishmen, to this day, pronounce it "fawt"), for in *The Deserted Village* he makes it rhyme with "aught," and in the ballad of Edwin and Angelina, with "sought."

Similarly, if we sound these words of Mr. Kipling's cockney-wise, the rhymes become perfect; but if we sound them in straight English—out come the defects. They would hardly be defects if they occurred in the poems written in avowedly cockney dialect, but this is very rarely the case in the examples which follow, and which are cited from the American edition of *The Seven Seas*. I give in parentheses the current cockney or Lord Dundreary pronunciation of each defective rhyme.

On page 5 we find the word "horses" as a rhyme for "courses"—not such a bad rhyme as it stands, but it at once becomes perfect as pronounced by a Cockney—(cawses). Page 25 gives us "abroad" and "Lord"—(Lawd). On page 38 and again on page 45, in that masterpiece, *McAndrews' Hymn*, we find "port" as a rhyme for "thought"; "*pawt*" makes the rhyming perfect—but fancy the grim and rugged old Scotch engineer making use of such a prettified word! What he really did say (for McAndrews, like Falstaff, is alive and real) was not "pawt" but *porrt*—rolling his *r* with a rich burr, like the sound of one of his own "purrin' dynamoes." On page 74 we have "walk" and "pork" (pawk); page 86, "calm" and "harm" (hahm); page 131, "ma" and "are" (ah); page 157, "straw" and "corps" (caw); pages 160-161, "Gawd" and "sword" (sawd); pages 177 and 180, "salaam" and "harm" (hahm).

All this may have been publicly pointed out already, but I have not seen it.

FREDERICK KEPPEL.

THE ROMANTIC ESSAY

WHATEVER we may be as a literary generation, we are not lazy. We work hard on our pseudo-genius productions. The most popular book of the year reports six barrels of refuse, the result of careful hacking, and shaving, and planing, and polishing. We are worthy of our hire. As readers we show a like conscientiousness. We resent instruction or information. We wish our author to let us do our own inferring and connecting. It is the fashion of the hour to assume that every one knows everything. A writer is careful to recall forgotten facts. He knows that we no longer read him to acquire the facts. We read him to see what he thinks about them. We read him, in a word, as literature.

All of which indicates an advance in literary appreciation. Our ancestors, barring Charles Lamb, were, it would seem, less discriminating. A great many "books, which are books," masqueraded among them as literature. There was a dangerous tendency to regard even history as a collocation of facts, and the author as only another, and humbler, one. We have made, at least, the advance of caring more for the spirit and less for the substance, more for Carlyle and less for the French Revolution. We are even beginning dimly to see that, without Carlyle, the French Revolution would have been a poor, inadequate affair, lacking in gore and irony and invective, and in crashing and snorting and blasting. Without Carlyle, indeed, where were Cromwell and Frederick—now the Great—and John Sterling and Goethe, and even Samuel Johnson? Without Carlyle, where were the Romantic essay, the most intensely personal form of literature the world has known?

Out of the slow, stubborn Scotch genius, that could never bend the knee, not even to poverty; that insisted on telling what he, Carlyle, thought about things, out of the Baphometic baptism,—came a new literature, transcendently personal, the flowering of the Romantic essay in English letters. Plenty of men in London could write page after page of pleasant reading easily, tranquilly, with even temper and unruffled brow. We have reason to be grateful that in the length and breadth of the land, there was one man who could lay bare his quivering heart,

seething in rebellion, torn by a thousand doubts, and call it literature. The reading world was accustomed to a something that stood vaguely for brilliant ornament, or classic allusion, or euphonious sentence structure. Style, if it were not, as Lord Chesterfield had pleasantly called it, "the dress of thought," was, at least something as comely and decent. It was not the naked thought of a man, clad only in the mystery of soul. With such a public as this there could be little market for the wares of one who fused himself into every sentence that he wrote. The characteristic, though perhaps unconscious, humor with which the author of "Sartor Resartus" sought to turn farmer, recognizing in the vegetable market a better opening for his talents, is not without its pathetic side.

But there is evolution even in stupidity. The Romantic essay has become the characteristic expression of our time. If a man, in his work, can not give himself, he may as well let the ink dry on his pen. To fashion it into words will be labor wasted. We want to know his inmost heart, or the inmost hearts of his friends and relatives; or, if the note must be a little less personal, we want to know what inmost thoughts he has had on outside things. The favorite of the hour may write on Old China or Biblical genealogies—the subject is immaterial; we care only to know what is being thought and felt on it by a living man.

Appearances are undoubtedly against this theory. The standard magazines continue the printing of essays, with the same timidity of color they have had for the last fifty years. We turn to them for the way to the North Pole, or facts about the late Civil War, or traits of the Japanese, not for literature. In spite of this disfavor in high places, the Romantic essay has not only continued to be; it has called into existence an entirely new kind of publication. One can now count, in America, no less than seven distinctively literary journals, which have come into being almost within as many years, in all of which the Romantic essay finds room. At least one of them has from the first paid special attention to the personal, vital writing which is characteristic of our time, but which—always excepting fiction—previous publications had uniformly ignored. The inevitable result will be, history always repeating itself, that in coming years the student of literature must turn to these literary periodicals to learn what spirit was moving on the face of the waters in the later years of this century.

Except possibly in the pages of a single monthly, where does one find the names that give us, from the past, a claim to literature? Here and there, in some perhaps short-lived, but clear-sighted, magazine or newspaper: fugitive pieces, not worthy the attention of a journal of weight. *The Atlantic*, started to voice the most literary group of men the country has known, has remained, on the whole, true to its traditions. But whether to-day a new Autocrat, grown into the scope of modern thought—now that the old has become authentic and classic—would find acceptance, even in the *Atlantic*, is an open question. To paraphrase Walter Pater, we have among us many critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old; who value what is old in literature for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it—people who would never really have been made glad by any Autocrat fresh-risen from the breakfast table, and who praise the Autocrat of Boston only because they fancy him grown into something staid and tame.

Faults the Romantic essay undoubtedly has, transcendent ones. The grandiloquent "methinks" of early Romantic fiction is paralleled by the more insistent "I thinks" of a form which is nothing if not egoistic. But its egoism has much the same relation to that of the essay proper as *L'Enfant Terrible* to a wax doll. You cannot ignore it, however much you may affect to. The embarrassing habit of calling attention to itself, and telling family secrets, is atoned for, however, by the fact that one finds it alive and human and generally likable.

It has taken on many ephemeral forms. Some of them are winged, like *The Lark* and *The Fly-Leaf;* some web-footed, sticking their bills in the mud, like the *Yellow Bird;* and some heavy-footed, jauntily lumbering, after the manner of *The Philistine;* but all with the shadow of dignity that comes from being alive—if only for a day.

Where the Romantic essay will appear next, or under what guise, is not easy to foretell. It offers no certainties but the certainties of life. That its freshness will often be mere crudity we may assume as inevitable. That its sharpness will sometimes be only smartness is probable. But that its colossal interest in itself will always make it interesting we have every reason to feel assured. We have a watchful hope that when this unwieldy Caliban, babbling of itself and Setebos and the universe in general, shall have become yet more human, more articulate and firm-fibred, it will furnish an answer to the vexed question whether the essay can ever become an art form. Under the beauty and grace of its expression will lie life. Out of its mystic face will look a human soul.

JEANNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

YALAN MOHAMADAC

"ME American now, no more Syrian. Before in Beyrout me Christ', sure."

Abdullah Tiger ground his big fist into the table, and, throwing back with his left hand the kaffeia that hung around his neck down over his cotton shirt, he pounded his chest till it sounded like drumming on a tub. He glared defiance at the groups of Greeks and Syrians in the café; the long black tassel at the peak of his fez slapped the challenge in the very face of Zariack, the pock-marked soldier at his elbow, who had served, though a Christian, with Rustem Pasha in Lebanon. But not a man moved or spoke.

The café was crowded with the black little men of the colony. They were talking over their evening coffee of the war in Greece. The room, a long, narrow, low-ceiled basement five or six steps below the level of Washington Street, was foggy with the smoke of cigarettes and hubble-bubbles. Except for their excited eyes, and here and there an eager pose, the motionless, silent listeners in the back of the room looked like mere silhouettes.

Tiger, the popular café-keeper, was a tall, strong man—among his countrymen he was a giant. What distinguished him still more from them was his light coloring, his red-brown hair and mustache, and his snappy hazel eyes. But the charms that brought him success in his business were his rough, good-nature and his brutal Syriac patriotism, and the contradiction of both these characteristics in his speech and his manner astonished everybody.

Zariack was resting his throat on the edge of the table, his lips on a level with the tiny cup of Turkish coffee which he sipped at between puffs at a cigarette; his eyes drew down to dots, but he did not look at Tiger. The barber near the glass-door pointed out to his customer two dancing girls exchanging greetings in the light of the street lamp on the sidewalk, but when the women grimaced humorously at them the men did not smile. The only sound in the room came from behind a lattice partition in the rear, where an old woman was squatted on her haunches monotonously grinding coffee on a stone.

Tiger fixed, one by one, with his eyes each Greek and Syrian in the café; then his glance rested on the bunch of water-pipes and copper utensils that glittered on the lattice, and his face softened. He saw next a colored print of the Czar on the wall opposite, and he sat down.

The street door opened, letting in a draught of clean, cold air that drove wildly through the lolling clouds of smoke and made the smokers shiver and frown. The sparkling eyes of a smiling, painted face with beautiful teeth peered in at the opening. It was one of the dancing girls.

"May I dance?" she asked in Arabic, when she had picked out the proprietor.

Tiger shrugged his shoulders; then sprang up and answered:

"Yes; come in, come in Lili."

He climbed over his nearest customers to the centre of the room, where he pushed a table out of the way. In the space he cleared he stood, fist on hip and a merry twinkle in his eyes, watching the girl as she flung off her outer garments, uncovering a thin gauze-like costume which barely concealed her form. When she was ready, she laughed nervously, and Tiger waved his hand toward the wall where a drum hung. Zariack tossed the instrument to him, and he began to beat time.

The girl trod a slow mincing measure with her feet, while her legs stiffened and bent alternately and her body sidled sensuously. She grinned till the paint on her face threatened to crack; then, as Tiger cocked himself on the corner of a table and quickened the time, she sobered, her expression became dreamy, and, holding her feet faster together, her legs straightened and relaxed just a little behind the drum beat. Her hips worked jerkily, also out of time but yet in movements harmonious with the periods of the dance.

Those of the men who happened to sit facing her looked on indolently; the others did not take the trouble to turn their heads.

Tiger gave the drum to Zariack, who caught up the time without losing a beat, and the café-keeper joined in the dance. His first steps were as soft and gentle as the girl's, but gradually, at ever-shortening intervals, he threw in sudden, violent strides toward her, and these shuddering movements were brutally male. Each of these steps brought him nearer to the girl. She retreated with mimic shyness, but much less than he gained. Her step became quieter, the motion fading away, her head sinking forward, her body falling limp. They touched and Tiger laughed. The girl and the drum stopped.

Tiger's face straightened out, and, pushing his way roughly back to the table, he struck the board and said fiercely:

"Goddamma; dis Sultan no good."

"Why we here?" cried Zariack unexpectedly, sitting erect and opening his eyes wide. "Why me come New York? Why Tiger?"

Having spoken, Zariack slipped down comfortably into his chair and puffed dreamily his cigarette.

The dancing girl approached Tiger pleadingly.

"Get out," he commanded, with a wave of his arm. "Get out; go home, you!"

He watched the girl retreat, and waited sternly till she began to dress. Then he turned majestically to Zariack.

"Me?" he said. "Why me here? Hear me in the Syriac and I tell you why me good Christian come New York be good 'Merican man."

There was a general dragging of chairs: the barber stayed his razor and his customer faced about,

the old woman stopped grinding coffee, the waiter came close. They all knew the story well.

"Yalan saleebac—curses on your Cross."

Tiger yelled the familiar insult. He pushed back his fez, threw out his arms, snarled up his face, and shrieked again:

"Yalan saleebac."

"Yalan Mohamadac," echoed the infuriated Christians; "curses on Mohammed."

"Yalan saleebac," Tiger repeated. "I heard it when a child in Beyrout, and feared it; I heard it when a boy, and I hated it; I heard it as a man in Lebanon, and I despised and defied it. They called it after me when I passed by the Mussleman garrison to go to work in the city, and they spat it at me when I went back to the quarter in the evening. It was laughed into the church door as we prayed."

"Yalan Mohamadac," muttered his darkfaced auditors.

"They called it after our funerals."

"Hate the Turk?" Tiger almost choked with rage.

"Yalan Mohamadac," he bawled. And the café rang with the cry. Then as every one tingled with the excitement of his fury, he relaxed his pose, rose stealthily, and moved off softly to the space made for the dancing girl. There he turned to the heaving Greeks and Syrians, and, in a quiet, intense tone, said:

"But one night when I went home I found—"

He paused for the muttered curse that grumbled around the room.

"I found that the soldiers of the Sultan, angry because we had jeered at one of their ridiculous funerals, had gone into the quarter, setting fire to the Christian houses, plundering, and outraging our women. The girl preserved for me from the sight of all men—even from mine—she was a victim."

"Yalan Mohamadac!" roared the Christians.

"A thousand times yes. But I, Abdullah Tiger, took a sister of her the Mussleman dogs had stolen, took her and her family and all the women of the Christian quarter, and in the hour of prayer in the mosque I appeared before the Mohammedans. With the cross in my left hand and the sword in my right, uplifted to heaven, thus I went to the door of the mosque there in the square, and, fearing nothing, I cried out in a loud voice: 'Eza cintoo regal, admoo.'"

Tiger stood as he did when he challenged the Turks, erect, shoulders back, head high, arms out as if the sword and cross were in his hands. His eyes were wide and his nostrils spread. He looked fierce. Then a smile of withering scorn broke over his face, and he added:

"But not one among them was a man, and none came on."

"Yalan Mohamadac!" The triumph and scorn in the curse made it rattle like a laugh.

After the café was silent again, Tiger continued:

"My people there and then gave me, and I accepted, the sister of her the Turks had taken to themselves, and I led her veiled up to the mosque, where I showed I was as fortunate as they, bade them come and get her if they dared. But they pretended to pray, so we returned to our part of the city and made ready in great haste, my bride and I, to escape to the wilderness. For eighteen days we wandered among the mountains. Then we came upon a caravan bound for the coast near Lebanon, and, hiring a camel from Zariack, we went down into that city to dwell among the other victims of the accursed Turk."

"Yalan Mohamadac!"

"Nor is that the end," said Zariack when Tiger stopped and sat down. "I also was outlawed, and was trying to earn a living by smuggling tobacco into the city. A mussleman merchant gave us mules to bring up tobacco from the ships on the coast. When Tiger joined us there were six in our party, and we profited exceedingly till Rustem Pasha set prices on our heads and sent out soldiers to take us. The police could not do it. We left the road strewn with their carcasses, and even the soldiers were not equal to us, with their old-fashioned guns. We shot them like dogs. But Rustem Pasha finally fixed—the tyrant!—the penalty of death for smuggling, which cut off the business utterly."

"Yalan Mohamadac!" hummed the angry chorus.

"So we came away to this free country," said Tiger, shaking off the nightmare; "we came here with our wives, and—well, now we are through with the Sultan and his Turks."

"And your wife, Tiger? We have never seen her."

"Oh, she!" he answered, frowning. "She is a Syrian. She is no American. After I took out my first papers I gave her the old cross and drove her with the sword out of my house; for I mean, when I get my last papers, to have an American wife."

The dancing girl, who had been waiting patiently for Tiger to finish his tale, came humbly towards him now, holding out her hand. He drew himself up, tossed back his head, and with a graceful swing of his arms he assumed the attitude he took as he described the defiance of the praying Turks.

"Go, you!" he commanded. "Get away out of here! Quick; go home!"

The woman wrapped her head and face in a shawl and slunk out of the door. When the door fell shut after her, Tiger tapped his brawny chest proudly.

"Me American now; no more Syrian, sure."

And some of the dim figures in the back of the room, not understanding Tiger's English, muttered in chorus,

"Yalan Mohamadac!" J. L. STEFFENS.

THE POET

GOD, give me breath for one brave fight—
For one great deed that the world will hear;
If not, then God give me night.

Night, with a candle to light the gloom,
And the comfort shadows and twilight cheer,
Crowding like friends in the room.

God, give me valor, and courage, and breath,
For one great fight that the stars will see;
If not, then God give me Death.

Death, with one candle to light the gloom
From the church to the door of Eternity —
Where, Lord, Thou wilt portion my doom.

Better the death, ere the beard be grown,
Than the idle waiting with sheathèd sword —
Uncheered, uncrowned, unknown.

God, give me breath for one fight more —
For one great fight in Thy name, oh Lord;
If not, then close me the door.

* * * * *

Thus sang the Dreamer, with hands along
The clanging strings, — then, loosing his lyre,
He flushed with the pride of his song;

For he was a poet, and lived in the gleam
Of the wonderful deeds that he touched to fire;—
How brave he was in his dream!

THEODORE ROBERTS.

SOME LOST BOOKS

IT was a juvenile critic of mine, who, after listening impatiently to a fairy-tale, finally broke out into downright contempt with "What rot! Why don't you do something like *Whispers from Fairy-land?*"

Why not, indeed? Despair sweeps over one at the recollection of the lost books — the beneficent givers of that first thrill. My own little girlhood is not so long past that their names are forgotten, but they are none the less quite lost — the spirit has left the pasteboard tenement. I may see the worn and neglected bodies huddled on some nursery book-shelf, but I know better than to take them down. So, instead, let us lay a wreath on their tombs.

How few of the lost ones provided that first taste of literature, new to the unjaded palate! A baker's dozen, some standards twisted into queer perspectives, some tales of unashamed adventures, some fairy-tales. Many of these are in a literal sense lost to me. *Whispers from Fairy-land*, for instance, I have not handled for years; some, like Mayne Reid, are stiff and speechless. Is it possible that I could have been found, enthralled and shuddering, over what reads now like a bare catalogue of butchery — we went out in the morning and shot a deer; we went out in the afternoon and shot a buffalo; we went out in the evening and shot whatever nocturnal predator you like?

Of Sir Knatchbull-Hugessen's book I cherish the most tender memories. No later character-study has ever given me the same artistic satisfaction as the unimitable Rindlegrover, nor have I ever faced a psychological situation in company with a modern heroine with the same intensity as when, with "Molly" of the Witches' Island, I beheld the awful notification, "Man-traps and spring-guns in these woods!"

The *Arabian Nights*, on the other hand, is a corpse indeed. The other day I read an old copy from end to end, and emerged with a weary disgust. Yet my early remembrances hold a glittering caravan of caliphs, merchants, and slaves, these last always the recipient of attentions astounding to my immature mind, to which the word implied poverty, hoecakes, and an aggressive piety. Then there were Djinns (delightful word!), Afreets, and one-eyed calendars, and ladies who preferred a diet of dead bodies— one and all, now equally savorless and contemptible. Yet I have not forgotten the time when the device for introducing Prince Camaralzaman to the Princess Badoura appealed to my intelligence as both elegant and ingenious; the time when a version of that incident skillfully dressed and dished-up by my too-vivid imagination was my contribution to the conversation at a family re-union, the suppression thereof and my total extinction being the very first inklings I had of objections on the score of what to me was a mysterious propriety!

In the same way I never could understand why the domestic arrangements of King Charles II, as detailed and elaborated by me, aged eight, were received with so marked a lack of appreciation. Some kind relative favored me with the presentation of Hepworth Dixon's *Tower of London* which she had not read, but had been assured that it made history entertaining. It did, alas, only too well! There is another volume which has also joined the legions of the lost. The name, I think, was *Lillian's Golden Hours;* in character it was sensational and religious. Later on, claimed by Mrs. Molesworth and Ballantyne the bold, I grew to have but a dim fondness for Lillian and her adoring parents —who permitted monkeys, parrots, dogs, and guinea-pigs to join the circle round the family breakfast table, and whose liberality in the matter of ponies assumed supernatural proportions. The story lacked no element of excitement, for, in addition to this menagerie and the piety of the heroine, it contained the most appalling villain, a talented and neglected Italian boy, gypsies, and the delightful circumstance of a wicked uncle eaten by rats!

Equally lost and equally beloved is a little old

story entitled *Queer Bonnets*. An account of crisp French rolls in the opening chapter used to tickle my palate greatly. Like the Auton children in that delightful record, I was oddly affected by description. I can distinctly recall a picnic, partaken by the family who were marshalled in the 'Bessie' books, and where the mention of bananas gave me the most violent indigestion. In another book, when the rich uncle from India sends home piña dresses and ruby necklets, which of course are taken from the pious daughter and given by the unnatural parent to the spoiled beauty—the mere opening of the boxes holding these treasures used to make my mouth water. It must have been the same idea which caused my astonishment at the extraordinary behavior of 'young Porphyro'—he who could leave the 'lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon' and other dainties, to flee into the night with Madeleine on the Eve of St. Agnes.

I am not at all certain if the first two or three of Sir Walter's are not to be reckoned among the lost. Certainly the *Ivanhoe* and *Abbot* I pick up now are not the books which guided and governed the very pursuits of life for months at a time. Those were days when belief in the innocence of Mary, Queen of Scots, was a vital matter, touching one's honor; when Cœur-de-Lion formed the subject of whispered discussions in bed after the lights were put out, and "drinks of water" administered; discussions—often rising to such heights of eloquence as to provoke the descent of an exasperated parent. A new Scott, once read and discussed, was finally acted by players who never asked an audience. Very often the preparations for these theatrical representations absorbed so much time that the play itself came to little, but on occasion we were powerfully swayed by our imaginations. It is an authentic anecdote that the governess once arrived posthaste in the nursery to demand the cause of an outburst of grief. She took me in her lap, disregarding the splendor of my appearance, and her sympathy caused me to unbosom my trouble—"Oh, it's Richard parting from Berengaria, and it's too dreadful!"

The Shakespeare period, which followed hard upon the heels of Scott, I cannot in any sense regard as lost. True, advancing years and the pressure of convention prevent me from any longer accosting harmless old ladies in the open street with—

> "Nymph, in thy orisons
> Be all my prayers remembered!"

And I no longer greet the maid who wakens me every morning, with Macbeth's famous outburst—

> "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!"

Our servants were never appreciative. I remember one of them going to my mother to say that she would not stay and be sworn at. My contemptuous defence—"Why, mamma, I was only *quoting*,"—was not considered sufficient, and from that time forth, indiscriminate Shakesperianisms were put a stop to.

My own dramatic imagination never carried me to the lengths of another little girl, a friend of mine, who, to her father's huge delight, used to enact "Hamlet," with a *dramatis personæ* composed of her toy animals. A noble spotted horse was the "sweet prince;" Claudius, a pig whose head came off and one could put lollypops inside; Ophelia, a graceful bird with preposterous tail-feathers. The "Hamlet" which made this possible I regard as wholly lost, no variorum contains a shred of it—and she has never been able to find it since.

ANNA ROBESON BROWN.

DRAWN BATTLE

A CHORUS

THE heavy, heavy nights are on him like the ground,
And all the bitter days are over like the sea;
And even thus, O gods! whom think ye to have bound,
Nothing other now to do, nowhere else for aye to be.

Never stagnant nor asleep Enceladus is found
In the shell of doom alive, and invincible, and free,
By the knowledge and the will and the pleasure wrapped around
Of the thing that he would do, in the place where he would be.

Whence the profit, whose the odds,
Feeble gods?
One before you disavowed,
Woven ruin for his shroud,
Is more crafty, is more proud, is more calm than are ye:
We that search and would torment
His intent,
Meet yourselves as in a well,
But can track not, neither tell,
If this man indeed rebel so to do, and so to be.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

LOVE AND TIME

ACROSS the gardens of Life they go,
A strange ill-mated pair:
By paths where naught but blossoms blow,
By paths neglected where gaunt weeds grow,
But hand in hand, through joy and care,
Across the gardens of Life they go.

The one is old, and grim, and gray;
His eyes stare off like one in dreams,
Across his breast the white locks stray,
The sands in his glass fall day by day,
Over his shoulder the scythe-blade gleams,—
And he is old, and grim, and gray.

And one is young, and bright, and fair;
The golden curls about his head
Shine as a halo; his red lips dare
The birds in song; he knows no care,
Joy in his heart is never dead,—
He lives to love and he is fair.

Hoar-headed Time was never young;
And Love on earth can ne'er grow old;
And yet—since first to that hand he clung,
Since first his tender song he sung,
Since first his love-tale he had told,
And to a dart his bow had strung,

Together, through ways of joy and woe,
Though one is old and one is fair,
By paths where nought but blossoms blow,
By paths neglected where gaunt weeds grow,
Together—a strange ill-mated pair—
Across the gardens of Life they go.

BEATRIX DEMOREST LLOYD.

THE VERY MINOR POET

ONCE upon a time I met my first Very Minor Poet. I had arrived rather early (it was to be a dinner party), and my hostess had taken me up to a lady whom I instinctively felt to be a lioness, from her portly dignity and from her air—like that of Mrs. Farrinder in *The Bostonians*—of always being introduced by a few remarks. On the way, my hostess whispered that the lady was Mrs. Something-or-Other, "a poetess, quite distinguished,—had just published a volume of sonnets, you know,—privately printed."

I was very young and did n't know how to talk to poets; I tried to remember hurriedly how Thackeray's people addressed Poseidon Hicks and Miss Bunion, but had to give it up. In a moment, however, after the first flush of the meeting, I managed to get out a few polite inanities. Now, it is a remarkable fact that whenever you are forced to talk to an author, you are inevitably turned into a hypocrite, whether you want to be or not. So I finally asked my first Very Minor Poet if she did n't love to write such beautiful sonnets (you will observe I had n't read them).

Whereupon she replied with a delicate little smile of deprecation, as if after all they were mere trifles, but she really had an epic or two up her sleeve: "Ah, yes! — it 's a graceful art!"

And this, I think, is the secret of one's enjoyment in writing very minor poetry: it 's a graceful art. Enjoyment in writing, I say, not in reading it, for, except myself, I know of singularly few people who really like to read "fugitive poems." Of course there are many who profess to care for them, but it is easy to detect impostors, and the real lovers, the *cognoscenti*, are few. The most distinguished of this small transfigured band of lovers of very minor poetry is, without question, that enthusiastic publisher, Mr. John Lane, of Vigo Street. It is his efforts alone that have made the end of the Victorian era of English literature chiefly remarkable for the indefatigable production of very minor poetry.

Since my meeting with the lady who justly considered the manufacture of sonnets a graceful art, I have known a great many Very Minor Poets. Indeed, I have even, on occasions, been a Very Minor Poet myself (one characteristic of the American Orpheidai is that they rarely publish). But it will perhaps be well first to define, with some particularity, what I mean by Very Minor Poets.

In the first place, the most striking difference between the Minor Poet and his Very Minor brother is that between the professional and the amateur. Now, Longfellow, tried by this criterion, is surely a Minor, rather than a Very Minor Poet; for there is a glib professionalism about his verses that is very satisfying to the critic of technique, together with several charming qualities. Of course if we are to apply the prefix "Minor" to Longfellow's title, every one, I fancy, will agree that it should stand unqualified: there are, however, many worthy and patriotic souls who, with a love of sentimentality that far from does them discredit, will protest at our use of even the term "Minor." To these I should reply in the words of a witty but testy college professor who was being pestered by a woman with leading questions as to Longfellow's ultimate position in English literature: "Tell me what great poet you rate next to Longfellow, and I'll tell you where you teach school."

Another characteristic of the Minor Poet as distinguished from the Very Minor Poet is that to read the former is, on the whole, worth while. Just here some one will object that, as I started out with the intention of eulogising the latter, this admission does away with any justification for going on to him;

but there is too much to be said in praise of doing what is n't worth while to give up so supinely. A very good paper could be written on "Doing What Is n't Worth While." I should like to have Mr. Lang take a try at it. It really will pay if you have that ample leisure without which cultivation languishes, to follow Mr. Bliss Carman when he is slouching about in his "Vagabondia," for he may even, with characteristic license, force you to stalk over the border line, when once in a great while he takes it into his head to walk arm in arm with Mr. Kipling in the greater company. Nor will you regret a few hours spent over the remains of the late Edward Cracroft Lefroy, who could with some reason lay claim to the title of Minor Poet, in his own day at least, even if he had written nothing more than the sonnet, "A Palaestral Study." John Addington Symonds was so charmed with it that he quoted it at length. His example may be followed on the principle that you cannot have too much of a good thing.

"The curves of beauty are not softly wrought;
These quivering limbs by strong hid muscles held
In attitudes of wonder, and compelled
Through shapes more sinuous than a sculptor's thought,
Tell of dull matter splendidly distraught,
Whisper of mutinies divinely quelled,—
Weak indolence of flesh, that long rebelled,
The spirit's domination bravely taught.
And all man's loveliest works are cut with pain.
Beneath the perfect art we know the strain,
Intense, defined, how deep soe'er it lies.
From each high masterpiece our souls refrain,
Not tired of gazing, but with stretched eyes
Made hot by radiant flames of sacrifice."

But on copying this down I am more than half inclined to think that it really is not minor poetry after all.

Still another characteristic of the Minor Poet is that he is the only one whom you may justly call charming. That this is true is easily shown: if you were to call Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and many others simply "charming," and let it go at that, you would feel just a little bit ashamed of yourself. You may, however, call the Minor Poet "charming" in public without a blush. (On the other hand, again, you may call the Very Minor Poet "charming" with impunity only when you are very tightly locked up.) Tested simply by this adjective, Mrs. Meynell has so just a claim to the title of Minor Poet that to quote from her would be a work of supererogation. Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, too, is one of the few people now publishing who meet this requirement. If you have not yet read him, open his last volume, *Lord Vyet and Other Poems*, and turn to the lyric, "When Punctual Dawn." For that matter, though, you have only to read the very lovable "Dedication":

"Friend, of my infinite dreams
Little enough endures;
Little howe'er it seems,
It is yours, all yours.

Fame has a fleeting breath,
Hopes may be frail or fond;
But Love shall be Love till death,
And perhaps beyond.

You may even, if you wish to, call Mr. Austin Dobson a Minor Poet.

And finally, as you will see from the foregoing, the Minor Poet, unlike the Very Minor Poet, is modest — that is, reasonably modest. He is not, in print, the victim of an undue egocentricity.

We have reached at last the realm of the amateur, the not-worth-while, the egocentric: come heavenly Muse, for I would justify the works of the Very Minor Poet to an inappreciative public.

The amateur needs no justification; his commission is as that of Melchizedek,— he has been a law unto himself ever since he attained his first complete expression in Horace Walpole. The not-worth-while, however, at first seems to call for some comment. Why read very minor poetry, you ask, if it is not worth while? Dear friend, you are not always in the mood for that poetry which ranges from the very great to the minor. A good cigar should be smoked quietly with some reverence, and furthermore you have not always at hand a presentation copy; yet although no one this side of sanity will declare that it is worth while smoking cigarettes, many will aver that you may derive considerable entertainment from them. As for egocentricity, nothing is more interesting, even to its possessor. That it is a characteristic which the Very Minor Poet shares with great minds of all time will be admitted when it is considered how many of the latter were completely wrapped up in themselves: Napoleon, Byron, the aged Carlyle. The egocentricity of the Very Minor Poet, however, is distinguished from that of the cloud-wreathed by its fragrant, almost pungent fatuity — a last endearing trait. "Good God!" exclaimed Dean Swift, on a well-known occasion, "what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" Nearly every self-respecting Very Minor Poet has said precisely the same thing after each one of his books.

The three requirements of the Very Minor Poet which we have just discussed by no means take into account all of his qualities, but these demands already made are answered to, among contemporaries, with most distinction by Mr. Le Gallienne, despite the strong claims of the Laureate for first place. I have no desire to particularize, to give quotations from his verses that may justify the high claim I make for him; his works may be found, and read, in any railway station. There may, to be sure, be a reasonable doubt as to whether the title "poet" in any form may be applied to an individual so crassly

vulgar as Mr. Le Gallienne; but when once you have granted him a place among the Very Minor Poets his position there is incontestable. And he has made a bid for the suffrages of all lovers of the kind of poetry now under discussion so pressing that it cannot be ignored: he has translated Fitzgerald, whose version of the *Rubaiyat* we had always with vague discomfort felt was not Very Minor Poetry, into that delightful medium. To do this is so difficult and so thankless a task that the satisfaction of the periphrast must be correspondingly great; otherwise there is no justice under heaven. You will remember that when the elegant version which a learned divine had made of a simple, almost crude bit of English (S. John, xi:35) was read to Doctor Johnson, he ungratefully roared: "The d—d puppy!" The Doctor had limitations from which some of us today are happily free: there are a few who have learned to appreciate this kind of thing. I am credibly informed that since Mr. Le Gallienne has written this new version of Fitzgerald, his colleagues have proclaimed him Theanthropos of Vigo street.

Happy is England, for she is rapidly changing from a nation of shopkeepers to a nation of Very Minor Poets. To be convinced you have only to read the catalogue of Mr. John Lane. You will find there names as interesting and as worthy of remembrance as those in Homer's catalogue of ships:

Rosamund Marriott Watson, Le Gallienne, Winifred Lucas,
F. Money-Coutts, Dollie Radford, R. Garnett, C. W. Dalmon,
Olive Custance, Norman Gale, Mary Brotherton, Richard K. Leather,

and many more too long. We in America, victims of a younger civilization, can hardly hope to equal this.

We in America, nevertheless, have at least one Very Minor Poet of the very highest distinction. He has been writing since 1866 (even, perhaps, since an earlier date), for I find on the fly-leaf of his book a record of the following copyrights: 1866, 1869, 1872, 1879, 1883, 1885, and 1894; the volume of his collected poems is now in its third edition, and contains, "to date," he says (you see, he promises to write still more), "all the poems of mine that I wish to have live." And yet to how many — so slow are those in a prophet's own country, except in England, to do him honour—to how many does the name Henry Abbey mean anything? Surely this ought not so to be. To me it means a very great deal indeed.

I should like to analyse his poetry, to tell what constitutes its singular charm, but the task is one of much difficulty; besides, Matthew Arnold, in *The Study of Poetry*, cautions the critic against so doing. "Critics," he exclaims, "give themselves great labour to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a nigh quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples—to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: 'The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*.'" Now, when in my definition of very minor poetry I named three distinguishing traits, I frankly acknowledged that these by no means comprised all the peculiarities of that poetry. To complete the definition, however, now becomes easy, for I may point to the poems of Mr. Abbey and declare that all the characters of the very highest quality of very minor poetry are there.

First, listen to Mr. Abbey when he strikes the lyric note so persistently twanged by the late Thomas Haynes Bayly. It is from his poem,

THE FISHER MAIDENS.

NORMANDY.

We are two fisher-maidens, and we dwell beside the sea,
Where the surf is ever rolling, where the winds are blowing free;
And we loved a youth, the bravest that had ever drawn the seine,
And for comeliness and honour he was fit to wed a queen.

We loved him, and we hated one another for his love
That he never showed for either. Could he toss it like a glove?
But one day the sails were hoisted, and he left the loving shore,
And we saw him in the beauty and the pride of life no more.

For the tempest broke upon him as at night he ventured back:
All the sea was frothy madness, all the sky was wild and black;
But we combed the drifted sea-weed from the sable of his hair,
And the day that he was buried seemed too much for us to bear.

In the last stanza they effect a reconciliation.

Again, take single stanzas and fragments from any poem at random:

"So, lost on love's measureless prairie,
The beautiful Indian girl
Looked round on the helpless horizon,
Her thoughts in a turbulent whirl;
And beholding no path nor assistance,
Hopeless and deeply depressed,
She plucked at the words of her loved one
And treasured a few in her breast."

And these, from "The City of Decay":

"Having given his name he briefly
Sketched their early, tender meeting."

. . . . . .

"So with soothing hand came kindness
And reposed it on his shoulders;
But he dazedly, as with blindness,
Pressed his palm upon his brow."

. . . . . .

"But that night the Graybeard's spirit
Anchored in the Indian Ocean,
Off Ceylon, in oystered waters."

And this, from the "Ballad of Consolation":

"Tho' pleased with your faith I was troubled
When your heart found naught of relief;
For always the Angels of heaven
Sympathize deeply with grief."

But Mr. Abbey's range is far more varied than I have space to show. Anything would be unsatisfactory short of the entire three hundred pages of his volume, so admirably printed by the Riverside Press. He has at times the simplicity of Wordsworth, the majesty of Longfellow, the sensuousness of Keats, the oriental splendour of Tom Moore. His versatility is astonishing: he has given us poems of nature, *vers de société*, patriotic odes, battle hymns, elegies, and epithalamies, philosophical and historical poems, ballads and pastorals, American Indian, East Indian, and Norman poems, as well as Arabian and Bedouin. Indeed, of all Very Minor Poets I have no hesitation in declaring Mr. Abbey the most versatile.

No account of Mr. Abbey's work, however, would even approach adequacy without some mention of his heroic blank verse. I pass over with regret that splendid poem "Irak," where the poet on his sure-footed Nedjedee, seeking the princess Zayda, halts before the glittering minarets of Riad; where

"The hazy air lay on the grassy hills
Like gossamer, and thinner than the shawls
That merchants draw through ladies' finger-rings.
A listless camel cropped the verdure near."

I pass this over, for I have not yet spoken of his masterpiece, "The Giant Spider."

This is the tale of a brave adventurer, who

. . . . . "having heard
That in gray Caffa, or its ancient tombs,
A giant spider balked the snares of men,"

thither went and in the city dwelt. He chanced at sunset on a fisherman who once had gone into an ancient tomb and slept therein until at dawn he woke,

"And found that in thick cords he lay ensnared;
But reached his knife, and slowly cut them through.
Then, from the lighted outlet of the tomb,
A horror fled on sideways-working legs."

The aged fisherman the adventurer takes back from the city to a cottage small.

"Here dwelt my helper to the spidery news,"

the adventurer writes; and here too dwelt a maid who charmed him, daughter to the fisherman.

"Her broidered skirt drooped loosely to the knees;
The silken, Turkish trousers hung below,
Their fullness at the ankles gathered in;
But the red, toe-curved shoes betrayingly
Left her arched insteps naked as the moon."

This is about all of Part First. Part Second opens with a line which I defy any one to match in very minor poetry:

"An early knuckle smote against my door."

The Giant Spider has come like a thief in the night and carried off the maiden, whom the adventurer now realises he madly loves. The pursuit is one of the most thrilling in all blank verse. Following the trail which the ravisher had left,

"A glutinous rope, twisted with five strong strands,"

they reach a deserted tomb. The description which follows would delight the fastidious taste of even a Bulwer Lytton or a Disraeli:

"A target hung above and on it flashed
Trojan and Greek, adverse as right and wrong.
About lay cups of onyx set in gold.
On conic jars were bacchanalian scenes;
Nude, chubby bacchi, grotesque, leering fauns—
All linked beneath the cluster-laden vine;
And in the jars were rings and flowers of gold.
We found twin ear-drops, sapphire Gemini,
Metallic mirrors, and a statuette
Of amorous Dido naked to the waist.
All these we found, but nothing for defense.
A club had been of greater worth than these.
On desert sands a crust is more than gold,
In peril arms, and on the sea a plank."

After a heroic battle the Spider is slain, and the hero and heroine are united.

If, then, you ask me what are the characters of the highest Very Minor Poetry, I reply that they are what is so opulently expressed in the verses of Henry Abbey. I know of no other American Very Minor Poet who will so completely delight the connoisseur. Once, indeed, I owned a copy of the works of another genius of the rarest distinction, but I lost it a dozen years ago, and I have forgotten, alas, even the name of the poetess.

For the book was by a woman. Its title was *The Maple Dell*, and it was published, I think, by the Appletons (but of this I am not quite sure), in the early '80's. It was all about the wanderings of a woman whose husband had first taken to drink and then deserted her, and the author sold it from door

to door. Of the several thousand lines, I have forgotten all but two; but that it was Very Minor Poetry of the rarest quality I remember perfectly well. These two lines, tantalizing as a fragment of Sappho, I find in an old note book into which I copied them at the time,—they are the refrain of the wronged wife and mother:

"Give Delilah fits of mania!
Ring the bells of Pennsylvania!"

And so I must confess to a passionate fondness for the Very Minor Poet: you may keep such a secret long locked up in your breast, but it is bound at last to declare itself. If, then, after cherishing this devotion for years, if after collecting the most remotely escaped "fugitive verses," I may not stand and give reason for the enthusiasm that is in me, there is no efficacy in pen and ink. "If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd," my only plea is that those few of us who are sufficiently unselfish to collect them may be allowed to enjoy them unquestioned. And if, finally, the late Bill Nye could say of the music of so great a genius as Wagner, that it is not really half so bad as it sounds, I may surely be permitted to declare the same of the song of the Very Minor Poet. PIERRE LAROSE.

HARVEST

ALONG the furrowed pathway of the sea,
I sowed a crop of sand:
Lo! what a golden gathering there shall be
When Harvest opes her hand!
What my reward when reaping-time had come?—
Only an empty store of wild sea foam!

Along the azure pathway of the sky
My heart-wrung tears I shed,
And cried: "There will fall star-gems by-and-by—
An harvest from o'erhead!"
What drenched the dreary earth and barren plain?—
My salty tears that fell in driving rain.

Along the fragrant pathway of the Spring
Sweet roses did I strew;
With hopeful eye a happy garnering
In harvest time I knew.
What did I gain whereat my soul yet grieves?—
A meagre pile of pale and mouldly leaves.

Fate! ruler of Grief's harvesting, Despair—
Fate, we have deified—
Tears evanescent, blighted leaves and bare,
Foam or the fleeting tide,
These to thine altar,—thine own choice—I bring:
With satiate wrath accept my offering!

KATHLEEN HOY DU FREEN.

REVIEWS

LOUIS XV AND HIS COURT

FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XV. — *By James Breck Perkins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 Vols.*

MR. JAMES BRECK PERKINS has written a book that will offend the specialist and delight the general reader. The present school of American historians, being scholars and not litterateurs, dig out historical ore and leave their readers to do the smelting. As a result they have almost succeeded in divorcing history from literature altogether, and if present methods prevail, the future critic will as soon think of speaking of the literary quality of their work as of applying stylistic canons to the monograph of a government entomologist. That day, however, has not yet come. Moreover, in the historical camp itself there has been recently an evidence of humanistic reaction. A couple of years ago the *American Historical Review* declared its intention of regarding the literary merit as well as the scientific value of its contributions, and last fall Professor Woodrow Wilson published a *Life of Washington*, which bore distinct traces of literary exertions. Unfortunately, the *Review* soon sank to the level of a trade journal, which a man of literary taste would as soon think of reading as of perusing the *Kerosene Monthly*. The Professor worked very hard at the sublime vein, and went so far as to employ the expression "'t is," on almost every page; and still he failed of effect. We Philistines all preferred to read Mr. Ford's frivolous, gossipy book on Washington, published at the same time. Now the reaction has probably spent its force, and henceforth we shall have the rough-hewn historical monograph. The inarticulate specialist will resume his sway. Mr. Perkins, however, does not belong to the pig-iron school of historians; nor, on the other hand, does he seek literary effects by heavy Miltonian ornamentation. He is a simple, easy, natural narrator, never especially profound or original, but always entertaining, impersonal, and direct. He can put you in possession of facts in a rapid, pleasant way. He makes little attempt to put you in possession of philosophy. There are some profane people, however, who will think that both facts and philosophy can as well be gathered from him as from the pig-iron books. To these it is merely necessary to say one word. That word is *Stubbs*. An American teacher once dared to tell his class, "Not every one that saith unto me Stubbs, Stubbs, shall enter into the kingdom of history." But that man had a courage far beyond his age and calling, and, according to the rumor, he was torn limb from limb at the next meeting of the historical society.

It will appear from this that Mr. Perkins is a popularizer. No preparation whatever is required for understanding him. He takes you at once into Louis XV's court, introduces you to the many sinners and the few saints, shows where the money came from and where it went, who took bribes and who did not. He gossips, quotes epigrams, sums up a system of philosophy, outlines a foreign policy or campaign in the same compact, perspicuous way. Perhaps you hear a little too much of the mouldy fiddle-faddle of the French court, but you forgive him because of the realistic effect. He has his limitations, and he knows them. In period-defining, *Zeit-geist* reflection, and Teutonic analysis, he is not at home. But you catch a glimpse of the Pompadour in the council-chamber, of Quesnay, the French Socrates, laying down the law in the *entresôl*, and of the royal rake conducting his backyard liaisons; you make the acquaintance of lawyers, bishops, peasants, and you lay down his book with distinct impressions that your mind is likely to retain. In this range of concrete things and actual personalities he is admirable—better than that, he is amusing. But this must be remembered: He is never pedagogical. That the specialists will pick him up in some points is certain. For one thing, he says some incautious things about the Mercantilists. He will be made to suffer for that. But the question suggests itself: If it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many specialists go to make a historian? In this day none but a polyhedral genius can hope to write a perfectly accurate work on general history.

JAPAN AND ITS ART

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN — *By John La Farge. 8vo. Illustrated. The Century Co. $4.00.*

THESE letters by Mr. La Farge are no novelty. His visit to Japan was made in '86, and the matter now gathered into a beautiful volume has already appeared at various times in *The Century Magazine*. Indeed it is upon this series and upon the *Considerations on Painting* that Mr. La Farge's position as an art critic rests.

The position is undeniable, and it has in the minds of the critics, and of the public as well, lent a distinction to his work in painting and stained glass, just as in the beginning this work gained a hearing for him as a critic.

But Mr. La Farge could stand merely as a writer, with no help from his pictures. The pictures have, however, or his ability to paint them has, fitted him to write of Japan from a distinctly individual point of view. His *Letters* are not an ordinary book of travels. His subject is primarily Japan in relation to its own art, and more broadly in relation to modern art, especially the decorative branches. His interest is in nature rather than in people, and in art rather than in nature. "The human beings are not the novelty," he says, "not even the Japanese; what is absorbingly new is the light, its whiteness, its silvery milkiness." Here the painter speaks, and indeed the book is full of the most acute and sensitive descriptive writing. But through all this glittering richness of style the reader is surely led to listen to the theorist, the critic.

Description and criticism are everywhere intermingled, and Mr. La Farge is always suggestive. His culture is broad enough to prevent his ever falling into the narrowness of the artist who knows only his art or into the obscurity of the technician.

His knowledge of Japanese history and philosophy is perhaps not profound, but, at least, it is not inaccurate, and the fragments scattered through his pages are delightful reading.

In many matters, of course, Mr. La Farge gives something more than an impressionistic rendering — on architectural topics his study is minute and careful. The chapters on the temples at Nikko are crowded with detailed information. On the purely æsthetic side the effect is curious and suggestive. Mr. La Farge has here expended most lavishly the richness of his style. Page after page he makes into a kind of carved and gilded fretwork, a confused and brilliant obscurity from which the reader gains most forcibly one impression, that of color. The author himself recognizes this. "I fear," he observes, "that of all my description the refrain of the words gold and bronze will be all that you will retain." "Red and gold" would more nearly represent our resultant impression. We may be insisting on an over-refinement, but this quality in the writing of a painter who is, above all, known as a colorist has been to us curiously interesting. Japan has never worn brighter garments than in this book.

The application of Japanese lessons to the insistent questions of our own decorative art, now so ardently pursued, is a valuable part of the volume. Subtleties are rarely made forcible enough to seem of practical as well as theoretical interest. This Mr. La Farge does. The Japanese decorator manufactures his product; the European or American makes a design from which some one else manufactures; the artist and his material are held apart. Such is one of Mr. La Farge's more obvious *dicta*, yet the point has never been made often enough to really convince our artisans. Mr. La Farge is delicately sensitive, but he is not fantastic. There is, throughout, a straightforward appeal to facts and a certain dignity of style which make the volume more convincing than much of the wild writing done now-a-days about Japan.

The illustrations, in losing their color in the reproduction, have lost their greatest charm, and only serve to accentuate one's belief that in that element is to be found the greatest merit of Mr. La Farge's painting.

THE WONDROUS ISLES

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES.—*By William Morris. 8vo. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.*

"THE descriptive and decorative beauties of this romance . . . are excellent above all in this, that numberless though they be they are always just and fit. Not a tone of color, not a note of form, is misplaced or dispensable. The pictures are clear and chaste, sweet and lucid as early Italian work. There crowds and processions, battle-pieces and merry-makings worthy of Benozzo or Carpaccio, single figures, or groups of lovers in flowery, watery land, worthy of Sandro or Fillippo. The sea-pieces are like the younger Lippi's, the best possible to paint from shore. They do not taste salt or sound wide, but they have all the beauty of the beach." —Mr. Swinburne's comment on the verse in *The Life and Death of Jason* is no less felicitous when quoted of the prose in *The Water of the Wondrous Isles.* The tale is a panorama with all the pictorial qualities which distinguish William Morris's literary work, and no better comparison could be made than that with the earlier Italian masters. Indeed, before this opinion of Mr. Swinburne's came to mind, the similarity of the writing here to M. Boutet de Monvel's pictures in the *Joan of Arc,* so far as sentiment is concerned, was on the point of the pen—there is the *naiveté* of the Renaissance which makes Rossetti's sonnet on the Giorgione *Pastoral* in the Louvre, with its phrase "sad with the whole of pleasure," and its seizure of that precise moment "while the shadowed grass is cool against her naked side," irresistibly suggestive of Birdalone, this newest heroine of the Morris romance.

Lovers of Morris's stories will find in the first sorceress, she who stole Birdalone from her mother, a suggestion of his Medea, heightened not a little in his characterization of the second sorceress, her sister. They will find another classic figure in Habundia, archamadryad and foster-mother to Birdalone. These three stand for the feeling of old Greece:

> "But not alone the skies of Greece were thronged
> With deities, for river, grove, and fount
> Were peopled with a vague, ethereal folk"—

though the pageantry is far more evident in the simplicity of feeling and frank sensuousness of the book than in these three. For, while Habundia holds her classical qualities to the last, her subject-sprites are rather those of the *Erl König* than of the Woodland nymph; and the sorceresses, Medean enough in one aspect, are witch-wives, devotees of Loki in another. And this intermingling of the South and the North is made more plain by the depth of purpose and serenity of passion, a passion equally chaste and intense, which underlie the delights of the passing hour. The story has the paganism of Greece and Rome for its warp, and the heathenry of the Jutes and Angles for its woof; and it is further embroidered and embellished with scenes of chivalry and mediæval Christianity—no artist-hand less sure than Morris's could have blended such materials into such a whole, leaving a composite picture which must be viewed in its original coloring in the book itself to be enjoyed—or even imagined.

It will be seen that nearly all of the sources whence were derived *The Life and Death of Jason, The Fall of Niblungs,* and *The Earthly Paradise* are here laid upon contribution. It stands midway between the ante-Christianity of *The Story of the Glittering Plain* and the post-Christianity of *News from Nowhere,* and it is like the last in being free from lyrical embellishments, no line of verse interrupting or bearing on the sufficiently rhythmical flow of the narrative. It is only less long in the telling than *The Well at the World's End,* to the general plan of which it bears closest resemblance. But in point of language *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* stands quite alone, the quaint, archaically idiomatic English of the other romances here becoming more involved, more archaic, and more impacted with Saxon derivatives. There seems in this no especial effort to fit sound to sense—no conscious use of language to express a new combination of ideas—and it may be conjectured that the growing involution and old-fashionedness of diction is primarily due to the writer's perfecting himself in his chosen mode of expression through continued practice. It is to be noted as certainly true, notwithstanding, that this manner of speech is a most befitting choice for the depiction of a time when the ideas of the world of Odin or Thor, of the Jupiter and Apollo of the Renaissance, and of the churchly Christianity of the Middle Ages were all seeking together in that delectable land "east of the sun and west of the moon," where the scenes of the Morris romance are always laid. And we can imagine no land, even were the November days not upon us, where we would rather be.

DRUMMOND AND WATER

IF I WERE GOD. — *By Richard Le Gallienne. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $0.50.*

THIS pamphlet, we are told by the publishers, "is said to have been the outcome of a visit paid by Mr. Le Gallienne last summer to Davos Platz, where he had frequent talks on similar subjects with Mr. and Mrs. Price Hughes and Sister Lily, of the West London Mission." We suspected as much. The title alone smacks of the popular Congregationalist preacher, hesitating before the last descent into "bicycle" sermons and "church smokers," willing to temporise

with a final strain after serious indecency. And we all remember that Paley said he knew nothing against some one *but* that he was a popular preacher. Drummond was a sufficiently severe imposition in his own qualities; but Drummond bespattered with that sickly grace of expression affected by Mr. Le Gallienne is intolerable. If we must have platitudes, let them at least be free from molasses; give us the purple face, the triumphant tenor voice, the convincing fist on the pulpit; anything but platitudes and Le Gallienne, banality and anæmia. That combination is too much for the hardiest church-goer. The text of Mr. Le Galliene's tract is the difficulty of reconciling "the facts of the world" with "the possibility of a good God"; and his sermon in point of sustained and unconscious commonplace is worthy of many a newly-fledged curate. Only in the uncanny flabbiness of his sentiment does he fall short of the youngest of young divines. Yet the publishers tell us that "the work is in line with the moods of many minds, and arouses melancholy but mysteriously deep thoughts." We dispute the statement as a violent slander on the human race. A boy of fifteen, with a constitution ruined by too much household poetry, may find in it a beautiful answer to his spiritual yearnings—nobody else will. And as for "the melancholy but mysteriously deep thoughts," no one who reads Mr. Le Gallienne can be other than melancholy. For the rest, his discourse merely arouses a pitiful astonishment. It *is* surprising, though quite characteristic, that a literary man who has passed his boyhood should be knocked off his feet by contact with a few simple, eternal facts; and it *is* distressing that he should describe the trite sensations of his collapse with a most naif delight in the crude workings of his emotions. The result is a horrible example of the ignorance and helplessness of the man who is merely literary. In its personal aspect we may, no doubt, consider it as a contribution to the credit side of Mr. Le Gallienne's private moral account, as an offset to *The Quest of the Golden Girl.*

ITALY UP-TO-DATE

THE ITALIANS OF TO-DAY.—*By René Bazin. Translated from the French by William Marchant. 12mo. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.*

THOUGH the author of this book is a Frenchman, the "personal note" is sounded as lightly as may be; his position, his training, his interests we must gather for ourselves. His personal experiences, his traveling companionships, his emotions by the way —all these things are mercifully minimized; and we fall back pretty completely upon our own impressions and intuitions when we pronounce him to be a gentleman proprietor, with a decided taste for building and agriculture; a man of liberal, even technical, education, with a positive mind very evenly developed and very well balanced; a man, too, of some military experience, or, at least, military training, and in easy command of the better sort of social opportunities, abroad as well as at home.

Such a man, of course, will not produce the conventional book on Italy. His Italians will be the actual creatures of the last decade of the century, and their country will be drawn out of the dim haze of romance into the common air of to-day—thick, dusty, noisy, even, with "problems." Michael Angelo, promptly and briefly referred to on page 14, does not appear again; instead, we have Mascagni, Fogazzaro, Ada Negri, Margherita, and so on—generally at first hand. The Roman pontiffs and the Florentine painters are completely set aside; instead, we talk on trains with our fellow-travelers about the social, political, financial, and agricultural questions of the day. We have an exhaustive account of the great building speculation that ruined so many of the Roman princes; and other of these princes we accompany to their estates in the Campagna, viewing their buffalo herds and studying the housing of their farm hands. At Naples we are led by the chief of one of the labor associations into the quarter where new streets are being driven through old slums, visiting a few of the slums themselves, and receiving a vivid idea of the general dislocation of the life of the lower orders consequent upon this *risanimento*. In Sicily we "do" a bergamot grove, where we learn the processes, the profits, and the conditions that rule the labor world. Everywhere facts, everywhere figures, everywhere the people — high, middle-class, low—speaking for themselves; and everywhere the author, a kind of umpire, balancing things with a fine, free hand, and preserving (except for his long essay on the Roman Campagna) a good sense of proportion. He is bright, rapid, vivid, tripping; does not completely forget the churches; does not altogether slight the landscape; says a good word now and then for current literature; transcribes some of the amorous personals that illumine the newspapers, as well as sets down the procedure of the Neapolitan police courts; does justice to the swarms of amateur poets, as well as visits barracks where he engages in gingerly discussions with the officers on the attitude of Italy toward France, and on the probable future of the triple alliance; quotes Buffalo Bill approvingly on the Italian cattle-punchers and rough riders of the *Agro Romano;* gives a detailed account of the performance of *I Rantzau* at the Pergola, in Florence; and summarizes a number of typical speeches made by the politicians of the peninsula before their different electorates during a hot campaign. Altogether, a thoroughly interesting book by an alert, qualified observer—one of broad mind and extensive interests and sympathies.

The translation is good—at least, it bears little or no evidence of being a translation. There is a full index.

MINIATURE PAINTERS

PORTRAIT MINIATURES FROM THE TIME OF HOLBEIN, 1531, TO THAT OF SIR WILLIAM ROSS, 1860.—*By George C. Williamson. 8vo. London, George Bell & Sons; New York, The Macmillan Co. $4.00.*

THE subtitle of Mr. Williamson's volume defines very accurately the scope and the limitations of the book. It is a "Handbook for Collectors." It makes no attempt to be a standard for final reference, nor, indeed, is it intended to amuse any one who shall try to read it straight through. The necessity for giving the collector some account of almost every painter and some hints as to the quality of his work has forced the exclusion of gossip and romance. If Mr. Williamson were master of a style somewhat less dilute he could have avoided this omission and still have kept the bulk of his volume within limits. But it is, perhaps, unfair to demand concise English along with great industry and some taste, and Mr. Williamson has accomplished so well what he set himself to do that it is not just to blame him for not having done more — though to the casual reader his volume would have been made more interesting thereby.

He very likely felt that several hundred admirable reproductions would explain to any one the charm of his subject. The miniatures lose surprisingly little with the loss of color, and are numerous enough to enable the reader to form his own impressions of the style of all the more important artists. For the collector who cannot afford to own Dr. Propert's standard work on the subject they will be invaluable in verifying and comparing his own acquisitions.

There is a chapter on foreign miniaturists, on enamel painters (with some good examples of Isabey), on the care of miniatures, and on notable collections. It is surprising what a fragile thing a collection is, and it is even more surprising how unauthentic it is likely to be. It was said once of a very noted Cosway collection that what it most needed was a genuine Cosway. Forgeries, according to Mr. Williamson, grow more clever and more frequent each year.

It is surprising how common miniature portraiture has been. We rely upon it very largely for our knowledge of the personal appearance of historical characters. But this reliance is responsible for some wide-spread popular errors. For example, according to a story of Horace Walpole's, Crosse, having instructions from the Marquis of Hamilton to repair a damaged miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, entirely altered it as a portrait by substituting for the long oval features of the unhappy queen a round face which was his idea of female beauty. This is the well-known portrait of the queen so widely copied and the source of so many inaccurate pictures.

Mr. Williamson devotes the greater part of the book to tracing the development of the art in England. He is not always quite successful in making clear changes in style and spirit from one generation to another, but he has a good sense of proportion, and the reader comes from the volume with a clear impression of the most important painters: Holbein, the Hilliards, the Olivers, Cooper, Cosway and the Plimers in the eighteenth century, and Robertson in the nineteenth. It is unfortunate that Mr. Williamson could not devote more space to the recent revival of interest in miniatures, of which the prices obtained for her work by Miss Amelia Küssner are the most sensational feature.

A LAWYER

CELEBRATED TRIALS.—*By Henry Lauren Clinton. 8vo. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*

PEOPLE who read books—who have to read books for their sins—have borne patiently with the "pushfullness" of the autobiographer, but there is a limit to patience. This gentleman has pressed it, for his *Celebrated Trials* can only be described as "cheeky." He seems to have been a fairly successful practitioner at the New York bar, whose good fortune it was to be associated in the trial of a number of important criminal cases at one of those periods in the criminal politics of New York City when the decent elements of society rise and inflict a sort of legalized lynch law on their oppressors. A fair account of the Tweed and Hall trials, and especially of the Croker trial, from such sources as might be commanded even by a junior counsel, would not be uninteresting. But Mr. Clinton has no such purpose in view. He has written the book to gratify his own silly egotism, and where we look for the facts of two or three great legal and political battles, we find newspaper reporters' puffs of the author and verbatim reports of the commonplace speeches of a commonplace lawyer to a commonplace jury. Nor is this Mr. Clinton's worst fault. Not content with printing other people's puffs, he puffs himself most enthusiastically. He says that Tweed, "supposing as a matter of course that Messrs. Tremain & Peckham (Lyman Tremain and Wheeler H. Peckham) would impanel the jury, hurried back for his second trial." His disappointment was keen when he learned that Mr. Clinton, "thinking that he might prevent a lamentable failure of justice and thus render the public a great service, had accepted a retainer from the Attorney General." This is only one instance of the absurd egotism of the man. It leads him to the most unfair attacks on his associates, even on such a giant of the bar as Charles O'Conor, and causes him to go so far as to denounce decisions of the Supreme Court that were unfavorable to him.

In point of immediate interest the murder trial of Richard Croker is the most important case in the book, and Mr. Clinton passes over the details of the

shooting to print his own absurd speech for the defense. A review of the testimony may be of some value at this moment. In the election of 1874 Abram S. Hewitt, the well-known democratic politician, who was afterward mayor of New York, was a candidate for Congress in the Tenth Congressional district on the Tammany ticket. His opponent was James O'Brien, a factional leader. Early in the day the "O'Brienites" began to "raid" the Tammany booths, and Croker—then a coroner—who was known to be a man of brutal courage, was sent into the district to meet force with force. At a polling booth he encountered O'Brien. They were old enemies, and they greeted each other with the foul language of the slums. It is not clear whether O'Brien or Croker struck the first blow, but in a moment they were vigorously engaged, and Croker was mauling his antagonist without mercy. While the battle was in progress an unfortunate man named McKenna took a hand in it. According to the evidence of two witnesses, Croker turned from O'Brien, and, drawing a revolver from his pocket, shot McKenna dead. He then passed the pistol to a confederate and gave himself in charge of the police. This evidence was strongly contradicted at the trial, Croker protesting that he never carried a pistol; but it seems to have made an impression on a part of the jury, since, in spite of the efforts of the lawyers for the defense, the trial ended in a disagreement. Croker became a Tammany head, and subsequently the district attorney abandoned the prosecution.

The reader will not learn these details from Mr. Clinton. He will only learn that Mr. Clinton delivered a "moving appeal" to the jury, concluding with this sublime sentiment: "Gentlemen, only the defendant is wanting to complete the family group. The loving wife, the young mother, the infant son await the coming of Richard Croker. The lesson taught by your verdict will sink deep in the public mind. Let it be known and read of all men, let it be everywhere understood, that, come what may, a New York jury dare, and under all circumstances, *will*, do their duty."

There are about 300 pages of this sort of silliness in the book.

POTTERS AND POTTERY

POTTERS; THEIR ARTS AND CRAFTS.—*By John C. L. Sparkes and Walter Gandy. 12mo. Thomas Whittaker. Illustrated. $1.25.*

CARLYLE'S scornful nick-name for historians, "Dry-as-dust," is still more applicable to most of the writers who have discussed china and pottery. Yet, in a way, there is no more fascinating subject, nor one more interwoven with history and human interest. It appeals to every woman's heart and to many a man's, if he dare but acknowledge it. "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see a great house I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery," wrote Charles Lamb.

Mr. John C. L. Sparkes, of the South Kensington Museum, and Mr. Walter Gandy have collaborated in this volume to produce a work which, while taking nothing of a technical nature for granted, is yet so full of side references and general information as to be exceedingly readable throughout. "Whatever there is of interest to us in the piece of work the workman put there, the work has become the permanent expression of the worker's skill and taste—the material comparatively nothing; the art almost everything." And so between receipts for glazes are written anecdotes of the potters and of the kings and princes who befriended them. The chapter on processes is so simply and clearly written that the reader feels almost able to "throw" and "glaze" and "fire" without further instruction. Ancient pottery appeals perhaps to a more limited class, but is here invested with an interest quite unusual. Mediæval pottery, as produced in the various European countries, is described with many quaint quotations from cups and plates:

"Be mery and wise."

"Drink faire—do n't sware."

The chapter on China and Japan, and the various imitations of their products in Holland and England, is comprehensive, and yet, in a small space, covers all the ground. "The absurd phrase of *living up to one's teapot*—one of the literary missiles that were aimed some few years ago at the Æsthetic movement—was not so absurd after all. It would be a good thing for our native arts if our designers would live up to the standard of good Japanese work, and look at Nature for themselves."

It is rather strange among the moderns to find no mention of Rookwood nor even of Dedham, though there is a statement that Chinese *sang de bœuf* has never been successfully imitated, thus ignoring Hugh Robertson's heroic efforts and more than successful achievements in this direction. The references to American work are in fact confined to a short appendix of four pages.

Mr. Sparkes, who writes the preface, apologizes unnecessarily for adding another volume to the long list already published on this subject.

BOOKS RECEIVED

COPELAND & DAY.

FREE TO SERVE.—By Emma Rayner. 8vo. $1.50.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CORPORATION.

IN GOD'S COUNTRY.—By D. Higbee. 12mo. $1.00.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

FUGITIVE LINES.—By H. J. Stockard. 12mo. $1.00.

EDWARD ARNOLD.

THE INVISIBLE MAN.—By H. G. Wells. 16mo. $1.25.

THE CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO.

THROUGH THE INVISIBLE.—By Paul Tyner. 16mo. $0.75. Illustrated.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO.

IF I WERE GOD.—By Richard Le Gallienne. 12mo. $0.50.

SELF CULTIVATION IN ENGLISH.—By G. H. Palmer. 12mo. $0.35.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

THE PINK FAIRY BOOK.—Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated. 8vo. $2.00.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE THREE BOLD BABES.—By S. Rosamond Praeger.

THOMAS WHITTAKER.

THE FACTS AND THE FAITH.—By B. E. Warner. 12mo. $1.25.

THE MESSAGE AND THE MESSENGERS.—By Fleming James. 12mo. $1.25.

LAIRD & LEE.

HOURS WITH THE GHOSTS.—By Henry Ridgely Evans. 12mo. $1.00.

WON BY A WOMAN.—By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by G. Mantellini. 16mo. Illustrated. $0.75.

L. C. PAGE & CO.

THE MADONNA IN ART.—By Estelle M. Huell. 12mo. Illustrated. $2.00.

SONGS YSAME.—By Annie Fellows Johnston and Albion Fellows Bacon. 16mo. $1.25.

D. APPLETON & CO.

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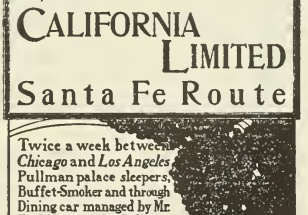

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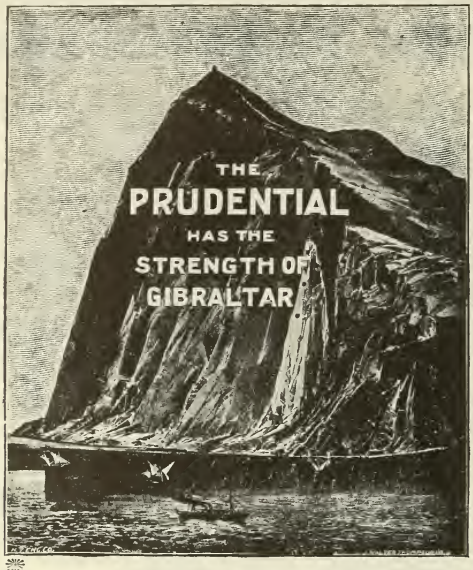

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SUPPLEMENT TO

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Vol. VIII, No. 1 Semi-Monthly November 15, 1897

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The CHAP-BOOK
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Vol. VIII, No. 1 November 15, 1897

"NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART"

LITTLE RIVERS. A BOOK OF ESSAYS IN PROFITABLE IDLENESS. — *By Henry Van Dyke. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.*

WITH FEET TO THE EARTH.—*By Charles M. Skinner. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.25.*

SONG-BIRDS AND WATER-FOWL.—*By H. E. Parkhurst. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.*

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THE FREEDOM OF THE FIELDS.—*By Charles C. Abbott. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.50.*

TO the five books now in hand praise must be about equally distributed. Mr. Van Dyke's angling sketches are the special charm of his book, and we like his way of sandwiching little streaks of scholarly allusion between his observations on natural history and his moral reflections. He is downright enthusiastic, which goes a long way toward baffling the professional fault-finder; moreover, he is a true poet, and sings like a veery when the fit comes on.

Mr. Skinner's feet are not winged; they are content to tread mother earth and feel the clay under them. But Mr. Skinner has an eye like a sparrow-hawk's, and what escapes his vision is not worth seeing. Indeed, he sees rather too much at times for the good of his literature. In the present book, however, he is at his best, and we especially like his essay on "Night Prowls in the Streets." In his "Satisfaction With the Country" he is thoroughly interesting, indulging his imagination very little, and working his excellent common sense to fine effect. His style is pleasing, even distinguished, on account of its exceeding unpretentiousness and straightforward energy. In his paper, "Partly Practical," for example, he chats delightfully about how to travel cheaply in Europe. "Humbugs of Science" is another chapter in which Mr. Skinner makes us open our eyes. He deems the whole system of nomenclature in science an affront to good taste, and he insists that our books shall be cleared of them to give place to such beautiful names as "hog weed," "goat-wort," "jimson," and the like. But he makes it interesting

The title of Mr. Parkhurst's book is misleading, if not wholly out of keeping with the contents. "Song-Birds and Water-fowl" would lead one to expect more and less than Mr. Parkhurst has given. What connection such birds as turkey buzzards, woodpeckers, hawks, eagles, crows, and barn swallows can have with either song-birds or water-fowls is not readily seen. But we can say nothing worse than this against Mr. Parkhurst's beautiful volume. The gift of successful statement is finely exhibited on almost every page, and subjects pretty well worn are somehow given a new lease of interest. There was little room for originality in substance, and very small margin for even notable cleverness of treatment, and yet these pages fairly breathe freshness. Mr. Parkhurst has his wail, as loud as Mr. Skinner's, against the inadequacies of "scientific" language; moreover, he would make a new classification of birds, based not upon kinship, but upon habitat. Good luck to him; but he will fail. The book is beautifully illustrated with eighteen bird-pictures by Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes. If it were colored to the life, the meadow lark facing page 276 would be all but a perfect portrait.

Mr. Abbott's "Travels in a Tree-Top" has already made its way to public favor; his "Freedom of the Fields" will possibly widen his audience. We should imagine, however, that his essay on "Company and Solitude" would not especially please the friends whom and with whom he is in the habit of dining. Birds and grasshoppers are doubtless very interesting; but most people do not care to have them forced upon their consideration, to the utter exclusion of everything else in life. Mr. Abbott is almost bitter in his condemnation of talk about the weather, one's health, and the like; but a large part of his own talk—and charming talk it is —runs upon, or ticklishly near, those very topics. Indeed, if a writer leaves out the weather when he hopes to do the natural thing, he is pretty sure to find himself left out of the best popular reckoning. That Mr. Abbott is not so left out is largely due to his delightful habit of practicing utter contempt of his own rule. We have read no better books than his, in as far as they may be taken to be perfectly honest reporting. He spares no pains to get details, and if these details are too frequently tiresomely minute, even trifling, they are correct. Some of the sketches included in this volume are not strictly in the vein of out-door observation habitual to Mr. Abbott; but they are all well loaded with his characteristic touches of genial humor and sincerity of coloring. The publishers have done their part in making these books attractive; each volume has four good illustrations, and the printing is excellent. In a word, the "Freedom of the Fields" is a book which shows a very pleasant writer in a happy mood.

Probably there cannot be too many books of the sort first cast before an unappreciative public by Thoreau; but we somehow have caught the impression that a minor vein of "out-doors literature" is in the way of being overworked. Not that the work itself is bad, but it seems so easy to do that it is scarcely worth while.

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN

THE STEVENSON SONG BOOK — *With Music by various Composers. 4to. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.*

SINGING VERSES FOR CHILDREN. — *The Words by Lydia Avery Coonley. Pictures by Alice Kellogg Tyler. Music by Eleanor Smith, Jessie L. Gaynor, Frederick W. Root, and Frank Atkinson, Jr. 4to. The Macmillan Company. $2.00.*

IT is always a question just what the expression "children's songs" signifies. It may mean music of a very simple character, with words of equal simplicity—Mother Goose, for instance; or it may be a musical setting of verses about children, intricate as to harmony, and obviously beyond the youthful understanding and enjoyment, either active or passive. Then there is a third class, in which the child-verses are nevertheless literature, and the music, while it is thoroughly good music, is not entirely out of reach of those for whom it is intended.

Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse* has naturally supplied most of the material for the last class. Miss Eleanor Smith published a collection of eight of the songs several years ago, which are justifiably popular, as they are both easy and musicianly, and Mr. Ethelbert Nevin's setting of "In winter I get up at night," is almost a classic.

The most ambitious attempt to supply music for the "Child's Garden" is the *Stevenson Song Book* just published, similar in form to the *Field-DeKoven Song Book* of last year. It contains twenty of the best known poems and the excellent intention of the publishers is clearly shown in the preface, which states that "all the verses were selected for the predominance in them of the lyric quality. It was felt that the musical settings to be given to them should be melodious, simple, and well marked in rythm, in order that the music should be in perfect harmony with the spirit and form of the poems." So it is probably not their fault that about half of the music in the book lacks just these qualities. Nine of the songs are by Dr. Villiers Stanford, two each by Mr. Chadwick, Mr. DeKoven, Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Homer Bartlett, Mr. Foote, and one by Mr. C. B. Hawley. Just why Dr. Stanford should have such a large proportion is not clear, especially as the book is an American publication. His music is always scholarly and never cheap, but it must be confessed that it is sometimes dull. The machinery is too plainly in sight. And some of his songs in this collection have the same faults, though his best ones surpass anything else in the book, especially "Foreign Children," and "Bed in Summer."

The other composers, with two exceptions, have done excellent work and caught the right spirit. Mr. DeKoven is one of the exceptions, which is not surprising, and Mr. Chadwick, strange to say, is the other.

If it were not for these songs, which, through their commonplaceness, do not rise to the level of the verses, and some of Dr. Stanford's, in which the idea of the poetry is submerged beneath the involved composition, the book would have nothing to prevent its being an admirable collection of children's songs. And in a consideration of the whole, even these details are not aggressive.

The second book is a Chicago collaboration that is rather remarkable. In the first place, Mrs. Coonley's verses are natural and without affected youthfulness. Then the decorations and illustrations are very much ahead of anything recent in this direction, both in originality and technical skill. The drawing is full of life and the color always charming. Occasionally there is an illustration below the general standard, but the others more than compensate. Especially ingenious is the use of appropriate designs around the music. Mrs. Tyler's work in this book would almost seem to justify her entering the class of Charles Robinson and Boutet de Monvel.

Although the cover reads, "Music by Frederick W. Root (and others)," the others have done better work than Mr. Root. Miss Eleanor Smith has an equal number of songs uniform in their novelty of conception and graceful beauty. Mr. Atkinson's three are well written and attractive, and Mrs. Gaynor's, though at times a trifle "common," are still very consistent. On the other hand, only half of Mr. Root's songs are by any means equal to the average of the rest, the other three being rather below.

His "Flag Song," and "Christmas Song," however, are musical, and well within the possibility of youthful interpretation. In this respect the whole collection is superior to the *Stevenson Song Book*, as all the songs have this quality to no small degree. And when the additional charm of Mrs. Tyler's pictures is considered, it must be conceded that in spite of the greater inspiration of the Stevenson book, the other is a more complete artistic achievement.

REAL BOYS IN SILVER VERSE

RED APPLE AND SILVER BELLS.—*By Hamish Hendry. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. 12mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.*

SUCH verse as Mr. Hamish Hendry gives to the world in this well-designed book was impossible in English a few years ago. Those were the days when *Mother Goose* set the standard for children's "poems," varied by

> "Sure never yet was antelope
> Could skip so lightly by.
> Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
> Will hit you in the eye."—

of Tennyson, or the lines beginning

> "There was a little dirl,
> And she had a little turl"—

of our own Longfellow. Once in a great while something simpler and sweeter crept in from the folk-song of other peoples, or verses were conceived in the same spirit, like Tennyson's *Cradle Song*,—"What does little birdie say." Those of maturer years were writing what they thought children would enjoy, without reference to the fact itself, always viewing the child-life from without—and the results are not altogether pleasant to look back upon. Although the Children's Renaissance in English Verse undoubtedly springs from Wordsworth, he was seldom at his happiest in dealing with them and was a persistent offender against their modes of thought.

Finally, heir to the ages, Robert Louis Stevenson came to demonstrate to the world afresh that children had a point of view distinctively their own—a point of view which no more deprived them of poetic insight than freshness of impression, clarity of vision, and quaintness of conception usually do. Perceiving that the little folk had in their minds everything which makes for the poetic faculty except the capacity for expression, Stevenson set himself to act as their interpreter, and succeeded well enough to be regarded as their mouthpiece. Fortunately, men and women stood ready to take up the work even before he laid it down, and Mrs. Meynell and Mr. Norman Gale in England, Miss Wilkins and Mr. Clinton Scollard in America, and many more are building up a real tradition and a real school, whereby the elder generation is enabled to read the thoughts of children in terms of themselves.

To this interesting succession Mr. Hamish Hendry adds himself by this book, and he strikes a new note or two. For one thing, he leaves the little girl rather severely alone, only to exhibit an esoteric knowledge of the small boy. A part of this comprehension of boydom shown by Mr. Hendry is manifested in his attempt—the first, it is believed, to be crowned with anything like complete success—to write poetry as a boy would write it, if he knew how.

In "The Plum Pudding Dream," for instance, the boy tells one of the results of Christmas:

> "The Dream set sail, with Helm a-lee,
> Till the French fleet hove in sight;
> Ten thousand line-of-battle ships
> On a bowline, cleared for fight.
> 'I 'll sink the lot,' the Hero cried,
> So he sank the lot all right. . . .
>
> "On Christmas night I dreamed that dream;
> But when the morning came
> Not a single word of it was True,—
> Which was a jolly shame;
> For everything that hero did
> *I* could have done the same!"

Here is an aspiration which many a healthy boy has longed to have some one put in rhyme for him:

> "I wish I lived in Heathen-land,
> Where all my Sunday pennies goes;
> For then I 'd climb 'most all the time,
> And never tear no clothes."—

And here is a fact which should be realized:

> "I went with Mother to the church
> And never made a single cheep;
> I stared about, and thinked and thinked,—
> Until, of course, I fell asleep."

There is a little pair of verses, too, about getting out of bed on the right or wrong side—one of the solemn observations made by their elders to children; here is the position reversed:

> "Some days my Nursie says—'You may';
> Some days she says—'Now, don't';
> Some days she gives me all my way,
> Some days she won't;
> And oh! I find it *such* a bother
> To tell a 'don't day' from another."—

Then there is the tale of the little boy who wished to know where the waves went at low tide. "I asked my Nurse," he reports:

> "I asked my Nurse; I asked and asked,
> Till, hot, she cried: 'Oh, drat!
> The Tide 's the Tide, do let it bide:'
> Now, was there sense in *that?*"

The book is a real delight, and Miss Woodward's pictures are admirable.

A VISIBLE MISTAKE

THE INVISIBLE MAN.—*By H. G. Wells. Edward Arnold. $1.25.*

THIS is the third semi-scientific romance Mr. Wells has given us, besides an odd score of short stories in an identical vein. Of these only one, and that one the first, *The Time Machine*, has been completely satisfactory in its final appeal to the reader's intelligence and sense of form. It rose above the suspicion of trickery and mere cleverness into literature, and so far as we know, it still remains unique as the happiest blending of science and imagination in the English language. Mr. Wells has paid the natural penalty of success by feeling himself called upon to repeat it. In the bright moments of escape from his reputation he wrote those two delightful books, *The Wonderful Visit* and *The Wheels of Chance*, and in them he realized himself. But normally the shadow of *The Time Machine* has lain across his path, fatal *impasse;* and under its influence Mr. Wells has rung the changes on the wierd and the grotesque, and the horrible and the gruesome, vainly hoping to summon up the inspiration of his first achievement. And the result has always fallen just short of that supreme success. Dexterity of imagination, apt phrases and the power of skillful workmanship have never deserted him; but the last con-

vincing touch has not again been apparent. Nor has Mr. Wells recovered it in *The Invisible Man*. The book is—what are the adjectives?—deft, ingenious, vivid, exciting; sprinkled, too, with the terse impressionism that comes more easily to this writer than to any of our younger men; yet inadequate and unsatisfying. And to succeed only partially in a book of this sort is to fall like Lucifer. The reader's intellect must surrender its last outpost or the book is a mere *tour de force*. The reason consented willingly to *The Time Machine*, but *The Invisible Man* lacks the final art to win more than a limited acquiescence. Partly this is the result of faulty construction; the reader, knowing all along that the man *is* invisible, and finding himself conscientiously unable to be thrilled and mystified, along with the characters of the story. Nor, when that fact is patent to every one, does the tale, except in its concluding scene, rise much above the level of a lively knock-about farce. The humor is not Mr. Wells's best humor; expressions such as "he staggered in more dead than alive," and "a blow that might have felled an ox," are not suggestive of Mr. Wells at his crispest; and the book as a whole is not up to Mr. Wells's usual level. It is fascinating and distinctive, as is everything he writes; but it is not so good as many of his earlier productions. The best scenes in it are those which give the widest play to Mr. Wells's knowledge of the English middle and working classes, and of English village life. There he is admirable. Who would not sacrifice a dozen books like *The Island of Dr. Moreau* for one like *The Wheels of Chance*? Surely by this time Mr. Wells has paid sufficient tribute to his scientific training. He ought to be able, with an easy conscience, now to lock his laboratory door for good, and return to the study of homely, every-day life. It is in that field only that he will win any lasting success.

AWAITING A THIRD

APHRÓESSA, A LEGEND OF ARGOLIS.—*By George Horton. 16mo. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.25.*

FROM Mr. Horton's former book of verse, *In Unknown Seas*, to this beautiful poem of narration and description is a long stride forward in everything that attests poetical ability except a display of originality. The subject itself is as old a one as the love of a shepherd for a Nereid, who, by losing her veil to him, makes the accomplishment of his ardent desire possible. Her veil regained, he is left to die of love after the pastoral manner. Laying the scene in a moderner Greece casts but the slightest tinge of Christianity over the old nature worship, and can hardly be held to have affected the coloring of the poem at all.

In telling the story in heroics Mr. Horton has caught and held the charm of Keats and the melody of Tennyson to an extent that makes nearly every verse reminiscent. It is this echo alone that keeps *Aphróessa* from attaining true distinction; for, as might be supposed, nothing sweeter than the resultant from the poet's mastery of the secrets of the two great harmonists is to be imagined. Let a single extract suffice—the picture of Aphróessa won:

—"in a breath she dropped
Her mood of angry sorrow and became
As shyly happy as a half-hour bride
When love is maddest. Thus she hid her eyes
The while her body shivered at his touch,
Or flashed brief glances through him, looks that spoke
Of shame and joy commingled—joy so great
No shame could hide it—shame that fiercer grew
Even with the bliss it blushed for."—

In an older writer the practical merging of poetic identity into the genius of another would be cause for reasonable apprehension. In this case it but stimulates the hope that a third volume from the pen of our recent consul to Athens will show a union of the graces of *Aphróessa* with the strength and vigor of *In Unknown Seas*.

LADY NOVELISTS AGAIN

STUART AND BAMBOO.—*By Sarah P. McLean Greene. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. $1.25.*

ALLAN RANSFORD.—*By Ellen Douglas Deland. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.*

JOHN LEIGHTON, JR.—*By Katrina Trask. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. $1.25.*

THE lady-novelist, judging from the three specimens of her work lying concrete before us, has now omitted from her litany the petition relative to deliverance from sudden death. Or else an edict has gone forth from the Paris where styles are set in novel-making, decreeing that to be of the great world one must henceforth wear her hands duly incarnadined.

Mrs. Greene has a brightly impossible lad in her book who gets quite beyond her control. Unable to dispose of him in any other way, she leads him needlessly into the flames and heartlessly incinerates him. Mrs. Deland conceives it necessary to inject an element of pathos into her book — this occurs to us rather as an excuse than a reason — so she kills off the most useful character she had — and goes on to demonstrate that all the survivors were quite as well off as before. Miss Trask, having opened her volume with a death, deems it obligatory to end it as a tragedy, and, after making it absolutely unnecessary to destroy anybody by honorably adjusting all the possible difficulties of all her people, slays her heroine and rings for a quick curtain.

It is not intended by thus dwelling upon the single point which these three books have in common to intimate that they contain no other faults, or even that heedless murders or manslaughters are the most

grievous of them. Mrs. Greene's book, for example, is as impossible as it is unnecessary. In Mrs. Deland's novel the characters do nothing but involve themselves in troubles from which they are certain to be pleasantly extricated. Miss Trask's book is a little more pretentious, since her hero is the Honorable Peter Stirling, with the details and consistencies of the character omitted. She begins by attacking the *Westminster Catechism*, and ends with an implied assault upon the marriage relation, which, like almost everything else in the story, if it prove anything proves exactly the contrary of all for which she is contending.

The fundamental trouble with all these books was the trouble at their inception: their authors mistake impulsion for compulsion.

THE PRICE OF PROMISE

LITERARY LOVE-LETTERS AND OTHER STORIES.—*By Robert Herrick. 18mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $0.75.*

IT is now three years since Mr. Robert Herrick's *Literary Love-Letters* appeared in the *Atlantic*, and the readers of that periodical were astonished and delighted that anything so delicately morbid should come out of Chicago. During that time a small, but appreciative, audience, has followed his career with interest. Subtleties, devious psychology, and advanced, but not sensational, thinking, are not things which make for popularity. Mr. Herrick is a serious worker, and he obtains serious, though not widespread, attention. *The Man Who Wins*, the novel which he published, was good, and it was Mr. Herrick's best, so far. The present volume should undoubtedly have come first. It does not, it is true, entirely represent work actually done before the publication of *The Man Who Wins*, but it represents the mood and the method of Mr. Herrick's first appearance, and in our opinion he has gained since then.

The last three stories in the new volume are not especially good, nor should we judge them to have been done *con amore*. For purposes of criticism they may be omitted. This leaves four stories, which are variations on the theme which filled *Literary Love-Letters*. Mr. Herrick's *jeune premier* is an interesting, but not entirely pleasant, figure. He is weak physically, in love with passion, but passionless, acutely sensitive to beauty, an artistic idler, a futile dilettante, selfish in a hard, and yet rather effeminate way. In contrast to him is a woman, robuster physically, and more masterful. Slightly modified from these types the two appear in each of the four stories. Admirably written, so far as mere sentences and paragraphs go, we cannot but feel that the first three stories lack the vigor, concision, and directness of Mr. Herrick's novel, that they are over-refined to the point of cloying and delicate to the point of being even sickly. In *Mare Morto* Mr. Herrick even has his only half-confident try at symbolism, and achieves some of the easier faults of that school of art.

In the glamour of a début, one saw few of the faults now visible and saw only the promise of thoughtful work. The promise is fulfilled in the fourth story, *The Price of Romance*, which, indeed, makes reading the book quite worth while. The theme is one that De Maupassant would have loved, tragic comedy, which he would have treated—perhaps very much as Mr. Herrick did. "The Price of Romance" was, first, poverty in married life, followed by luxury, resulting from the secret destruction by the wife of a will of a dying uncle which was unfavourable to her. Then comes the wife's remorse at her own deed: her scorn of her husband, that even when the chance for artistic achievement comes, he is content with trifling and being coddled; her horror at her final discovery that he had all along known her crime and had acquiesced in it and been content to enjoy the gains—all this is unpleasant, if you will, but careful, vigorous, restrained, a real triumph of story telling. But it takes more than one story to make a volume.

THE OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

OUTLINES IN LOCAL COLOR.—*By Brander Matthews. 12mo. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. $1.50.*

IT is unfortunate that Mr. Brander Matthews could not construct his *Outlines in Local Color*, as did Solomon his temple, without the sound of hammer or of axe. Unfortunate that is, if Mr. Matthews's writing is to be considered as fiction. There is, it is true, in each piece of writing in the present volume the shadow of a story, the ghost of a situation. But it is buried deep in a tremendous mass of description and comment. The comment and description are terse, nervous, deft, altogether admirable, and the reader is forced to conclude that Mr. Matthews writes fiction to show how well he can write something else, how good a craftsman he is. The workshop seems open to view, and the author may be seen there vigorously hammering and beating his stories into shape. A not uncommon conclusion has been that Mr. Matthews cannot write fiction — a hundred smart critics have told us so. Of this we do not feel at all certain. At one or two places in this book, especially in *A Letter of Farewell* we have felt that Mr. Matthews might move us if he only would. The constant impression is that he has the well bred man's distrust of anything "emotional," and that he would be rather embarrassed if he should expose his stories in their bare human interest.

In spite of all this, he has his own merit and value. He describes the outside of New York's show as it is, the afternoon tea, the Horse Show, the shopping excursion, and, as well, Union Square

by night, with its sleeping, homeless vagabonds; the saloon of a local politician, with its pitiable hangers-on; the kitchen of an aristocrat during a dinner party. His book will always be a valuable document; it is a bold bid for the position of historian of our own times. The descriptions are always directly, simply, and effectively done; the dialogue is often smart; the whole is very good reading. While it is done with minute care it is so free from bombast and affectation that it should be an invaluable model for college students and reporters. But it is not fiction.

MILL WORK

SALTED BY FIRE.—*By George Macdonald. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.*

WHEN the soutar—or cougar—or whatever he may be—looks up from his shoe-soling and says "Hoots, mon" or "Ay, Ay, my dowtie," one knows about what to expect. There comes to mind the prayer of that old darkey who addressed the deity as to him seemed fitting: "O, all-sufficient, self-sufficient, and insufficient being."

Dr. Macdonald has followed the well-known recipe for its kind only too carefully. The young minister, half prig and wholly cad; the supernaturally silly victim of his green affections; the other girl, supernaturally angelic, who rectifies his life and bestows him in an apotheosis of smiles and tears and prayers upon the infant which was his living image—all the items are here. To do the young man justice, "he gasped with astonishment, almost consternation." After which the fall of a highly respectable curtain upon this triumph of the unco guid, leaving behind a strong flavor of the kailyard and a memory of eternal preachments.

Had this been all, the book might be dismissed to its own place among the theologically mawkish, and whatever the chemical process of salting by fire might be, the fire be recognized as that used for the boiling of pots. The book, however, has pretensions of a more serious kind. It is supposed to present a reasonable, even a religious, picture of the mind and heart of the man; his struggles with his evil Scottish presbyterian nature, and his final emergence into something a shade brighter than the usual gray.

To do this—to dare this—a writer must have either a philosophy by which he can construct his scheme of things entire, or an observation of comprehensive external phenomena. Dr. Macdonald needs at least the qualifications of an undergraduate course in psychology and English. Simple heart-to-heart talks are not enough. In this case Dr. Macdonald's clientele—unfortunately rather large—might have escaped the weird experience of the minister when his "knees having found their way to the carpet," the "keen, bare truth broke upon him like a huge, cold wave," and "the vision was conscious of itself as his." Nor would their hearts be wrung because "more than twice he all but turned to go, but it was as usual, only 'all but,' and he kept waiting on." Truly the way of this transgressor was hard.

Once, long ago possibly, Dr. Macdonald wrote a fairly good book. This, his latest, may be said to be more than fairly bad. It is a wholly inadequate and pretentious attempt at a problem too large for him. He cannot be said to have made any proper use of his years of country practice. His powders and potions are those of an unscientific yesterday.

TALES FROM McCLURE'S

TALES FROM McCLURE'S:—HUMOR, ROMANCE.—*18mo. New York. Doubleday & McClure Co.*

OUR interest in the stories contained in these two volumes has, we confess frankly, been overshadowed by our curiosity as to what theory guided the Messrs. Doubleday and McClure in separating them into two classes, succinctly described as Humor and Romance. By everyday standards, the most humorous tales are included in the volume labelled *Romance*, while its companion, *Humor*, contains the most romantic story of the lot. By tabulating the results of our examination, however, we observe that all the stories in *Romance* contain what is technically known to newspaper critics as a love interest, while of the seven found in *Humor* only two deal with this emotion. A humorous story, then, we are prepared to define as one rarely dealing with love. And this definition is, probably, on the whole, the only one to which the volume in question completely answers.

The volumes have the added interest and importance of being the results of Mr. McClure's search for rising native talent. Robert Barr, Louise Chandler Moulton, Octave Thanet, and William Allen White are names of well known writers. But the remaining ten authors are merely of varying obscurity.

The rumor has gone abroad that *McClure's Magazine* had a strong belief in young American writers and an eager desire to give them a hearing. These little books, therefore, bring to the reader a double disappointment in every story which he judges a failure. They serve to emphasize what we have repeatedly claimed. In other countries young men may over-refine and over-elaborate, they may lose the spirit in the letter, and they may suffer from the dry-rot of decadence. In this country the beginner is usually making no attempt for style, no study of technique; he is trusting entirely to what he has to say, and caring not at all how he says it, and if he is perfectly healthy he is also often crassly stupid. The competition of publishers has lowered editorial standards, and the budding genius is caught up into

the heaven of McClure's or some rival magazine before heart, mind, or hand has attained its development.

Mr. McClure in this case has made things look worse than they really are. His *penchant* for misleading labels leads him to call the books *Tales from McClure's*, which an ingenuous public will take to mean from *McClure's Magazine*. But in two or more instances the stories have been rescued from the oblivion of newspaper columns where they first appeared. We doubt very much whether Mrs. Moulton and Mrs. E. V. Wilson will take kindly this unearthing of stories happily forgotten.

Of the two "exhibits," *Humor* is the worse, and *Romance*, because it tries for more, the more discouraging. In the former, Octave Thanet is amusing enough, though we have a deep-rooted objection to so good a writer's wandering in Mr. Frank Stockton's domain. *The King of Boyville*, by Mr. White, we have already praised in very high terms. But from it the volume sinks into a dull level of slovenly and uninspiring writing. The stories might all have come from one hand, so unindividual is the style; or from one newspaper, so cheap is the fun. The sense of form is under-developed, as low even as the variety of shapelessness known as "the sketch." An extract from Mr. Temple's appropriately named *Romance of Dulltown* will show the criminal folly of an editor who can permit such stuff to be printed.

"Times flies," remarks Mr. Temple, and continuing: "Gentle reader, this is not an original remark. In fact its authorship is lost in the mists of antiquity, though there has not been an age in which the essential fact it records has not been repeated in varied shape, all either reasserting or moralizing upon the fugacious character of time."

In *Romance* Mr. Barr is cheap, and Mrs. Moulton frankly wishy-washy. Miss Anna Robeson Brown is pleasantly humorous. Anne Devoore, and Gertrude Smith, were picked green, and this unfortunate process is still more forcibly shown in the case of Mrs. E. V. Wilson. She has some force, and her feeling is real and genuine. It would be effective if she had not been allowed to be so cruelly careless.

HOW TO CATCH COD

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.—*By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated. 12mo. Century Co. $1.50.*

THE newspapers are good enough, from time to time, to give us news about the doings of the authors. We are, for instance, informed that Mr. Rider Haggard went to Mexico to get the atmosphere for one of his books. Dr. Conan Doyle was in Egypt for some time on a similar errand. Mr. Augustus Thomas lived "in Missoura" until he knew the land. And so on. Curiously enough we seldom hear that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is anywhere—securing material. And more marvellous still—each of his books shows a preparatory knowledge that seems almost beyond possibility. We are so accustomed to call a man versatile because he can write novels and essays, and build lighthouses into the bargain, that we have no word to express the parts of one who seems to have done everything and been everywhere. In his latest book, *Captains Courageous*, Mr. Kipling writes:

"Troop says the most interesting thing in the world is to find out how the next man gets his vittles."

Quite the most interesting thing about *Captains Courageous* would be to find out how its author got his material. Of course, there are persons—and it is alleged that the whole town of Gloucester took up arms over the book—there are persons who deny that Mr. Kipling has written truth. There were those who found his "007" foolish, because he had referred to green and red bumpers on a locomotive. But the fact remains that Mr. Kipling slips up only because he tries to be thorough, while other writers are content to fail in their superficialities. Surely no story-teller of his time has known so much about so many things, and made it all interesting. Mr. Kipling should write text-books: he should be engaged by the United Boards of Education of all towns to write of dull things in such a way as to entrance his readers. Under his guidance learning would become a pastime and delight, while half-education would cease to be the characteristic of America.

Captains Courageous is hardly a story; it is really a patchwork of two articles by Mr. Kipling—one on the fishery business of Gloucester, and the other on an American millionaire. What there is of story is wholly incidental and of miraculous unimportance. A fresh and impudent boy—son of a much occupied millionaire and an adoring and foolish mother—is, in a seasick faint, dropped from the deck of an ocean steamer as it is passing the Banks. He is picked up by a fisherman in a dory and carried to the schooner *We're Here* of Gloucester. The owner is not greatly overcome by the honor of the rescue and listens badly to the promises of unlimited reward if he will steer straight for land and miss the fishing season. He merely thinks the boy is crazy, and to bring him to he pounds him in the face until he is reasonable. Thereafter the boy—having had just what was needed—became a proper laboring member of the crew.

The rest of the book is practically given over to a description, minute and somewhat lengthy, of fishing life along the Banks. Written by any one else, it would have no attraction for the general reader. Done by Kipling, it is saved from interminable tediousness only by the wonder of its being. It is so constantly a surprise—the information and detail—that one reads on, although the matter in itself

is not vastly dramatic or interesting. In the end the *We're Here* comes home with its load of cod and the boy—no longer spoiled and even become somewhat of a man—telegraphs his father in the Far West. Then Mr. Kipling, for contrast's sake, describes the flying trip of the railroad millionaire from San Diego to Boston. It is beautifully done and wisely. There is always a confidence about it, and Mr. Kipling's confidence in his own stories does much to convince his readers.

After all, Kipling is a man of marvelously broad sympathies.

Captains Courageous is more wonderful than good. It is a machine which amazes you by its existence and interests you by the everlasting surprise of its author's information. The story is certainly not unusually good; the characters, aside from their occupations, are in no sense particularly well drawn. The book is mostly without humor, and the style has no charm. It might be one of the series of Great Enterprises now appearing in the magazines, but why it should be a story one questions.

YANKEE BALLADS

BALLADS OF YANKEE LAND.—*By William Edward Penney. 12mo. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.*

MR. PENNEY'S abilities as a poet appear to be almost entirely subordinated to his faculty as a teller of stories; and it is upon actions rather than any play of fancy that the verses in his first published volume turn. He is always able to take an incident from life—the riding of a soldier across a raging battlefield, the fight of two country youths for a maid, or the kissing of a red-headed girl who vowed to remain osculatorily unblest—and set it forth with a rhyme and rhythm which do not always make his reader wish it were prose. Sometimes in doing this a bit of graceful pathos or homely sentiment is interwoven, and many of his verses are pleasantly humorous. But his talent shows best in the accuracy with which rural life is painted and the nice discrimination used when the city and country touch. It is his matter rather than manner which commends him in almost every instance, for there is an alarming lack of melody in much that bears his name, while his lines scan with an accuracy which is almost preposterous—too much of the letter and not enough of the spirit of prosody is the trouble.

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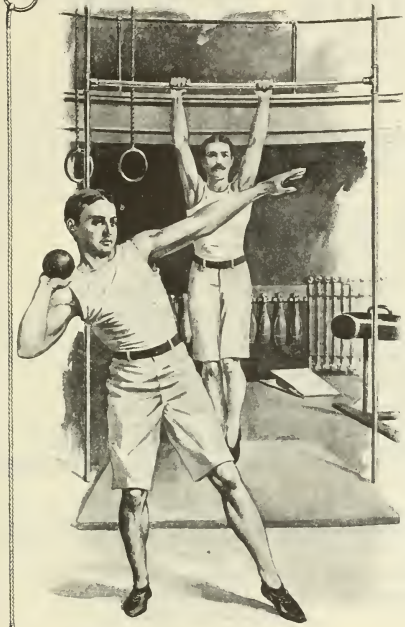

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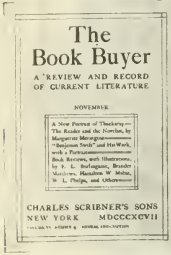

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NOTES

THE ADMINISTRATION FACING CONGRESS is not wholly at its ease. The Hawaiian question is likely to be disposed of without much difficulty, since annexation is already *fait accompli*, and even the surviving supporters of the Cleveland-Blount policy will hardly have the heart to make a last ditch opposition to a measure whose friends are enthusiastic while its enemies are lukewarm. But with respect to the Cuban question, no such satisfactory prospect opens out. Mr. McKinley personally was, and probably is, in favor of decisive measures. He went into office determined to take such an uncompromising position toward Spain that Cuban independence or the suspension of diplomatic relations would be inevitable. But he was not long in learning that there is a deal of difference between what a candidate wishes and what a President may accomplish. The amount of outside influence of a peculiarly effective sort that has been brought to bear on Mr. McKinley in this matter is almost incalculable. Nine out of ten of the men to whom the President looks for light have advised him against taking a stand that would jeopard the peace of the Nation. Nearly all the cabinet officers, especially those whose influence with the President is strongest, have persistently advocated slow and cautious procedure, Mr. Gage capping his arguments invariably with the statement that a war would bring the country to a silver basis.

Reluctantly Mr. McKinley has abandoned his dream of posing as the liberator of Cuba. He will attempt to follow the *via media* during the coming session. He will plead for Cuban autonomy and oppose resolutions granting belligerency to the insurgents. But will he be able to drive the wild horses of Congress? That is rather more than doubtful. The silver men are a unit for war. Many gold republicans, supporters of the Administration in all other respects, here fall out shrewdly with the Administration. A joint belligerency resolution was only blocked in the house last spring by the promise that the Cuban war would be ended before December. Mr. McKinley has nearly three years to wait before appealing again to the people. Haply Cuba will be forgotten by November, 1900. But the Congressmen have to go out and face their warlike constituents a year hence.

THE CURRENCY MUDDLE is even more puzzling for the President. The Secretary of the Treasury has formulated a very definite plan—such a plan as might come from the mind of a precise man of business unused to considering political exigencies. It includes the retirement without reissue of small paper money, the issuance of 2½ per cent. bonds to provide for this and to be a first step toward the refunding of the public debt, the limitation of government bills to amounts over twenty dollars, ultimately the abandonment by the Government of the "banking business." Only the first feature of this programme—the retirement of the greenbacks—will be presented to Congress. But small as the concession may be, and essential as it is to the development of a correct national financial system, it will not be granted by the Senate. This is the opinion of the best informed students of affairs in Washington. On its face the Senate shows a majority of four or five against any scheme for currency reform. To carry the measure outlined by Mr. Gage, Mr. McKinley would have to be certain of the support of Murphy, of New York, and Smith, of New Jersey, both half-hearted gold democrats; Chandler, of New Hampshire, whose erratic nature makes him always a doubtful factor; and Allison, of Iowa, an old greenbacker. In addition to these Senators, he will have to win over by offices or otherwise three or four silver republicans—Wolcott, Hansbrough, Carter, and McBride. But the margin is very small, and the preponderance of testimony is all in favor of the prediction that any plan for modification of the present system will fail. Still, Mr. Cleveland was able to compel an even more hostile Senate to repeal the Sherman act, and in politic management of legislation Mr. McKinley is described as at his very best.

IT IS CURIOUS TO NOTE that as the necessity for the establishment of a definite and purposeful foreign policy grows on the people, the quality of our diplomatic service is steadily deteriorating. It is true we have no "Bob" Schencks or "Pat" Egans nowadays, but neither have we any Lowells, Phelpses, Washburnes, or Edwardes Pierreponts. The best that can be said for Mr. Hay is that he is colorless; for General Porter that he is a graceful speaker at dinners. Andrew D. White, although a person of a high order of intelligence, is pettish, quarrelsome, and almost hysterical at times—the last man in the world to deal with delicate international questions. Charlemagne Tower is what his name might indicate. General Woodford is a frayed politician who took the Spanish mission after it had been kicked from pillar to post. Mr. Draper is almost unknown, and will be less than a cipher at the Roman court when it becomes understood that the secretary of the legation is an ambassador on his own account, accredited by his grace the Archbishop of St. Paul to the papal court. In the East we have fared even worse. Mr. Buck's appointment was a sad blunder. He is a Georgia carpet-bagger whose whole distinction arises from his leadership of the Black Republican vote in two states. He is William Pitt Kellogg or Warmouth slightly amplified. If the activity of the Germans and Russians in China should lead to complications with Japan, we would be delightfully represented in the storm center by a man whose knowledge of diplomacy ends when he has voted forty negroes in a National Convention. As for Mr. Bryan, the new minister to China, he is an amiable young man, and nothing further can be said in his favor. He was a representative in the Illinois legislature, and is a friend of Congressman Hopkins, in whose district he lives. He will hardly shine in comparison with his predecessor, Mr. Denby, or with the British envoy Sir Claude M. Macdonald, who, although not yet forty-five, has earned distinction both as soldier and diplomat. He left the army in 1887, and was appointed consul at Zanzibar. Later he became commissioner on the west coast of Africa. His appointment to succeed Sir Nicholas R. O'Conor was generally applauded.

THE DREYFUS CASE has been revived by the Dreyfus clique, whose power and activity arouse considerable suspicion as to their source. The case presents many curious features, and the hints dropped by the Paris papers are most disturbing. One of them is to the effect that the emperor of Germany pledged his "word of honor as a man," and offered to pledge his word of honor "as an emperor," to Casimir-Perier that Dreyfus was not guilty. Nevertheless the court went ahead and found him guilty, and on the whole, taking everything into account, the evidence was enough to convict. The incriminating documents were found in the office of a German attaché or somewhere else. The handwriting looked like Dreyfus's. The Alsatian Jew was already under suspicion. "Dreyfus wrote this," said the expert. The captain was summoned and ordered to write a number of letters at dictation. One of the letters read to him was an incriminating document. He faltered, shook, gave every sign of acute perturbation. Then he was arrested. While in prison he told one of his guards that he had only given secrets to the Germans in the hope of gaining more important secrets from them. The evidence showed that every movement of the French troops on the frontier was known to the German military authorities; that Dreyfus was one of a very few men who knew of these movements in advance; that he was living far beyond his income; that the handwriting closely resembled his in every important respect. Only one of five expert witnesses testified in his behalf. There was not evidence enough to convict a man of murder; there was enough evidence to justify the destruction of one man for the protection of thirty millions.

A FEW WEEKS AGO the world was brightened by the cheerful news sent out from Hartford that Mark Twain's debts were finally paid; or if not already paid, at least they were under control. It was very gratifying information—especially to those who had been forced through several years to shed sympathetic tears over Mr. Clemens's misfortunes. We were not for long allowed to go unharassed, however. Some agreeable person—presumably Mr. Clemens's press agent—speedily dashed into print with a denial of such furious vigor that our momentary gratification seemed nothing less than a deadly insult to the distinguished humorist. Apparently nothing is more offensive to Mr. Clemens and his friends than a suggestion that he has paid his bills. The villain who spread the report was shown up as an insidious enemy—a human serpent. The public were warned that they must still strain every nerve to buy *Following the Equator*, the sales of which we may believe fell off during the few days that elapsed between accusation and denial.

Since Mr. Clemens has chosen—for advertising or other reasons—to weep in the market-place, it was inevitable that he should scorn allegations of a return to happiness. But a simple denial would have been more dignified than the melodramatic invective. Or course it is a matter for regret—and THE CHAP-BOOK is not insensible to its pathetic side that Mr. Clemens is overwhelmed with debt; but it is infinitely sadder that he allows his friends to place him in an attitude so reminiscent of the Cherry Sisters and their impassioned appeal to the public to "come and help pay off the mortgage on the farm."

OF THE REMAKING AND UNMAKING of books there is apparently as little end as of their making. We have already seen the expurgator at work on *Oliver Twist*, and now it is the harmless looking *Sketches by Boz* which are to be torn to pieces. The authorities at Darlinghurst Jail in Sydney (Australia) declare that thirty pages of this book are unfit for prisoners to read, and have accordingly cut them out of the copy in the jail library. We have not been able to ascertain on what grounds this was done, which is perhaps fortunate. For now one is quietly amused, where one might have been mildly irritated. In truth, however, the Bowdlerizer has ceased to excite real anger. He always furnishes a certain amount of "copy" for newspaper and magazine writers, who direct against him the stereotyped abuse and satire, and who really don't care a hang about the whole thing,—care in fact as little as the public does. Of course the mutilation of masterpieces is very silly and very wrong. But it can never be stopped while there are masterpieces to mutilate. Perhaps our modern journeyman-novelists, by refraining from the production of anything likely to be considered a masterpiece are doing the best that can be done to thwart the expurgator. We think it likely that opposition and free advertising are the very things which make the position of adapter and reviser so attractive. There is no need to take upon ones shoulders the burden of a perpetual protest. The New and the Bold has at its service the yearly crop of literary aspirants and the full sheaf of weary space-fillers, who can be counted on to rage at misguided prudishness.

THE PLEASANT PASTIME OF ACADEMY BUILDING has sprung suddenly into fashion on both sides of the Atlantic. In London the ingenious *Academy*, anxious to celebrate the first anniversary of its new management, submitted for "comment and criticism" a list of suggested members for an Academy of Letters, based upon a "concensus of opinions gathered from its staff." To show that business only was meant, it announced it would "crown" a book of signal merit each year with 100 guineas, and bind a golden wreath of half that value round the brows of "an author of younger reputation." The selection ran as follows:

John Ruskin,	W. E. H. Lecky,
W. E. Gladstone,	S. R. Gardiner,
Herbert Spencer,	Bishop Creighton,
Duke of Argyll,	Bishop Stubbs,
A. C. Swinburne,	Rev. Aidan Gasquet,
George Meredith,	W. E. Henley,
John Morley,	Andrew Lang,
Thomas Hardy,	William Archer,
James Bryce,	H. D. Traill,
G. O. Trevelyan,	Edmund Gosse,
Leslie Stephen,	Mrs. Meynell,
George Macdonald,	Mrs. Humphrey Ward,
R. D. Blackmore,	Francis Thompson,
Rudyard Kipling,	W. B. Yeats,
Aubrey de Vere,	Henry James,
R. C. Jebb,	Austin Dobson,
Dr. Salmon,	J. M. Barrie,
W. W. Skeat,	A. W. Pinero,
J. A. H. Murray,	W. S. Gilbert,
W. P. Ker,	"Lewis Carroll."

Criticism on this astonishing list was not slow in coming in. Oscar Browning wanted to know why Henry Sidgwick, F. W. Farrar, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Lord Acton were omitted. The headmaster of Harrow proposed the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Balfour, Max Müller, Henry Sidgwick, Lewis Morris, and the Poet Laureate. Mr. Quiller-Couch suggested the inclusion of Robert Bridges and Robinson Ellis. Herbert Maxwell was for excluding Ruskin "on the ground that if the Academy is to be a living force, it should contain no dead lions." Mr. Gladstone was objected to because he is in the habit of writing as enthusiastically about *The Christian* as about *The Odyssey*. Mr. Bryce and Mrs. Meynell were condemned as simply not up to the mark, and "the thought of Meredith having a hand

in moulding style " made Herbert Maxwell shudder. Instead of the last three he would nominate Max Müller, Professor Mahaffy, and Mr. A. Birrell. Dr. Robertson Nicoll wrote in superlatives of Lord Acton and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton; Austin Dobson and Mr. Ainsley were non-committal; Mr. H. G. Wells asked for information about Mr. W. P. Ker and the Rev. Aidan Gasquet, and inquired why the Duke of Argyll " always figures in this sort of thing." Among the omissions Mr. Wells noted the names of George Gissing, George Moore, Bernard Shaw, and Oscar Wilde. " There is a lot of overdone Heine about Shaw," said Mr. Wells, " but eliminate that and there is sufficient literary residiuum to put beside or even a little above Bryce or Trevelyan "—a truly amazing judgment. " A lonely reader " proposed to substitute Canon Gore for Pinero, J. H. Shorthouse for Aubrey de Vere, Captain Mahan for " Lewis Carroll," and Edward Dowden for William Archer. Among other suggestions from various critics were George Saintsbury, Walter Besant, Lloyd Morgan, Bret Harte, Stopford Brooke, Dr. Martineau, William Watson, and John Lubbock.

It is not uninteresting to note that Henry James was the only American author named in the *Academy*'s list. An English Academy of Letters has, of course, no legitimate claim to Mr. James, but the selection of him alone from our enormous brood of authors is a useful reminder of what American literature really is worth. Mr. James may or may not deserve a place among these " Forty Immortals." Personally, we think he does; but that he is infinitely more worthy than any other American novelist there can be no question. Commenting on his inclusion " A Reader " wrote to the *Academy:* " If you admit an American (in the person of Mr. Henry James) why not admit Captain Mahan and so exhaust American literature?" It must have been this offensive way of putting it that roused Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's literary jingoism. For, in the papers of November 21, we read that Mr. Warner was laying plans for the establishment of an American Academy of Letters. Mr. Howells was named as one of his accomplices, but we have too much faith in Mr. Howell's humorous pessimism to believe the charge. Anyway, these British are not to have things all their own way. If they have their Gladstone and Morley have not we our Cabot Lodge and Bok?

THE CHAP-BOOK has always insisted on the importance of regarding every new author, not as good or bad in himself, but as American or otherwise. Never mind the literary qualities, we say, so long as he treats American subjects in an American way; and we are proud to be able to state that this method of criticism is making prodigious headway. Mr. Warner's *Library of the World's Best Literature* is of course the largest experiment so far on these lines; but in numberless critiques we find the praise bestowed leads gradually up to some such climax as—" Above all this book is American in form and spirit," or " We have left Mr. ——'s highest recommendation to the last. It is that he is American to the core." Therefore we are delighted that Mr. Warner has undertaken to show the effete French Academy that America too has her Immortals. A body of them planted in New York and covered by the batteries of the New York *Sun* should do much to stimulate genuine Americanism in our letters. One thing only we ask Mr. Warner to remember. Some years ago a young gentleman appeared in Boston with similar ideas about forming an American Academy. He published his list, and was either slaughtered or forced to leave the country. Anyway nothing more was seen of him. We entreat Mr. Warner not to run any risks. His disappearance would be an irreparable loss to our photographers.

IT HAS BEEN GIVEN OUT that Mr. Rudyard Kipling offered his " Recessional " as a free gift to the London *Times*, refusing on such an occasion to consider the question of reward. That is a small thing, but a proof of the sincerity which the *Daily Chronicle* so foolishly doubted. That perfervid organ should have remembered its Horace. It has not, we imagine, been yet pointed out how exactly Mr. Kipling was anticipated by some of the patriotic odes in the third book. Nobody now dreams of objecting to Horace playing the rôle of moralist and rebuker; though, no doubt, a good many Romans, round about B.C. 25, looking to Horace's eulogies of wine and women and his careful affectation of levity, sneered at such a fellow posing as a preacher of temperance and virtue. Yet Horace was persistently chastising his countrymen in the very spirit of the " Recessional."

> "Vis consili expers mole ruit sua;
> Vim temperatam di quoque provehunt
> In majus; idem odere vires
> Omne nefas animo moventes."

What is that in its essence but a rebuke to those who put their trust " in reeking tube and iron shard ?" Or take those two lines that give the pith of the stern address to the Roman people in Ode VI, Book III:

> "Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas;
> Hinc omne principium; huc refer exitum."

Mr. Kipling could not have found a more fitting text for his own sermon. Poets and critics seem to have changed very little in the last two thousand years.

THE CRITERION INDEPENDENT THEATER began its career in New York the other day with a production of Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkmann*. The result was apparently exactly what might have

been expected. Nothing nowadays is so sure as an Ibsen play of falling accurately to just that degree o flatness requisite to obtain a *succès d'estime*.

Henrik Ibsen has long been a distinguished man. He is not a novelty, and from sheer weariness the most obliging critics can not make their controversies over him very convincing. It is foreordained that each new play of his will in time be brought out in New York, Boston, and Chicago. The announcement fails to stir the blood. One perceives in it the inevitable tribute to the greatest living dramatist. *Of course* one goes to the performance, but one does not look upon the act as either New, Bold, or Independent. The people who like Ibsen accepted him years ago; the people who cannot like him are probably proof against proselyting influences. We have "Independent Theaters" now springing up every week or so somewhere, and they invariably give at the very outset *The Doll's House*, *Little Eyolf*, or *John Gabriel Borkmann*. It is the surest way to slide gracefully into obscurity. It may or may not be just and well and decent that this should be so. But the facts must be faced. The cry of "Ibsen and Freedom" has come to rouse as little as did the cry of "Wolf" in the old fable. Let us give Ibsen at our "Independent Theaters," but let us not give him at the first performance. The *Theatre of Arts and Letters*, although it did fail, was on the right track. Miss Wilkins's *Giles Corey* was an extraordinary performance, as was, in another way, Mr. Frank Stockton's *Squirrel Inn*. And this year how appropriate it would have been for an "Independent Theater" to have produced first *The Cat and The Cherub*.

"NOW WAS THE WINTER GONE and the spring-time come again, and with the blossoming of the earth blossomed Birdalone also," writes William Morris of his heroine in *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*. "Naught sweeter of flesh might she be than erst, but there was now a new majesty grown into her beauty; her limbs were rounded, her body fulfilled, her skin sleeked and whitened; and if any mother's son had beheld her feet as they trod the meadow besprinkled with saffron and daffodil, ill had it gone with him were he gainsaid the kisses of them, though for the kissing had he fared the worse belike." And what was true of her feet was none the less true of her hands, her face, and her lips, and, as a result, Birdalone is entitled to notice now and hereafter as the most thoroughly kissed young woman in English fiction. A careful survey of the charming romance discovers no less than one hundred and five descriptions or as many kisses, of which the heroine is immediately concerned with eighty-eight. These are conducted with large regardlessness of age, sex, and previous conditions of servitude, since four are with children, thirty with eight other women, and fifty-four with eighteen men, four being knights, one a priest, one a merchant, four peasants, and eight servants of one degree and another. Dismissing all but the men, as devoid of interest, in a great measure, the following index of kisses, duly detailed and physiologically apportioned, may be of interest, the reference being to the page in every case:

Arnold (servant): kisses Birdalone's hands, 367.

Arthur (knight): kisses feet, 162; hands, 164; feet, 192; mouth, 351, 353, 355, 482, 485, 500, 501, 502, 504, 508.

Aymaris (servant): kisses hands, 151, 185, 188, 283.

Baudoin (knight): hand, 164; face, 191.

First Carle (peasant): mouth, 416.

First Wayleader (servant): mouth, 544.

Gerard (servant): mouth, 399, 548.

Giles (servant): mouth, 399, 548.

Hugh (knight): mouth, 171, 179, 180, 182, 302, 526, 535, 541; face, 191.

Jacobus (merchant): feet, 287.

Leonard (priest): hands, 155; face, 222; mouth, 223, 407, 412.

Old Carle (peasant): hand, 125, 126.

Otter (peasant): mouth, 437.

Robert (servant): mouth, 399, 548.

Second Carle (peasant): mouth, 416.

Second Wayleader (servant): mouth, 544.

Thomas (knight): hand, 249, 258.

Third Wayleader (servant): mouth, 544.

SUMMARY.

	Hands.	Feet.	Face.	Mouth.	Total.
(4) knights	4	2	2	18	26
(1) priest	2	0	1	3	6
(1) merchant	0	1	0	0	1
(4) peasants	2	0	0	5	7
(8) servants	5	0	0	7	12
	13	3	3	33	52

(NOTE.—The two not scheduled are kisses bestowed by Birdalone upon Arthur's hands.)

In spite of the author's fondness for old words, *kissworthy*, *kissworthiness* and the like are not used in the book, nor, since actions speak the louder, can they be regarded as needed. It is observable that they describe Birdalone most justly, however, no one catching sight of her from beginning to end without wishing to kiss her. And she is as obliging as she is beautiful. Only one person is doomed to partial disappointment—Leonard, the priest, and that on the evening of their meeting. "Presently," the account runs, "he caught her hand and kissed it, and bade her good-night again, and then went hastily out of the bower; when he was well without, he muttered, but not so as she might hear him: 'Durst I have asked her, she would have suffered me to kiss her cheek. Alas, fool that I was!'" But he was the exception. Every one else knew what he wanted and did not scruple. Up to the time of her marriage the application was made

direct; thereafter to the knight with whom she was traveling. Such was real life during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as Mr. Warner recently informed us, when the kisses were no less spacious and free than the times.

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE, whose novel *Dariel* is just out, is in perhaps the most curious position which could be imagined for any novelist. *Lorna Doone*, in the mind of the public and of the critics, occupies the position of a classic. It is a book which every one expects to read, exactly as one reads *Ivanhoe* or *David Copperfield*. It passes in and our of the circulating libraries with the regular movement of the tides or the procession of the equinoxes. It is put on lists of the "100 Best Novels," and the critics refer to it as a thing of accepted merit, and even pen solid essays on the metrical effects to be found in its prose. By this we do not mean that it is anywhere supposed to occupy the summit, but that it is established and unimpeachable.

To judge, however, from the manner in which the public and the critics receive Mr. Blackmore's later novels one might suppose that it was by mere accident that his name is to be found on the title page of *Lorna Doone*. The books may sell largely—that is to be discovered only by reference to the publishers' accounts, — but they make no stir. Whenever there is a new Hardy, a new Meredith, or even a new Marion Crawford or James Lane Allen, a tremor of expectation may be felt in the atmosphere, and after its appearance the critics of journalism and of private life vie with each other in writing or speaking on the subject.

A new Blackmore appears quietly on the book counters, and that is all. The critics accord it a somewhat perfunctory notice and usually mention *Lorna Doone*, but there is no suggestion of the new book's being a "literary event." Furthermore, women do not seem to discuss it at their luncheons or at their clubs. No one knows what the publishers paid for it, nor does any paper print a portrait of Mr. Blackmore.

Of course the later novels in no case equal *Lorna Doone;* they are nevertheless works of substantial merit and real charm. *Lorna Doone* itself does not entirely equal the *Lorna* of popular estimation. But why it should be forced into the cold of classic fame while its companion volumes are to waste away in loveliness we fail to understand.

THE COMPLETE COLLAPSE of the New York press in the recent mayoralty election was probably the most severe snub ever administered to newspapers anywhere. Not only were all the decent papers of the city united on the same side, but even the yellow journals took on for once the tones of a man speaking to men. There was more seriousness, better writing, and a larger appeal to argument than we can ever remember. Yet the cause for which these papers combined was absolutely "snowed under" at the polling-booths. The obvious moral is that the press is out of touch with its public—that the sensationalism, "fake yarns," bogus interviews, lies, and interminable twaddle of the average New York paper are destroying the old power of journalism to direct public opinion. A few more such rebuffs may teach the needed lesson of sobriety. It it an easy business to poke fun at the dull, bourgeois dignity of the English press; but it will be done with better grace when any New York paper acquires one-tenth of the influence of the London *Standard* or *Daily News*. That day is still far off, to judge by the pranks that really "up-to-date" journals continue to play. On Sunday, November 21st, for instance, there appeared in the New York *Herald* a solemn oration over its evening edition, *The Telegram*, in these words: "*The Evening Telegram* ceases to appear from yesterday for the time being, in accordance with Abraham Lincoln's wise saying,"—about fooling the people. "An up-to-date evening paper at one cent does n't pay. Therefore, those who are publishing evening papers at one cent are either fooling the public or fooling themselves. As the *Evening Telegram* does n't intend either to fool itself or fool the public, it has ceased publication until the time becomes ripe when it can stop being fooled and stop fooling." That was on Sunday. On Monday there was another announcement that "in view of its many outstanding advertising contracts and large circulation, and for other considerations," the *Telegram* would continue to appear as usual "with all the latest news and numerous bright features." That is merely a frank example of the tactics which make our papers so respected and powerful.

COMING TO CLOSE QUARTERS with his old enemy, the German language, brought forth more than a flash of the Mark Twain of old days. He confided to the Vienna Concordia Society (the Press Club of Vienna) that it had long been his wish to deliver a speech in German, but he had always been prevented by people blind to art. Even now he had obtained permission with some difficulty, it being one of the rules of the Concordia to protect the German language—as if he meant to harm it. Why, he merely intended to reform it a little, and that was the object of his sojourn in Vienna. He hoped to be allowed to compress the beautiful broad language, to suppress and extinguish the parentheses which grew wild in every sentence, and to get a law passed by which not more than thirteen subordinate sentences might be enclosed between two full stops. Mark Twain is anxious for one more improvement. He would like to change the nature of the separable verb and bring the detachable prefix so far forward that henceforth it may be discerned without a spy-glass. As matters stand

at present he thinks that when a German has thrown off a good, long, rolling sentence, after leaning for a time against a post to rest himself, he must be full of a touching curiosity to know what he really said. Mark Twain declared he found the Vienna bridges very convenient for the perusal of an average German sentence. He gummed the first part of a separable verb on to one end of the bridge rail, and the second part to the other, then he spread out the clauses comfortably in between, thus he was able to take in a German sentence almost at a glance. Altogether Mark Twain's speech is the best piece of news we have heard of him for a long while.

THE SUCCESS in New York of *A Lady of Quality* may be attributed to the vigor of the plot, to the charm of Miss Julia Arthur's acting, and to the vulgarity of public taste which Mrs. Burnett has flattered with a shocking unconsciousness. All considerations of morality apart, it deserves distinction as one of the most vulgar plays seen in a Broadway theatre for many years. Its view of the British aristocracy is exactly the view that Miss Laura Jean Libbey would take if she lived in Bayswater instead of Brooklyn. Consequently, though the atmosphere rings with titles, there is not one aristocrat in the drama; you find, instead, several masquerading prigs, speaking a language that no genuine human being ever spoke, and wearing their clothes like servants in livery. They give form and substance, however, to the popular notion of what the British aristocracy ought to be, and they develop a series of episodes as preposterous on close observation as they are themselves, but leading to a thrilling fourth act, and closing with a mush of sentimentality and cheap moralizing. When, through this hot-house atmosphere a beautiful young woman moves with a low, sweet voice, with dark, mysterious eyes, and clad in dazzling robes, why should *A Lady of Quality* not be the enormous success that it is?

It must be acknowledged that it is only when you consider the story bit by bit that you realize how much tinsel there is in it. Mrs. Burnett, who dramatized her own novel with assistance from Mr. Stephen Townsend, has certainly a great deal of constructive ability; the material of her plot is nearly always good; it is when she undertakes to put it into shape that she betrays the utter falseness of her method and the crudity of her observation. In other words, she has the old-fashioned capacity for devising a strapping story without the finer gift of making it an expression of life. The artist in literature begins with his characters and ends with his story; Mrs. Burnett begins with her story and ends with her story, almost nothing coming between. The nearest approach to a life-like character occurs in the first act, where the little parson is introduced to fill up the few moments given Miss Arthur for a change of costume. His rigid refusal to join in the revellers around Clorinda Wildairs and her ruffianly father, his swift melting under the glow of wine, his outbursts of eloquence over lovely women: these are all cleverly done and they make the only fun in the play. And what a deliciously lugubrious play it is! Even in the first act where Clorinda is supposed to be so devil-may-care, we speedily witness her conversion through a chance speech repeated in her presence in which the great Duke of Osmonde expresses the pious hope that she may cease to be a hoyden and become a God-fearing woman.

As a result, Clorinda disappears in her breeches, and returns in gorgeous robes of red satin; strikes an attitude at the back of the stage, and begins her career as a flirt. That is a very silly situation, which might have been converted into good comedy. Perhaps we ought to forgive Clorinda, however, when we learn in the next act where her flirting love landed her. Discarded by Sir John Oxon, who has seduced her, she gets herself engaged at once to the most decrepit earl in all England, and then she gloriously taunts her former lover. That would have been a superb scene if Mrs. Burnett had not diluted it with her sentimental twaddle. In spite of the author, however, it made an effect. For the third act there is no excuse; it should have been merged into the fourth, where the great moment occurs when Clorinda, now a rich widow, pestered and threatened by Sir John, strikes him dead with a loaded riding-whip. Here again Mrs. Burnett has interfered with her own achievement. After the killing, and the hiding of the body under a couch, she puts poor Clorinda through a number of tedious and ridiculous performances. The last act gives Clorinda, of course, to the man she dearly loves, the poor Duke of Osmonde, who hears of the murder, but not of those darker passages in his lady's youth. Mrs. Burnett doubtless considered that one of her bravest touches!

Interest in the acting naturally centered in Miss Julia Arthur. During her two years as a member of Sir Henry Irving's company Miss Arthur has gained in style, but she has apparently lost in her power of expressing sudden and violent emotion. In the first act she was utterly inadequate; instead of at least suggesting Clorinda's masculinity, she was as sweet and as gentle as a young girl playing in private theatricals at the convent, and during her fencing scene she behaved as if she had been carefully trained by the mother superior. She did her best work in the scene where she flouted Sir John in the second act; here she came very near rising, as they used to say, "to the heights." Her killing of Sir John was rather tame, and she had a good chance there, too. To tell the truth, tameness marked most of her performance, but this was partly compensated by a suggestion of restraint and by a nice deliberateness. The only other acting worthy of note was Mr.

Robert McWade's admirable characterization of the little parson. One other feature deserves unqualified praise: the completeness and the beauty of the scenery.

MY LOVE IS A GARLAND

MY love is a garland,
(A garland from the greenwood).
Freshest bloom of brightest May;
(Hey! the cuckoo singeth gay!)
My love is a garland
To hang upon her breast.

My love is a garland,
(A garland from the greenwood).
Upon her breast 't will live for aye;
(Hey! the cuckoo singeth gay!)
My love is a garland
For her I love the best.

H. H. BENNETT.

CORRESPONDENCE DU MAURIER'S "MUSIC AND DEATH"

SCITUATE, NOV. 10.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

DEAR SIR: In THE CHAP-BOOK for October 15th is a note from a London correspondent, S. Sharpe, concerning Du Maurier's "Music and Death" which he says was published in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for June, 1884, as "from the French of Madame Necker." He adds: "This disposes at once of the idea that the lines were a paraphrase of a well-known poem of Sully Prudhomme," etc.

I have before me a volume of Sully Prudhomme's collected poems, bought in Paris in 1883, entitled: "Poésies, 1866–1872," in which appears, page 190, the poem called "L'Agonie," from which are taken the verses translated or paraphrased by Du Maurier. In 1882–3 this poem became well known on account of discussions regarding its authorship and translations of it (one of them my own) in various English and American periodicals and papers—among others the *Boston Transcript*, in its "Notes and Queries," printed the poem and translations, with a request for the author's name. This brought out a reply, giving Sully Prudhomme as the author. In a French review—I think *Revue Des Deux Mondes*—these stanzas had been quoted anonymously, apropos of Madame Necker's actual request on her deathbed, for music—a request presumably not made in rhyme; but some who saw them first in this connection supposed the lines to be hers, and this was apparently Du Maurier's conclusion.

Your first correspondent, "Ponsonby Ogle," can, therefore, scarcely be said "to betray some ignorance of the subject"—the ignorance being rather S. Sharpe's own.

Very truly yours,

M. M.

MR. HOWELLS'S WOMEN

LOS ANGELES, NOV. 2, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

HOW must Mr. Howells despise women to sketch them so invariably petty! A foreign observer writes of Mr. Meredith in his snatched leisure moment reading the American novelist. If it be not an airy fantasy let the contemplative man with an eye to incongruities glance at the scene. What thinks the venerable psychologist of the dean of American fiction? What thinks the subtlest delineator of femininity of the created women of Mr. Howells? The old question of the layman, What thinks this author of that? narrows to: What thinks Mr. Meredith of the American woman if she be the Howells type?

Mr. Howells writes of love between men and women against a background of exactest modern conditions. Romance is squeezed, as in actuality, between dilemmas of income and parental consent. His buoyant, unageing fancy plays over what he sees of possibility in American society. He redeems to the Kingdom of Romance what to the meaner spirit seems artificially mundane. But the work of redemption seems limited to the situation and the man of the situation; the woman designed for the man is burdened with the conventional traits of stupidity, conversational paucity, narrow range of interests, distressing variability of temper, school-girl pertness. Imogene Graham in *Indian Summer*, Florida Vervain in *A Foregone Conclusion*, Julia Gage in *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy*, are women of eligible age from whom one of Gibson's supple-minded college men would turn to the spinster on his left hand. Were the Howells man to meet the Howells woman at a Botton musicale or on the Ponte Vecchio, he would groan inwardly, commend himself to the social gods, and thenceforth scrupulously avoid her. But in the trappings of hero, Mr. Howells has him helpless; swings him in the last chapter upon his knees before an unlovely puppet; and draws from his amazed vocal chords professions of a long-untold love. Such was the valiant young fellow's predestined cue, but the reader shudders at the prospect of marriage between the Howells man and the Howells woman.

The author presents in each of his novels an engaging man of college equipment, if not degree, supersensitive in those details of taste where women are

proverbially superior, immaculate in chivalrous conduct as a Southern host, with witty lance always in rest; in short, a cultured American. To meet this man and mate him with a woman of not less delicately robust nature could be a hopeless task only to a misogynist. And Mr. Howells is not that, for he is one of the most healthfully rounded men of our day. The plea of lack of understanding of the feminine nature does not avail, for his opportunities have been exceptional, and a constant misestimation is evident.

Let Mr. Howells dwell upon his awareness of the limitations of the sex, if his disposition so impels him; let him transfix her with indictments, but make her lovable in her weakness; let her warm with the first of the feminine qualities—seductiveness—then shall we understand the yielding of the heroic fellow for whose lasting good we have come to supplicate, whose spiritual needs seek requital. To ask the reader's consent to the banns between the hero and heroine of *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy* is an outrage upon his devotion to the future of the groom, clean-limbed and ingenious, the most promising of the author's gallery of knights-errant. Yet he is delivered over, in the hardness of Mr. Howells's heart, to the captious Julia, her subservient parent, and De Witt Point. Was ever man thus expünged? From the opening chapter the victor has been a consistent irritant, unlovely in conduct and mental habits, a person unbearable to the natural intolerance of youth, a discomfort, burrlike, to every one thrown into her path by the relentless author. And the admirable adopted youth of our imagination is sacrificed upon this shrine! In this era of protest, let a voice be raised against the wanton cruelty of Mr. Howells.

HOWARD W. BELL.

MR. KIPLING'S COCKNEY RHYMES AGAIN

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK.

MR. FREDERICK KEPPEL has a communication in the current number of THE CHAP-BOOK on *Mr. Kipling's Cockney Rhymes* which is both accurate and interesting—but all that is interesting in it is not accurate, and all that is accurate uninteresting. He complains of "the egregious cockney rhymes — the only false ones — that mar some of Mr. Kipling's verses." He also finds something to commend in the "millions of English-speaking people whose ears and tongues are not vitiated by the mincing affectation of contemporary London speech" — one of whom he conceives himself to be.

Had Mr. Keppel been as anxious to proclaim the facts as he was to put Mr. Kipling in the wrong, he would have written something like this: On page 74 we have "walk" and "pork" (pawk), placed in the mouth of the Banjo, a self-confessed cockney who says a moment later, on page 75:

"I am Town!
I am all that ever went with evening dress!"—

London personified, and using a cockney dialect for the same reason that Mr. Keppel does not. On page 157, "straw" and "corps" (caw), in the mouth of "Her Majesty's Royal Engineer," another cockney who says "'ill" and "an' help 'em," and introduces native words like *bat* and *khud*, since he, and not Mr. Kipling, is speaking; pages 160–161, "Gawd" and "sword" (sawd) in a tale told by an Ortheris, a cockney of the cockneys! This disposes of one-third of Mr. Keppel's case, unless he is to be understood as contending that Mr. Kipling is debarred from using the cockney dialect in cockney dialect poems!

"On page 38 and again on page 45, in that masterpiece, *McAndrew's Hymn*," observes Mr. Keppel, "we find 'port' as a rhyme for 'thought'; '*pawt*' makes the rhyming perfect—but fancy the grim and rugged old Scotch engineer making use of such a prettified word! What he really did say . . . was not 'pawt' but *porrt*." Of course he did, using the guttural *r*—quite unknown in English—which earned that letter the name of canine. And, similarly, he did not pronounce "thought" *thawt*, as Mr. Keppel must know, but *thocht*, with the guttural *ch*—equally unknown in English. And if Mr. Keppel will get some Scot to say the two words over to him, he will learn what Mr. Kipling tries vainly to teach him—that the guttural *r* and the guttural *ch* in "porrt" and "thocht," respectively, make an allowable set of rhymes in English ears. That McAndrew does pronounce the *r* is to be seen in his rhyming "aboard" and "lord," which do not make perfect accord unless the *r* is growled. As for "horses" and "courses," they are, as Mr. Keppel admits, "not such a bad rhyme as it stands;" just such a rhyme, in fact, as "lost" and "host" on the following page—and on almost every page of almost every poet, for that matter, as almost every one knows.

This leaves the case of Mr. Keppel reduced to four examples, "abroad" and "lord," "calm" and "harm," "ma" and "are," and "salaam" and "harm." These, it is evident, depend upon a single principle, the pronunciation of final *r* in English. Now, the Rev. W. W. Skeat, no mean authority, says (*A Student's Pastime*, p. 144): "It is a universal and well-known law of change in English pronunciation always to suppress the trilling of *r* as much as possible." Again, on page 288,—and Mr. Keppel is begged to remember that "Southern English" is not only the standard of English pronunciation, but has been for centuries the literary dialect—Dr. Skeat observes: "In Southern English we pronounce China, America, etc., in such a way that the final sound is 'the obscure vowel.'

. . . The same sound, prolonged and accented, is heard in a large number of words in the neighborhood of London, in the mouths of people who do not trill the *r*.'' And again, p. 364: ''When a Southerner says 'iern' [iron] he does not really sound the *r* at all. Neither is the *r* 'mute.' What really happens is that the supposed non-mute *r* is really pronounced, as Mr. Sweet says, as 'a vocal murmur.' ''

Lest Mr. Keppel urge that, Professor Skeat being a cockney, this proves his contention; he is referred to the treatise on the *r* in Sweet's *History of English Sounds*, to Alexander Ellis's great work, to the section on orthëopy in *The International Dictionary*, and to the following, from the note under the letter *r* in *The Century Dictionary:* ''In many localities, even among the most cultivated speakers, no *r* is really ever pronounced at all unless followed (in the same word, or, if final, in the word following) by a vowel (for example, in *are, farther*, pronounced ah, father,): it either simply disappears, or, as after most long vowels, is replaced by a bit of neutral vowel sound.'' And this, *pace* Mr. Keppel, is the tendency, not only in London and the vicinity, but in Toronto, Boston, and his own city of New York —does he call it *Yorrk*?—and elsewhere, among speakers of English uncontaminated by continental asperities. In other words, Mr. Keppel has attempted to censure Mr. Kipling for the elegance of his English, and by so doing, as Tennyson says, he imputes himself.

Furthermore, it is to be observed that Mr. Keppel pins his faith to the English of the northern Mr. Gladstone (who says ''strenth'' for *strength*, and has always been somewhat conspicuous for provincialisms in speech), and to ''the faultless rhyming of an artist like Tennyson;'' though a brief search among the poems of the latter reveals such (cockney?) rhymes as ''are'' and ''there'' in ''The Palace of Art,'' ''air'' and ''mere'' in ''Eleänore,'' ''here'' and ''where'' in ''The Miller's Daughter,'' ''early'' and ''barley,'' and ''river'' and ''mirror'' in ''The Lady of Shalott,'' and such ''Dundrearyisms'' as ''wars'' and ''stars'' in both ''Literary Squabbles'' and ''The Palace of Art,'' ''endure'' and ''fewer'' in ''The Defense of Lucknow,'' and even ''borne'' and ''horn'' in ''The Palace of Art!'' Upon the whole, Mr. Kipling may say with Professor Skeat: ''If we can pronounce words as they seem to us to be usually pronounced in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, we shall be understood. But we shall not always satisfy all hearers.'' But what is Mr. Keppel going to say?

CHRISTOPHER BANNISTER.

THE PROPHET'S MESSAGE

THEY called him Prophet, Seer, and Sage
The Light, the Teacher of the Age.

Obscure too long, he shone at length:
Ten millions leaned upon his strength.

One summer morn self-slain he died,
They found a message at his side.

''I die because my soul is bare
Of faith and all except despair.''

I. ZANGWILL.

FROM A FRENCH RIVER

FOR four winters and for four summers we have lived beside the Loire, and it is time for me to drop my little curtsey, and say ''Thank you'' as prettily as I may to the kindly stream, over and on and in whose blue waters we have had so many pleasures. We have watched it in all its moods, and have felt the charm of each.

Our second winter was one of unusual cold; since the terrible year of the war in 1870 the Loire had not been frozen solid until then. It was curious to see the rough, uneven blocks of ice choking the river's course, and making it possible to cross to the opposite bank. One adventurous baker made the journey in his cart, the tinkling bells caricaturing the sleigh-bells of our own New England; an old peasant woman of our village was enabled to visit her married daughter, living just across the river, whom she had not seen for many years. It is a good seven miles by the road to go round by the Amboise bridge, and the country folks in these parts waste neither time nor money on sentiment. But they are affectionate, nevertheless, and the old lady made the transit on foot; her children and grandchildren returned the visit; precious old brandy and wine of a good vintage were produced; there were feasting and merry-making; and while the ice lasted the proud and happy old peasant enjoyed a festival like a prolonged Thanksgiving Day.

We took our pleasure by skating on the smooth places, over the deep, still pools where the best fishing is found in summer. The effect of those clear, brilliant sunsets across the ice is not quickly forgotten; each angle reflected the glowing tints of crimson, mauve, and pearly blue; the wind fled with the sun; and the whole world seemed like a marvellous soap-bubble surrounding us.

For many days, even weeks, this frozen condition endured; then, one morning in February, the wind veered, and blew from the South; the snow that had lain so thick and firm grew soft, and faded

before our eyes; the river heaved a mighty shudder, for he had found an ally without his prison gates; and the booming cracks of the breaking ice rang through the silent land. All the villagers were on the bank to see the ice go; many and wonderful were the tales they told of former seasons, when one block was heaped upon another until the tower reached to the clouds. But we saw no such thrilling sights. Only a stir and rush where all had been still; only patches of vivid green where all had been white; only a soft hint of crimson buds on the hedge, above a mass of snowdrops, where all had been hard and gray. Surely that was miracle enough for one year.

One day, when the real spring was here, and the snow was melting on the far-away mountains to the East, the sound of a drum came from the village. We hurried out to hear what the tambour-beater had to announce, and he warned us that a rising of the river was predicted. The next day down came the floods, sweeping along the wide valley in yellow swirls, bearing uprooted trees and stolen hay-cocks in triumph. All over the river bottomlands, reclaimed by dykes initiated by the Plantagenets, it spread, and when we asked if it would do much damage, the peasants smiled, and told us that no fertilizer was so stimulating as the deposit of alluvium left by these overflows. And they spoke truly; for when the floods subsided, the grass sprang up thick and soft like green velvet, while daisies and cowslips, and many delicate flowers whose names I do not know, spangled it so daintily that walking on it seemed a sacrilege, and made one want to read a verse from Herrick as apology.

But it is in summer—the warm, rich, inland summer of Touraine—that the Loire becomes most valuable to us. Then it is that its strange powers make themselves known to us, and prompt us to call out, "Good-night and thank you," as we leave it.

In our quiet life, when as a rule the day is as well regulated as if a convent bell summoned us to meal and task, our habit is to stop work at about half-past three, and turn to outside air and amusement. So the family group assembles, with steps not very light and faces not too enthusiastic. Something has gone wrong with the hero in my last story; he will persist in being a prig, do what I can, and his aggressive morality weighs heavily on me. Or, to confess all my weaknesses, it may be that some brutally true, barbarously witty criticism of the last story but one is rankling in my breast.

The others have their own private vexations, too, no doubt; so the voices are of a subdued nature when we meet at the front door, and pick up rods, baskets, bathing clothes, and oars, preparatory to our start. The first ripple of animation is roused when the never-settled, always-discussed question comes up: "Is Marlborough to go, too?" Marlborough is a lively, though tailless, puppy, who resides in a chaste edifice made of old soap boxes built in the angle of the buttress of an ancient chapel, which rejoices in the appropriate name of Blenheim. I am firm in my resolve to leave Marlborough behind, the others are rather vacillating; but Toby, our much-loved curly cur, begs for his playmate, and Marlborough, seeing us about to set forth, gives vent to a howl so long and appealing that even my stony heart melts, and I say: "Take him, but don't blame me if he upsets the boat, ruins our *goûter*, and frightens the fish." The gates of Blenheim are thrown open, and with many an uncouth bound and wriggle its owner gambols forth, and begins a game with Toby. They run, and turn, and snatch at each other, giving short, hard, breathless pants expressive of deep happiness. We start with a laugh, and the worries already grow smaller.

The walk to the river is a short one; down the little lane bordering the place, across the high-road, through an opening breast-high in the old dyke, and so along a cart-track over the thick sward. Custom has taught us quick precision, so it takes but a few moments to pull the boat to shore and stow our belongings away in such safety that even Marlborough will find it hard to disturb them. Then we seat ourselves, the boat is poled in a knowing way to a spot where the current takes it, and in five minutes we are, for all practical purposes, as far away from the world as if our island were indeed an undiscovered one in the South Pacific. The end down stream is pointed like the prow of a great boat, and seems to be sailing straight for the Château of Amboise, whose white pinnacles and towers gleam in the blue distance like some cloud-palace of the imagination. The atmosphere in this region adds much to its natural beauty, and lends the enchantment of color to the simplest objects. Our island is only a spit of sand, covered with willow osiers about eight feet high; under foot is the clean, dry soil, firm to the very edge of the water, with no mud or deceiving marsh. We land with a great bustle, for the dogs feel as if the voyage had been long and dangerous, so they leave the boat as rapidly as possible, Toby, with a clean leap, saving his toes from any contact with the water, which, being a French dog, he detests, and Marlborough floundering and splashing in the deepest spot he can stumble on. The basket is hung on a willow bough, the boat tied to a stone, and we go to our dressing-rooms. Did ever Roman emperor or Spanish monarch have a more beautiful one? The wonders of Rome and the Alhambra seem as naught compared to our surroundings. The clean, white sand beneath our feet, the blue sky above us, our walls covered with tapestries such as no human hand ever wrought, the pale, silver-green foliage, shading and concealing us, growing thick to the ground. The silvery dust on their long, slim leaves looks as if it were powdered on, and often have I rubbed it with my finger, but it will not come off; the sheen runs in the other direction, that is all.

Once in our bathing clothes, hurrah! for the first plunge. Before I knew the Loire I used to be very scornful concerning fresh-water bathing; but now I take back all my sneers. Of course it is not the equal of surf bathing, but it has a charm all its own. The constant strength of the current gives one plenty to do in the way of exercise, and the blood is cooled and stimulated, without being chilled. We entice Marlborough to join us; we know that Toby is above such simple joys, and he sits watching us with a superior bearing, now and then giving a gentle hint by sniffing at the basket. It is that same basket which brings us out at last, for four o'clock is a hungry hour when breakfast came at half-past eleven, and dinner can't be expected before half-past seven. So, after a toilet somewhat retarded by Marlborough running off with various garments, and having to be chased to recover them, we luxuriously stretch ourselves in the willow shade, with our modest feast in the midst. Some thin bread and butter, much appreciated by the dogs, half a dozen ripe peaches from the sunny side of the orchard wall, a bottle of the famous white wine of Touraine at four sous the quart—what more would you have?

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

quotes one of the party, and is capped by another:

"A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world."

And we cannot call this magic island a wilderness with any degree of truth. We think of the stately queens who floated down this very river, from Blois to Amboise; we wonder how Mary Stuart felt as her boat glided on its way to take her under the protection of the château yonder, where she was forced to see the massacre of the Huguenots.

The willows shimmer against the blue; the great white clouds heap themselves up like mountains in the East; white sea gulls, looking strangely out of place as they utter their harsh screams, repeat the note struck by those snow-like masses, darting down on their prey beneath the blue water.

"Look!" cries one of us: "there goes a kingfisher."

And there, close to the river's edge, flashes a bird so brilliant as to give a tropical suggestion. The first time that I saw him, I thought he was electric green, and, looking him up in the books of reference, was puzzled by the legend about him, that in his joy at escaping from the Ark, he flew so high that he rubbed the sky's tinge on his back, while the hot sun scorched his breast; but a second glimpse showed me that the mistake was mine, and that the effect of green was probably caused by the sunlight. He adds a touch of poetry, for he is the halcyon bird in whose honor Neptune gives us the fourteen calm days in winter. I wonder if Milton referred to him when he wrote:

". . . And Ocean quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on her charmèd wave."

We have finished our little feast, and wait in lazy ease for the impulse to be given for the fishing. It is one of our household fictions that we provide our somewhat tyrannical cook with all the necessary fish for the table. So we always tell the severe ruler of our table destinies that, if we are late, it is because the fish are biting so well.

All is still on the little island, but from the opposite shore comes the sound of women washing. They stand bare-legged, well into the stream, and the washing appears to consist in beating the clothes on a board with a small, flat wooden paddle. As we watch, we see the paddle glint in the air, the woman's hand falls heavily, and a few seconds later the sound of a blow reaches us. Then come the cries of the village girls getting their cows home with the aid of a sheep dog. It is extraordinary what a tremendous amount of screaming and barking is necessary to move the patient beasts. Our own small friends grow quite excited by the sound, and sitting up, growl defiance manfully. They are very brave with half a kilometer of water between them and possible foes.

Suddenly their subdued growls become loud and sharp; they turn their heads in another direction, down the river, and there, rounding the point, is a boat making slow progress up stream, It is the *baliseur*, or water-bailiff, whose duty it is to mark the navigable portion of the river, which changes constantly, as the rise and fall of the water shift the sands. His boat, a flat-bottomed, clumsy craft, bearing no signs of evolution since the middle-ages, is as primitive as his buoys (*balises*), which do not disturb the beauty of the scene, those on the left of the river ascending being straight, and those on the right, broken branches. The man who attends to this is one of the many thousand functionaries under whom France groans, and he is in daily fear of losing his place, for in these degenerate days scarcely four boats a month pass by our village; so he makes the most of any visible traffic, and notes us down in his book as travelers by water. He is a good-natured fellow and stops for a chat and a glass of the wine still left in the bottle, telling us that it's not too bad, but that he has some much better, and will treat us if we will honor his poor house with a visit. There is hardly a man to be found within twenty miles who has not his own vineyard, large or small, as it happens, and whose wine has not for him a taste superior to all others. He talks with us a few minutes about the bad season, tells us of the grapes that are falling before they are ripe, and then, his eyes falling on our rods, wishes us good luck, waves his hat, and

poles on his way. When the dykes narrowed the river-bed and confined the water, they struck a blow at the river's traffic, for according to some law of hydraulics, now, when there is a surplus of water it rushes off in a night, instead of, as formerly, lingering contentedly; consequently, in the dry months the Loire has as much sand as water in view, and poles, not oars, are the natural propellers.

The fish are beginning to rise: in the deep pools, and in the eddies we hear the splash, and see the widening circles caused by them. So we get into the boat again, and pull quietly to one of the most favorable places, bait our hooks, and wait. The clear water, green in the shade, contains myriads of the little creatures, and we see the flash of their silver bellies as they turn in their frolics. The pool seems full of gleaming, glittering silver darts. Then the larger gudgeon makes his appearance, and the small fellows are frightened, and become scarce. Still later, a rare perch causes vast excitement; his advent is heralded by mad leaps, the minnows sometimes jumping along the surface of the stream like a cleverly skipped stone. We do n't have many bites somehow, but it is so pretty to watch the breaks, and than observe the fanciful lines into which the water is afterward swept, that I am quite content to sit still, holding my rod merely for the sake of appearances. I wonder why architects do n't study the forms of water for decorative purposes. Perhaps they do. The shell-like effects, the ripples, the dainty cats'paws are all so charming, and so suggestive of Renascence work.

We have left the dogs on the island, and they are beginning to feel bored. It may be that they are growing hungry, for evening is coming on fast. The sun is sending level rays; the atmosphere has become translucent, a peculiar effect it assumes at this hour, especially on the water, so that everything appears transparent; that mass of trees on the shore looks like violet mist, and the Château of Amboise seems on the point of disappearing like the foam on the crest of a wave, touched by the sun into soft rainbow tints. The clouds in the east are losing their dazzling whiteness, and are blushing a tender rose. The washwomen have rolled up their pounded clothes, their husbands have appeared with wheelbarrows, and they are going home to start the evening fire, and cook their dinner. A company of rooks fly heavily to the group of trees. Softly from the village clock sounds the hour; one, two, three, four, five, six—*what! seven?* Good gracious, what will the cook say? No fish, and late again!

Our terror is great; we value and respectfully love our tyrant; her departure would mean nothing short of despair, so we make haste, pull in our primitive anchor, back up to the island for the luggage and the dogs, who enter characteristically, Toby making a neat bound into my lap, and greeting me with such enthusiasm that one would imagine that we had been parted a week at least; Marlborough splashing in, covering us with wet sand and wetter kisses. The voyage begins; not a long one, but attended with dangers, because the dogs are so impatient to land. Once at the opposite bank there is a rush; and then, what a romp over the grass! Round and round they go, panting, breathless happy. We laugh in sympathy, and hate to call them from their game, but that warning clock is still in our ears, so we are Spartan-like, and the word of command to march is given.

Up the lane we hurry, like a trio of mischief-loving children, inventing conciliatory speeches to soften the cook's heart. Marlborough has been fatigued by his last scamper, and sits down anywhere in the most sudden and casual manner, tripping up the unfortunate person nearest to him. We stumble and scold, and pick up a fallen rod, and tell the others not to make fun of us—which they do, until their turn for being tripped up arrives, when it is our turn to laugh.

The gray village on our left, seen across the rich fields of grain, is mellowed by the soft light from the west; curls of pale-blue smoke are rising from many chimneys; the cows and goats are being put to bed with gentle care. We meet a party of sunburnt men and women coming down from their work among the vines on the uplands; a donkey is dragging a cart, filled with sheaves of grass, in which are mingled flowers as if from an artistic sense. The man seated on the top of this flowery chariot is so large and the donkey so small, that we ask him the time-worn question why they do n't change places. This is received as exquisite wit, and the workers on foot gather round "Coco," pat his rough back, caress his long ears (which he resents), and assure us that he is capable of pulling us all. In fact, the peasants of this district are kind and considerate to their animals, and not a goat that crops the herbs on the dyke but has a pet name to which she answers. We reply to the cheery good-night of the peasants, and turn to the house.

Before going within doors, we pause one short moment to catch a last glimpse of the Loire, glittering like gold between the branches of the cedar. A fancy strikes me that the bundle of cares and petty worries and years (at least ten of these last) which has fallen from our shoulders during the last few hours, is being borne by the shining river through the sunset to the sea. It is a pretty idea, and I would like to think it true; but, my eye falling on Marlborough, his legs shambling, his ears drooping, as he shuffles along, I am forced to the belief that our burden has fallen on his unfortunate back. He has become, apparently, a very old dog, as, with a prolonged sigh and a grotesque flop, he sinks for his night's rest upon the straw of Blenheim.

Helen Choate Prince.

HOMESICK

HERE, within Winter's white domain,
I am as one who has no place,
For all the diverse ways contain
No fair familiar face.

My old-time comrades,—bees and birds,
The little leaves that love the sun,
With their companionable words,
Alas, I hear not one!

Not one!—and to my aching heart,
As through this spectral realm I roam,
Comes the inexorable smart,—
The wander-cry for home.

O Summer, hearken, I implore,
You with the eyes benign and mild;
To your caressing arms once more
Take back your homesick child!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT EAST POMFRET

IT was the last Thursday in November. The weather was crisp, clear, and cold—the typical weather of a New England Thanksgiving.

The local color was shining fresh and bright all over East Pomfret, Maine, and dear Grandma Blodgett was bustling about, in an atmosphere redolent of mince-meat and pumpkin pie, among the customary troops of bright-faced grandchildren.

A roaring fire was flaming in the great fireplace; and Ezekiel, the hired man, dragging in the heavy bumping fire-logs, was cracking paragraph after paragraph of dry Yankee jests.

The young people were all clustered around their favorite Aunt Prudence, a blue-eyed maiden-lady, with a delicate flush still glowing in her rose-leaf cheeks. Her lover, Uncle Ben had, of course, been lost at sea twenty years before.

After four pages of Thanksgiving dinner and New England bustle, interspersed with gentle counsel from Aunt Prudence, and hearty wisdom from Ezekiel, the old-fashioned knocker sounded.

Deborah, flushed with the exertion of handling great platters of meat and huge dishes of pies, flew to the door. Upon the step stood a tall, stalwart, rough-bearded stranger.

"Deborah, my hearty," he roared, "do n't you know me? Shiver my timbers, it's little Ben, come back after all these long years. But lie low. We must n't shock mother."

His precaution was too late; for the ears of love are quick, and Grandma Blodgett had heard, from the dining-room, the tones of the strange and yet familiar voice.

She hastened into the hall; and, in an instant, her mother's eyes had pierced the disguise of years and tan, and she had cast herself into the arms of the weather-beaten stranger.

There were three pages of general conversation.

They had all admired the shark's teeth, the sea-beans, the sandal-wood fans, the India shawls, and the elephant tusks which Uncle Ben had brought in the wonderful little teak-wood chest he had carried there under his arm.

When they had exhausted themselves in praises, Uncle Ben, with a merry twinkle in his honest blue eyes, quietly drew from his pocket a small package, and placed it upon the table.

"Every Thanksgiving," he said, "I have read the magazine stories."

He lighted a match and applied it to the little parcel. "This kind of thing must be stopped," he said.

There was a loud explosion; and Grandma Blodgett, sweet Aunt Prudence, the Thanksgiving cheer, the dry, humorous, and rough-bearded Uncle Ben himself, were all blown up together.

E. F. WYATT.

BALLADE OF THE PRIM-ROSE WAY

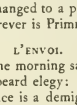
LIFE, through the arc of a century
Cronies two we have faced the road,
Cheek by jowl since the first young day
When the primrose path before us glowed;
Mind you the wonders the vista showed?
Cloth of gold where the sunlight lay—
Mind you the cowslip balls we stowed?
Glinting guerdons of Primrose Way.

Life, you 're a faithful votary,
Years and a day to keep the code;
Yours was a rare knight-errantry,
For hobble-de-hoy my fancy rode.
But, then the cowslip crop we sowed!
Crowfoot furrows we reap to-day;
Carols have changed to a palinode,
And lost forever is Primrose Way.

L'ENVOI.

Youth, of the morning sandals shod,
List to a graybeard elegy:
Man but once is a demigod—
Earth's Olympus is Primrose Way.

ROSE EDITH MILLS.



MR. ALDRICH IN POETRY AND PROSE

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when the publication of a writer's complete works was an act of commemoration, or a hint to the world that nothing more was to be expected from his hand. In these piping days of enterprising publishers, however, these sad suggestions no longer invest the complete edition with an air of gentle melancholy. Mr. Kipling is barely thirty-five, and there are twelve octavo volumes, handsomely dressed, standing to his credit. Mr. Barrie still promises more than he has yet achieved, but though his best work is before him, his publishers have paid him the honors once reserved for those who had passed beyond the clamorous voices of criticism to that peace in which the classic securely dwells. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is still in his early prime, and he, too, is to look upon a long array of books in comely attire; the product of his unfailing vivacity and industry. The lover of Mr. Aldrich's verse and prose may look unmoved, therefore, upon the Riverside edition of his complete works in eight well-made volumes, the simplicity, charm, and sound workmanship of which harmonize admirably with the gravity of the work which they present in final and enduring form —a work full of distinction in substance and in manner. Of the eight volumes, two are devoted to Mr. Aldrich's poetry, and six to his prose; but intelligent readers will not be confused by those relative proportions of mere mass. They know that Mr. Aldrich is by instinct and training a poet, and that as a poet he will long charm and refresh those who are sensitive to lyric song.

The author of "Identity" and "Judith" was born under the shadow of that great contemporary fame which rewarded our first real literature. When Mr. Aldrich began to practice his art, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Poe were in undisputed possession of the field; and the new-comer, however richly endowed, was compelled to wait long for adequate recognition. The older group of men, singularly rich in the qualities and accomplishments which invest the life of the man of letters with dignity and charm, filled the imagination of the country to such a degree that there was scant room for the singers of a younger generation. The older poets were part, moreover, of a great moral and civic movement, and so passionately was the heart of the country engaged in that movement that it was not ready to hear the note of a singer less strenuous and imperative in moral appeal. The younger poets were happily as loyal to the older singers as was the country, and were content to wait for their place and part. Mr. Aldrich was fortunate in his early association with his own generation of poets, Stedman, Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, William Winter; he was fortunate later in his intimate relations with the older group. His residence in Cambridge and Boston, and his editorial connection with *Every Saturday* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, brought him into contact with Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier. His wit put him on easy terms with those masters of quick and pungent speech, Lowell and Holmes, while his poetic sympathies and gifts gave him companionship with the whole group.

Born in Portsmouth, he has been loyal, not only to the sea but to the old town so familiar to every reader of *The Story of a Bad Boy*. Predestined so surely as was Dr. Holmes to live in Boston, and to take keen satisfaction in the fact, Mr. Aldrich is not, like the author of the "Autocrat," a product of New England in the forms of his thought; one must look deeper for the New England element in him. He has wholly escaped the didacticism which sometimes blurred the art of his predecessors; he was born after the time which Lowell recalled when he said that all New England was a pulpit. He is not lacking in ethical convictions, nor has he hesitated to express them; but he has been a poet, not a reformer. He has never questioned the wisdom of Providence in sending singers to refresh and cheer men as well as preachers to arouse and stir them; and he has wisely chosen to sing. It is in his lucidity, his keenness, his love of things good and pure, his deep-going refinement, his exacting conscientiousness, and in a certain clarity of vision and reticence, that one finds the evidences of his rootage in New England. He gains the ends of rich expression without a touch of sensuousness; he is gay without being frivolous, and free without a suggestion of license. The atmosphere of his mind has the cool, clear breath of the New England climate; the outlines of the world which lies in his imagination are soft without being hazy, and full of a beauty which has delicacy of fragrance and color, rather than tropical warmth and richness.

In reading his verse one becomes aware of a certain reserve which is neither coldness nor caution, but an instinctive conviction that some things must be left to the feeling of the reader, as some things must be left to his imagination. He does not move one so quickly as many poets who sacrifice the finer qualities to immediate effect; but what he writes preserves its charm, and, by its very restraint and moderation, gives an impression of finality. In the most popular of all his poems, "Baby Bell," there is this firm reticence which gives sorrow the poise and dignity of an experience which will hold its place and keep its significance long after the violence of the first emotion is spent.

So light is Mr. Aldrich's touch that the careless reader is in danger of missing its essential vigor; for, with all his grace, Mr. Aldrich is a part of masculine fibre. There is in his work none of that vagueness of aspiration which so often rests like a faint and rosy mist on contemporary poetry; the outlines are

distinct, the feeling is definite, the thought is sharply limned. The workmanship is delicate, sometimes dainty, but it is like the tracery on a Damascus blade, which embellishes the surface without weakening the fibre. The trained ear hears a note in this poetry which sometimes escapes those who have not studied it closely; a note full of a quiet, gentle resonance and vibration, with a suggestion of carrying power. Such fragments of imagination as "Identity," "Destiny," "An Untimely Thought," haunt one with a sense of perfection, and carry in them the promise of haunting the memories of other generations. Indeed, this impression of longevity grows upon one as he reads Mr. Aldrich's verse with care; it is so portable; it can be carried so easily; so much of it has the aërial quality of those seventeenth century songs which beguile and delight us as if they had floated into the world with last spring's flowers and foliage. There is good reason to believe that when much of the strenuous, didactic, emotional verse of the last thirty years has been forgotten Mr. Aldrich will still be having his day.

The artists have a way of imposing upon their own times by the very harmony which evidences their power. They escape observation as do perfect dress or manners, by freedom from excess, extravagance, or idiosyncracy. Mr. Aldrich has lived through the storm and stress of the last two decades of literary history without any apparent deflection from his orbit. He has been familiar with what the younger poets have been doing in France, in England, and in this country; but the lark in the field remotest from the highway could not be more free from any suggestion of agitation of spirit or uncertainty of artistic aim. It is possible that this aloofness is due in part to lack of quick sympathies with contemporary experience; it is more probable that it is due to a very clear perception of artistic aims and a very keen appraisal of artistic resources. Mr. Aldrich appears to know exactly what he wishes to do. His instinct as an artist has had the most careful training; his intelligence as an artist is shown alike in the apparent ease of hand in some of his lines and the evident nicety of touch in others. He has secured detachment of mood without loss of freshness and reality, and he has, consequently, written for the eye and ear of the future. He has cared more for perfection than for praise; and he has been content to speak a little less fervently to his own generation in order that he may speak more distinctly to other generations. So the finely trained orator often husbands his voice in order that its tones may fall, resonant and musical, in the ear of the farthest circle. The sonnet on "Sleep," for instance, has the quality of gathering feeling and disclosing thought in the exact degree in which one becomes familiar with it; the spell of the exquisite "Nocturne" steadily deepens as one yields to its delicate but ardent imagery; and where shall one turn for finer and freer description of the quality which goes home to the imagination than that which touches these lines with a skill quite beyond calculated craftsmanship:

"This is her Book of Verses—wren-like notes,
Shy frankнesses, blind gropings, haunting fears;
At times across the chords abruptly floats
A mist of passionate tears."

Those who confound restraint with coldness will also confuse art with skill, and will emphasize Mr. Aldrich's fastidious craftsmanship at the expense of his spontaneity and force of imagination. Against this easy and very superficial judgment the poet has protested in lines which constitute a confession of poetic faith, and which ought to be pondered in these days of easy writing and rapid printing:

"'Let art be all in all,' one time I said,
And straightway stirred the hypercritic gall.
I said not, 'Let technique be all in all,'
But art—a wider meaning. Worthless, dead—
The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things—
Mere words are, till the spirit lends them wings.
The poet who wakes no soul within his lute
Falls short of art: 't were better he were mute.

"The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold;
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
The statue's slumber were unbroken still
In the dull marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace whereby it lives."

Tennyson was not more exacting in the matter of workmanship than Mr. Aldrich has been; and the fastidiousness of both poets has its root in love of perfection, which is only another name for the artist's conviction that his work is done only when his thought takes such possession of a form that the two live henceforth immortal as one. Devotion to craftsmanship which springs from this vital conception of the nature of art may be wisely left to work its will in our literature; the perils of contemporary writing come from a very different quarter.

In reading the slender volumes of verse which record Mr. Aldrich's poetic activity, from "Baby Bell" to "Judith," one sometimes recalls Tennyson and sometimes Alfred de Musset; but Mr. Aldrich's quality and art are wholly his own. If he has come under powerful influences he has escaped that subjugation of individuality which issues in imitation. His charm is individual, and can be explained only by reference to his own personality. Whatever his limitations of artistic perception and power, his field is his own, and he is master of it.

And his prose has kindred individuality. He understands his art here as thoroughly as in his verse, and he never confounds the methods of the two forms of literary expression. His prose reveals the same qualities as his poetry, but through entirely

different methods. He has never written a line of what is known as poetic prose. His three novels, his short stories, his descriptive sketches, his miscellaneous papers, his *Story of a Bad Boy*, are full of the blended charm of simplicity, lucidity, humor, and sentiment. The style is free from mannerism; it is quick, definite, effective; it is always finely turned without a touch of artifice. The humor is unforced and almost continuous in its play; the notes of pathos are sincere and quietly sounded. Lightness, inventiveness, ease, make Mr. Aldrich's prose easy reading. It is less distinctive than his verse, but it has unmistakable charm. His claims upon the attention of the future will rest on his poetry, but his prose forms no inconsiderable addition to our literature. It has substance as well as form; its charm arises from qualities which are not only in its style, but in its quiet dealing with some of the deeper interests of life.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

A NOTE ON A GENTLEMAN'S BOOK

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE — *Edward Arnold.*

IT may justly be feared that Mr. de Vere's new volume, though it has the power to attract, may fail of the opportunity. The form itself—memoirs in the older sense—of a personal narrative, in which the writer seems present almost by accident and draws little attention, has some quality of a past time; the style, too, is so natural, the unconscious manner of the narrator is so high-bred, the matter itself is so simply human as to invite neglect; and yet, even in a period in which the things of notoriety are all in all in literature not less than in journalism, it might seem that quiet readers may still be glad of a book the most remarkable impression of which is the richness of life in character, picturesque, cultivated, or high-principled, and its richness also in kind deeds done either for individuals or for the masses of men, without advertisement and as a matter of course. Mr. de Vere is a masterly delineator of character, or rather personality; his contributions to the biographies of Lord Coleridge, Lord Houghton, and Tennyson are easily remembered, as he is not less clear in rendering the salient traits of persons less read about; he is also an excellent sketcher of scene and incident, a narrator of anecdote and episodic things. Character, not merely of men and women, but of groups and bodies, abounds in these chapters. Especially in the Irish chapters, in which he describes his home and the social Irish life of peasant and lord, is there this unaffected delight in human nature that give reality to "memoirs," and with it that justness of view and breadth of sympathy which ought to go with delineating power. The external is perfectly given, with minuteness, fidelity, and vivacity, but the inside is what is really exposed, the man *in* his habit as he lived. And though the Irish scenes are the best in the whole, both fresh and fine, the portraits of more important persons, of Newman and Manning, for instance, are equal to those of Lord Houghton and Tennyson just mentioned, or to those of Wordsworth and others that are to be found in Mr. de Vere's essays. This is another singular thing about this volume: it begins by telling what is not in it in a way to make the neophytes of cleverness despair; for the reader is referred to the other volumes in which the famous names have already received the author's tribute of remembrance, and then he is told of several portraits which are "withheld" for one and another reason, or if not "withheld" then "deferred." The regret is that so many of these are of the Irish days.

Mr. de Vere has lived a long life and known many men of great interest, sometimes to the world, sometimes to their own people or in themselves; but besides, he knew events and movements in which these individuals acted, and in this volume two stand out, the Irish famine and the Oxford revival. It happens thus that a considerable portion of the volume is of political and religious, rather than of personal, interest, primarily, and so, too, at the end is an account of the composition of his poems, which is of critical interest. These chapters round out the whole and give an individual force to it—one hears the author though he does not see him, and hears him on the main topics of such a life, his religious and poetic faith. To those who already care for his works, which in prose are as lofty in thought as in verse they are unique in feeling, these chapters have greater interest—they are personal communications. But in the main the public—or those quiet readers whose existence is merely surmised above—will like to read the earlier and general portion, which is dominated by character of the sort already indicated, by anecdote, sketch, and feeling.

G. E. WOODBERRY.

REVIEWS

TENNYSON

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: A MEMOIR BY HIS SON.—*8vo. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company. $10.00.*

IT may be stated at the outset that no such memorial as these two volumes has ever before been raised to the honor of a man. It is not so much *A Memoir by His Son*, as an encyclopædia of Tennysoniana, the contributors to which are the most eminent figures in contemporary literature and art. Large as the books are, so various and composite is their content that no word of

all of it could well be spared. Here are critiques of Tennyson's abilities by hands as numerous as accomplished; series of correspondence in which the English nation, from its serving-maids and artisans to its Prince Consort and Empress-Queen participate; a minute biography of one human life the promise of which was completely fulfilled; a life wherein great grief and much happiness are humanly blended; an autobiography of marked openness, to which the contributions of many and notable kith and kin lend added candor; an *ars poetica* with a succinct philosophy of poetry from the hand of a master of metre, melody, and thought. All these things and many more are jumbled together in a chronological sequence, which year by year takes on the aspect of kaleidoscopic figures, so brilliant, so disconnected, and so persistent are its constituents.

As the second Lord Tennyson is at pains to explain in his preface, this formless comprehensiveness stands as the result of his father's express commands. The lack of connecting links to form a narrative worthy of its subject is due to a self-obliteration which compels admiration no less than regret. But, though every page of the eleven hundred or more teems with literary interest, the result is a literary digest, not a literary work. Viewed as a monument, it is not an obelisk, but a cairn.

Tennyson's life was written plain in his poems for all who cared to devote themselves to their study. To the others, the lifting of the veil of privacy in this memoir will bring surprises. The semi-monastic seclusion of a devotee to art stands revealed as a bounteous yet discriminate hospitality, a poet's morbid shyness as wholesome geniality, the pallid cheek and ascetic frame as the body, tall and deep-chested, of an athlete. Instead of an uninterrupted withdrawal from humanity, there appears an uninterrupted succession of intimate friends, which makes the index of names at the end of the work almost identical with Britain's roll of honor for two generations. Rather than a strange being, in- or superhuman, there comes forth Carlyle's "life-guardsman spoiled by making poetry," the person he could characterize as "dusty, smoky, free-and-easy . . . a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man."

Tennyson was an admirable mimic—George IV was a favorite subject—and brimful of happy humor and merry jest. "You resemble our family; was your mother often at court?" inquired the king. "No, sire," replied his double, "but my father was"—this was one of his favorite jests. He was fond of cold salt beef and new potatoes, an inveterate smoker of pipes (though he wished Americans would give him something else, if only for variety), six feet tall, and of massive build—a man of whom Edward Fitzgerald says: "Alfred could hurl the crowbar further than any of the neighboring clowns," and of whom Mrs. Louth records that he once lifted a pony bodily in her presence. He was a devoted husband—"with my wife the peace of God entered my life," he writes; an enraptured father—"see him racing up and down stairs, and dandling the baby," writes the happy mother; a kindly man who never failed to assist a person "deserving in difficulties." Though fond of just praise and sensitive to undeserved rebuke, he was yet able to respond to mawkish flattery with "Do n't talk damned nonsense;" and he was always the poet, wishing he could have written one song like Lovelace's "Althea" rather than all his own verse, or seeing the moonlight reflected from the eye of a singing nightingale.

Honors such as never crowned a disciple of letters before were thick upon Alfred Tennyson. Of his doctorates, his laureateship, and his barony, the world is aware. His writings made him the first of poets to earn a livelihood by his muse, and in them all his real distinction lies. He revived and invented measures and cadences new to the modern ear, and new to the world. He conjoined form and ideas multifariously, and most successfully. Wordsworth said: "Mr. Tennyson, I have been endeavoring all my life to write a pastoral like your "Dora," and have never succeeded." *Maud* is not only the first of dramatic monologues in English verse, but "the best study of madness since Shakespeare." "In *In Memoriam*," writes George John Romanes, in a discussion of natural selection, "Tennyson noted the fact, and a few years later Darwin supplied the explanation;" while Frederick Robertson says of the same poem: "To my mind and heart the *most* satisfactory things that have ever been said on the future state are contained in this." In *The Princess* is found the "herald-melody" of all that woman has been able to do in an age peculiarly hers, and Sir William Rowan Hamilton observes: "It presses deeply upon my reflection how much wiser a book is Tennyson's *Princess* than my *Quaternions*" "Before Tennyson," another notes, "no modern poet had undertaken the hard task of setting forth with poetic fire and glow the golden mean of politics." And of his works, one by one, similar praise could be cited. Among the greatest of all his achievements, since it freed a literature, is the result of his success reacting upon criticism. This, only to be read between the lines of this book, separates by an epoch the beginning and end of Tennyson's career. His earlier work provoked a storm of abuse—some of it, as in Bulwer-Lytton's case, flagrantly personal. Even in 1852, "The Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was condemned by virtually every recognized guide of public taste. So often and so convincingly were these too conservative judges found to be wrong in the popular estimation, that the appeal to precedent is no longer made in English verse, nor is every new work forced into crudely unfavorable comparison with existing masterpieces. It is not too much to say that Tennyson left the critics as eager to welcome any novel mani-

festation of poetic ability as he found them anxious to rebuke it.

Tennyson was a man of wide and easily elicited sympathies, and his life, as we may now see it, points out the reason. He was a man of many sorrows. Falling in love at sight with Emily Sellwood, a niece of Sir John Franklin, yet, from "eternal want of pence," he was forbidden communication with her after they had become affianced. Four years after this blow, in the endeavor to make himself independent he saw all his small patrimony and most of that of his brothers and sisters swept away, and was driven near to melancholy madness. In 1845 he was saved from something dismally like penury by a governmental pension — Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) induced Sir Robert Peel to read "Ulysses," and two hundred pounds a year resulted. He was haunted by a fear of blindness through many weary years of defective vision.

Arthur Hallam's death was a poignant sorrow always; but the law of compensations was never illustrated more beautifully than by the change *In Memoriam* wrought in its creator's fortunes. With money borrowed from his publisher on account of this poem he was enabled to marry the woman who was his choice ten long years before; and it was *In Memoriam* too, destined later to console his august spouse, which so struck the Prince Consort's fancy that it procured for Tennyson the laureateship after Rogers had declined it. Tennyson's last great affliction came with the death before birth of his first-born son, due to the mother's accidental fall. From this it is pleasant to turn to the christening day of Hallam, the memoirist here. The ceremony ended, his parents linked the present to a curiously remote past by taking him to see Samuel Rogers, who has recorded his boyish visit to Dr. Samuel Johnson, though he ran from the house in fright after laying hold of the knocker.

It is Tennyson's very fullness of experience, love delayed, deprivations endured, friendship bereft, fatherhood disappointed, all mellowed by a robust manliness, that underlies all the Tennysonian philosophy of enlightened optimism.

The critical faculty, hardly less than his imagination, made Tennyson the complete artist he was. It is true insight which enables him to write Mr. Swinburne in acknowledgment of the "Atalanta in Calydon," and ask: "Is it fair for a Greek chorus to abuse the Deity something in the style of the Hebrew prophets?" Sentences similarly searching could be cited in respect of the work of many another author: Massey, Clough, Morris, Arnold, a score of them.

The indefiniteness of arrangement and lack of cohesion are the only faults to cause regret in the reading of the work, and these have been shown to be inevitable. It is a book which can be quoted piece by piece until the whole is exhausted, without cessation of interest. It is, in all save form, a worthy memorial for the enshrining of a great genius, and an evidence of so much more than filial duty that it induces hope of the second Lord Tennyson's not remaining a man of one book. It is, above and beyond all else, a definitive and explicit placing of Tennyson in the ranks of the immortals — not only as a man and the brother of men — not alone as a poet and the benefactor of humanity, but as a philosopher and guide to the aspirations of all mankind. "He was the wisest man I ever knew," said Thackeray.

THE POETRY OF TENNYSON.—*By Henry Van Dyke, D.D. 16mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.*

THESE essays of Dr. Van Dyke have been before the public for eight years and more. But in their revised form, running current with the *Memoirs*, they receive an enhanced value of which the careful revision makes them deserving. They are timely, moreover, in coming at a day when there is a disposition manifest to set up false standards of art for poetic expression in English, to extol formless intellectuality as the highest product of the race's genius, to mistake the relative values of lucidity and obscurity, ogic and involution, and to disregard entirely that wise apothegm that deprecation of one poet is not praise of another. We know many excellences but no rivals in English verse. It is only recently that Sir Joshua Fitch has quoted with approval Matthew Arnold's hardly comprehensible letter of December 17, 1860: "The real truth is that Tennyson, with all his temperament and artistic skill, is deficient in intellectual power, and no modern poet can make very much in his business unless he is preëminently strong in this." For such heresy Dr. Van Dyke administers the pleasing antidote of appreciation and disproof, quite as efficacious as the unconscious tribute Arnold was doomed to pay the master by his reproduction, at a distance, of his mingled charms of thought and diction.

Still, since much of this small book is made up of interpretations, and it has long been known that in the *Memoirs* analyses of the works were to be given which had the full approval of Tennyson himself, it required a certain hardihood to bring the two into such inevitable comparison. In one case, that of the intention and meaning of "Maud," Dr. Van Dyke has changed his views completely, the cause of his conversion being due to no less an operation than listening to the entire poem as read aloud to him by Tennyson. In his earlier and incorrect view he had Mr. Gladstone and many other critics at his back; and their common mistake should serve to illustrate the danger of assuming that clearness of expression and simplicity of manner necessarily preclude depth of thought. In other respects Dr. Van Dyke has been singularly accurate in his studies, an accuracy of which no better proof is possible than

the following comparisons between his views and those of the contributors to the *Memoirs:*

THE PALACE OF ART.

Dr. Van Dyke (p. 29):

Its object is to exhibit a gifted but selfish soul in its endeavors to live alone in its own enchanted world of pleasure, without caring for the interests of the great world of mankind. The lesson which the poet desires to teach is that such a life must be a failure and carry its punishment within itself.

Aubrey De Vere (I, 505):

Its theme is the danger resulting from that "Art Heresy" of modern times, which substitutes the worship of Art for its own sake in place of that reverence which man should feel for it only when it knows its place and is content to minister at the altar of Powers greater than itself, viz., Nature and Religion.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. Van Dyke (p. 130):

The harmony of knowledge with reverence; the power of the heart of man to assert its rights against the colder conclusions of mere intellectual logic; the certainty that man was born to enjoy a higher life than the physical, and that though his body may have been developed from the lower animals, his soul may work itself out from the dominion of the passions to an imperishable liberty; the supremacy of love; the sure progress of all things toward a hidden goal of glory.

Henry Sidgwick (I, 302):

What *In Memoriam* did . . . in this struggle [to clear Faith in God and Immortality from Superstition] was to impress on us the ineffaceable and ineradicable conviction that humanity cannot acquiesce in a godless world; the "man in men" will not do this, whatever individual man may do, whatever they feel themselves temporarily drawn to do, by following methods which they cannot abandon to the conclusions to which those methods seem to lead.

This marked accordance serves to lend to Dr. Van Dyke's writings the imprimatur of Tennyson himself, and adds greatly to the interest which they were otherwise certain to command. Of all of them that concluding the book, on "The Study of Tennyson," is especially valuable. Regardless of the fact that it helps us in understanding how its author arrived at conclusions which make his sub-title of "Essays in Vital Criticism" so appropriate, it holds that breadth of view which best consorts with Tennyson's noble attitude toward life and the problems life evokes. Many of the other papers, "The Bible in Tennyson," for example, will aid the reader in the formation of sound views regarding ethics and art, but in this final essay such instruction is given, simple and terse, as cannot but tend to retain the greatest of the Laureates in the place near the heart which his wide excellences merit.

IN MEMORIAM.—*By Alfred Tennyson. With a Preface by Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated by Harry Fenn. 8vo.*

MESSRS. FORDS, HOWARD AND HULBERT have just issued a very beautiful edition of *In Memoriam*, prefaced by the essay by Dr. Van Dyke, which is reprinted in his volume on *The Poetry of Tennyson*. It serves as an excellent introduction to the poem. The illustrations by Mr. Harry Fenn are alternately excellent and foolish. Many of them are extremely old-fashioned in their manner; others are modern and full of delicacy and feeling. There are suggestions of Alfred Parsons in some of the flower-pieces—of the late William Hamilton Gibson in others. The book is very suitable for the holidays, and the publishers deserve a word of praise for its attractive manufacture.

AN ADMIRABLE BOOK

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.—*By James Bryce. The Century Co.*

THE text book on South Africa has at last been written, fortunately by the man of all men most competent to make it fascinating and authoritative. It is really a matter of congratulation to everybody, to lovers of history especially, that on the problems of the newest and most perplexing of countries there should be thrown the strong, steady light of dispassionate study which ten years ago revealed the intricacies of the American commonwealth. Mr. Bryce's latest book has all the thoroughness of his earlier work, the same spacious judgment, the same total absence of national or racial bias. Usually one no more looks for impartiality in an English book on South Africa than in an American history of the Revolution. Not Waterloo, nor the Crimea, nor Sedan, not even our own Civil War, has left behind it such bitter, restless memories as Majuba Hill; and one may fairly call Mr. Bryce's treatment of English relations with the Transvaal unique in its careful sensitiveness to the arguments of both sides. That, of course, ought to be the attitude of an inquirer into the condition of any land. Where the country is still, as it were, *sub judice*, still wavering in the balance, it is not only a recommendation but an essential. Yet the list is already long of those writers to whose dogmatism or prejudice South Africa has been a ready pitfall. More than any other country it asks of its historian detachment, self-restraint, a judicial mind. For it must be remembered that South Africa is, historically, a creation of our own time, with a very short though contentious past to look back on and all its hopes of development and prosperity fixed on the future. The writer, therefore, who sets out to describe it must not only narrate the events that led up to the great Boer secession of 1836, the foundation and history of the Transvaal Republic, the Orange Free State, and Natal—all of them subjects requiring the utmost impartiality—must not only discuss the hardly less hazardous topics of the prospects of Rhodesia and the present condition of the Transvaal, but is compelled by sheer necessity to become in some measure a prophet as well as a historian, has to forecast the future, and picture South Africa as it will be fifty or sixty years from now.

Periculosæ plenum opus aleae
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

Mr. Bryce escapes all dangers by his rigid avoidance of extremes. There is no more passion in his statement of a case than can be found in one of Euclid's propositions. The scales are held evenly between black and white, between British and Boer, between the colonists and the missionaries, between Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Rhodes. That, to be sure, is merely to say that Mr. Bryce writes as a historian and not as a pamphleteer. But it was just the lack of this stubborn open-mindedness that made, for instance, Froude's brilliant studies of South Africa and West Indian affairs "mere literature." Mr. Bryce does not indeed possess the irresistible buoyancy of Froude's style. His pictures of scenery and native customs and personal experiences do not burn themselves on the mind as did Froude's. But as a writer he falls short only of that supreme word-painter among historical authors. His prose is of singular stateliness and flexibility, lending itself to many uses and adapted to them all—the prose of a humanised Gibbon, strong without being overwhelming, dignified but not starched. And in the larger qualities that go to make an enduring work, in sanity, self-control, the handling and marshalling of facts on a great scale, and temperance in drawing conclusions, this book is certainly the superior of Froude's *English in the West Indies*. Mr. Bryce sees with the eyes of a statesman and infers with the mental conservatism of a philosopher. He takes up the riddles of South Africa as he would work out a mathematical problem. And the result is that Mr. Bryce has produced a book which it is no exaggeration to call great—great because of its author's mastery of a complex study, the minute thoroughness of his deductions, his candour and clear-headed cautiousness; great too because of his power of arrangement and literary expression. What Mr. Bryce's general conclusions are cannot be set forth in a necessarily brief review. The present reviewer, who has himself spent some time in South Africa, can only give it as his opinion that there is no question concerning the present or the future of that country which is not admirably discussed and answered in this book.

MR. STEDMAN'S NEW BOOK

POEMS: NOW FIRST COLLECTED.—*By Edmund Clarence Stedman. 8vo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.*

MR. STEDMAN'S new volume, comprising his poetic work of the last six years, and much that has not been in print before, may be cited in complete disproof of the common error that exercise of the critical faculty throws creative ability into abeyance. Since devoting himself to the studies of poetry, which have done so much to enhance the reputation of American criticism at home and abroad, Mr. Stedman has not, as a matter of course, written so great a number of verses; but those he has produced show such evidences of delicacy and fastidiousness that their quality is ample compensation.

There is in this volume, indeed, more of inspiration and less of formalism, a ripening and broadening of the taste, and a mastery of technique that leaves little to be desired. Mr. Stedman's apology anticipates the objection to the arrangement of his titles; for it surely would have been wiser to bring the patriotic numbers together, rather than leave them scattered throughout the book. There are here no such extended efforts as the "Alice of Monmouth" of his youth, but an apparent holding with Poe's dictum that there is no such thing as a long poem. Yet the flight in the glowing chapter called "The Carib Sea" is the longest and best-sustained Mr. Stedman has taken. He not only catches and preserves for us the beauty of the water,

> "Where the ship has a level beam,
> And the storm has spent his forces,
> And the sky is a hollow pearl
> Curved over a sapphire sea,"

and the tropical glory of those islands,

> "Where the shore-grape's tendrilled runners spread,
> And purple trumpet-creepers fall,
> And the frangipani's clusters shed
> Their starry sweets withal,"

but the very spirit of the newly-discovered Spanish Main is made ours in a ringing, virile lyric or two that breathes the modern renaissance of robustness. There is nothing better of its kind than "Morgan," of which the first and last stanzas run:

> "Oh, what a set of Vagabundos,
> Sons of Neptune, sons of Mars,
> Raked from *todos otros mundos*,
> Lascars, Gascons, Portsmouth tars,
> Prison-mate and dock-yard fellow,
> Blades to Meg and Molly dear,
> Off to capture Porto Bello
> Sailed with Morgan the Buccaneer!
> . . . . . .
>
> "Out again through reef and breaker,
> While the Spaniard moaned his fate,
> Back they voyaged to Jamaica,
> Flush with doubloons, coins of eight,
> Crosses wrung from Popish varlets,
> Jewels torn from arm and ear—
> Jesu! how the Jews and harlots
> Welcomed Morgan the Buccaneer!"

"Peter Stuyvesant's Call" of the poet's earlier day is represented now by "The Dutch Patrol," and the vein of colonial and revolutionary days worked a little more thoroughly than before. Yet the feeling of that time is reproduced so vividly that the reader makes complaint at there being so little of it. Ample compensation is made in the celebration of modern America for those who love their country and are interested in the poetry to which their country has

given birth. The deeds of the Civil War no longer engross Mr. Stedman's pen; he turns instead to such peaceful victories as are embodied in the life of Helen Keller, the triumphant note of freedom gained in "The Hand of Lincoln," the preservation of the historical continuity of our national poetry in the chapter of "Commemorations," and much more to the same good end. This is the dominating note of the pleasant volume, though we wish to speak with strong approbation of the fine literary flavor of "Ye Tombe of ye Poet Chaucer and Ariel," and the dramatic vigor of "Hebe and The World Well Lost." But Mr. Stedman's fame rests securely on his doing here what America most needs to have done: striking again and again upon the chord of national feeling and sentiment, which alone can arouse and inspire our national tradition and art, and so keep true, and make more true, the outburst on the first of his pages:

"What need to borrow? Lustier clime
Than ours earth has not,—nor her scroll a time
Ampler of human glory and desire
To touch the plume, the brush, the lips, with fire;
No sunrise chant on ancient shore and sea,
Since sang the morning stars, more worth shall be
Than ours, once uttered from the very heart
Of that glad race that here shall act its part."

"A CRITICISM OF LIFE"

TALKS ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE. — *By Arlo Bates. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.*

IT is perfectly possible to study literature much as one would study anything else, and with the same aim, namely, to gain a knowledge of it. In literature we have the expression of the world's highest thinking and feeling. That is a fit object for the most honorable scientific curiosity. We see no reason why an adequate knowledge of literature is not as admirable in its own way as an adequate knowledge of psychology or chemistry or mathematics. It is true that most people do not care for an adequate knowledge of any one of these four matters, nor is there any great reason why *most* people should care.

Few people, in fact, do study literature with a view of knowing it. In Professor Bates's opinion, it would almost seem, those pursuing a knowledge of literature for its own sake are of three classes, viz.: philologists, darkly and completely ignorant of the glorious world of poetry; grubbers in the dust-heaps of the past; and other formal and artificial pedants. We do not consider this a very liberal opinion: still, it marks Professor Bates's position that the study of literature is not the matter of importance. Some study is necessary; but the real use of literature in life is not as a thing to be studied. That any respectable persons can study literature merely because they wish to know about it, is a fact inconceivable to Professor Bates. To some his position on this question alone will convey an adequate idea of his book.

Still, so far as the world in general is concerned, Professor Bates is right: his book is therefore really on the uses of literature. The word "study," he thinks rather unfortunate, and here, too, he is right. People may have to put some little study on the language of literature, or what not, but, in any real sense of the word, they do not study literature, nor would Professor Bates have them study it. Nowadays people like to talk of "studying" literature because it seems more worth while than mere reading. But what Professor Bates is really interested in, is the use that literature may be in life. This is a fine subject, and Professor Bates handles it honestly and sincerely, and not, as has lately too often been the case, in a trivial way.

We have already said that Professor Bates has little appreciation of the charms of knowledge for its own sake; we may add, that he exhibits as little appreciation of the charms of beauty. The gain from literature, he holds, "may be broadly classified as pleasure, social culture, and a knowledge of life." The student of æsthetics would think that he might slip in something under the first head, but he has no such intention. He passes rapidly over the first two divisions, deeming the third the only one worth considering at any length. We have, therefore, a work on "The Value in Life of the Content of Literature." This is what Professor Bates's "Talks" are about, and very good talks they are. Professor Bates is vigorously in earnest: he is enraged with the scientist on one hand and with the lover of form on the other. He can hardly bear any one who does not look at literature just as he does; and his condemnations of literary works unsuitable to his purposes are among the glittering parts of his book. Tolstoi, Ibsen, Zola, Pater, have a poor time of it with him.

Such a presentation of such a subject does not exhaust the possibilities of the title of the work in question. But this is a good book, and will be to many the means of gaining from literature the best it has for them. There will always be some who will find in literature something worth having besides a knowledge of life. These will not be wholly satisfied here. But as these talks are not intended for them, they need not lift their voices in the conversation.

THE EVERSLEY HOOD

POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. — *Edited by Alfred Ainger. 12mo. 2 vols. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co. $3.00.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY add to their lengthening *Eversley Series* an edition of Hood's poems in two volumes. It does not pretend to be a complete and exhaustive issue, presenting merely a selection; but the selection will no doubt be accepted by readers and by critics as sufficiently copious and inclusive. There will naturally be here and there minor differences of taste and judgment, but in general the selection may be pronounced judicious. The editor, the Reverend Alfred Ainger, in making up his volumes, has rightly judged the present to be a case in which less is really preferable to more, both for the advantage of the reader and for the reputation of the author. Hood was a writer who had to produce more and other than would have been his own spontaneous choice. He produced under compulsion of circumstances. His first decisive impression upon the reading public was made with something written in a humorous vein; and the public ear after that was pathetically deaf to his serious efforts. Had he either possessed a competence or been endowed more richly with moral earnestness, he might, one can easily conceive, have accomplished a quite different literary career; he certainly did not lack gifts which, well cultivated, might have entitled him to rank high among English poets of the third, if not even of the second, class. As it is, he will always be remembered and admired for several short pieces in which point and pathos, exquisitely blended, produce an effect almost unique in literature. What little classic is surer of its immortality than "The Death-bed?"

> We watched her breathing through the night,
> Her breathing soft and low,
> As in her breast the wave of life
> Kept heaving to and fro.
>
> So silently we seem'd to speak,
> So slowly moved about,
> As we had lent her half our powers
> To eke her living out.
>
> Our very hopes belied our fears,
> Our fears our hopes belied—
> We thought her dying when she slept,
> And sleeping when she died.
>
> For when the morn came dim and sad,
> And chill with early showers,
> Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
> Another morn than ours.

The effect of antithesis here is almost, perhaps not quite, subdued to pathos and to beauty; yet how inevitably even here is betrayed that irrepressible tendency to wit which was lodged in the breast of this rhymer. It seems half a pity that the rest of the stanzas could not have been equipped like the last with their full complement of rhymes. At least the suddenly brilliant and charming effect in the closing line is much enhanced by the rhyme immediately preceding.

"The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt" need only to be named in order to call up to every reader's mind their indignant and pathetic appeal to human pity. "The Dream of Eugene Aram"—what is there in English literature fitted to take a more vise-like hold on the imagination, to purge the mind with more drastic emotions of pity and terror? "I remember, I remember"—how deep the pathos of it goes, a pathos not extinguished, heightened rather, by the witty conceit of the conclusion:

> I remember, I remember,
> The fir trees dark and high;
> I used to think their slender tops
> Were close against the sky:
> It was a childish ignorance,
> But now 't is little joy
> To know I'm farther off from Heav'n
> Than when I was a boy.

"A Parental Ode to my Son, aged Three Years and Five Months," is perhaps as popular as any one of Hood's humorous poems; but it is not so characteristic as are some others of his peculiar genius, for it does not depend for its effect upon punning. To imitate Macaulay's favorite style of superlative praise, Homer is not more unquestionably the first of epic poets, Shakespeare in not more unquestionably the first of dramatic poets, than Hood is the first of rhyming punsters. The second of Mr. Ainger's volumes is made up exclusively of lighter pieces that demonstrate the truth of this characterization. The editor's biography of the poet is written with intelligence and with appreciation.

THE DIVINE COMEDY

THE DIVINE COMEDY AND THE NEW LIFE OF DANTE. —*Edited by Oscar Kuhns. 8vo. Crowell & Co. $2.00.*

IT is to be regretted that the exigencies of our busy modern life make it impossible for the majority of readers to approach Dante through the original. Every student of Italian feels the inevitable loss in pure beauty of expression the *Divine Comedy* undergoes by an English rendering. And yet its wonderful architectural completeness and powerful imagery make it master of any medium, even of such a close prose translation as that to which Professor Norton subjects it. The two standard poetical versions, Longfellow's and Cary's—the latter has been chosen for the present edition—are both satisfactory means of arriving at a knowledge of

Dante. Shadwell's translation of the *Purgatorio*, although incomplete, is musical and gracious; it has caught the pageantry and passion of the Middle Ages in a measure beyond either of the other translations. It is a question whether from the most modern point of view the Cary translation does not suffer at times through its eighteenth century bias in matters of diction. With Rosetti's version of the *Vita Nuova*, on the other hand, no one can be anything but satisfied. Professor Kuhns has shown excellent judgment in placing it in his edition as a prelude to the *Divine Comedy*. Without it the reader would lose in grasp of both Dante and the great poem. He needs it to familiarize himself with Dante's early position as the leader of the Sicilian school of poets who were groping about for the outcome of their as yet vague ideal of the *donna angelicata*, angelicised lady.

The editorial work is scholarly and valuable. The notes on the *Divine Comedy* which Professor Kuhns has compiled from such standard editions as Bianchi, Fraticelli, and Scartazzini are the best collection existing in English. On the other hand, Professor Kuhns's own style in his Introduction is by no means immaculate. His Essay comes trailing clouds of glory from the *Methodist Review*, where it first appeared in May and June 1894, and there clings about the entire volume the general atmosphere of Chautauqua Reading Circles. He is sadly prone to triteness of phrase, and only in one instance, so far as we have noted—where he speaks of Dante's "compellant charm"—does he give anything like an unusual turn to his style; perhaps after all he is to be congratulated on having kept the safe conventional way. He has certainly conveyed inoffensively much valuable information, and has succeeded in compressing into the limited space of a preface all that is really necessary to know of Dante's life and ideals for an intelligent reading of the two works which follow. The edition happily includes the Giotto portrait of the poet.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

A MEMOIR OF ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH.—*By her niece, Blanche Athena Clough. 8vo. Edward Arnold. $3.50.*

IN the coming years, when woman shall have attained her ambition and assumed all the duties and obligations of manhood for which she is now so vehemently striving, it will become a work of historical necessity to turn to such a memoir as this of Miss Clough's. For two reasons: she was not only among the first of those woman-teachers who obtained for her sex the coveted privileges of a great university, but her success is seen to be clearly due, not to erudition—for she had none—nor to aggressiveness—for this was doubly lacking—but to that sweet reasonableness, diffidence, modesty, and mingling of dependence and independence which used to be laid at the door of femininity without fear of a rebuke.

Anne Jemima Clough, who died in February, 1892, the principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, England, was born in Liverpool in 1820, and two years later came with her family to live in Charleston, South Carolina. This was her home until 1836, long enough to leave her with a strong impression of America, and with a marked feeling of kindness for the American girls who were to come under her care in later years. It will be recalled that her brother, Arthur Hugh Clough, was also prepossessed. Some of the pictures she draws of that day of slavery, far more remote in sentiment than in years, are impressively interesting. She speaks, for example, of the old church of St. Michael's: "It had been built before the Revolution, and the spire was lofty, and it was like some of the old churches in London. There was a large porch running the whole width of the church. Here the men gathered together about church-time and talked together; the women and children went in, and the men followed at intervals during the service. There was a gallery about three sides of the church, and the negroes sat in the aisles. Young children came with their mothers, and sat on stools at the corners of the pews, with books to amuse them, and the mothers and grandmothers often laid the little ones down to sleep. It was a pretty sight, the devout mothers with their little ones, the rather rugged and sallow, fine-looking men, and the handsome young boys and girls." She tells, too, of three boys under sixteen who were to offer themselves to the one young girl with whom they were all in love, with the proviso that the successful suitor should fight the others with pistols. They were caught on the way, and the girl was not troubled.

The year after her return to England, Miss Clough turned her attention to the national schools. First by visiting, afterward by lending books, she made her influence felt. In 1841 her father failed, and three years later died. She says that her brother Arthur's poem of "Jacob" was intended to portray their father. For Arthur, only a year older than she, Miss Clough always felt "an especial admiration and affection," and it was with his approbation that she took up the cause of education as her life-work. She taught, herself, in the vicinity of Liverpool, at Ambleside, and at Combe Hurst, and was among the first to join the London Schoolmistresses' Association in 1860 under the presidency of Miss Emily Davies, who was to become the head of Girton College. Miss Clough became active in securing for North Britain the benefits of what have come to be known as "University Extension Courses," and it appears to be a fact that the impression of feminine earnestness and ability gained by the lecturers at that time was destined to lead the way to the opening of the universities to woman. It was

Professor (then Mr.) Henry Sidgwick, one of the early lecturers, who was the first to propose, in 1869, the delivery of lectures in Cambridge to women eager for instruction, and it is directly from this that the women's colleges grew. One of these had already been started at Hitchin. When it was removed to Girton a year later, Girton was not regarded as being in Cambridge at all. So it was really Newnham which came first, for this is the outgrowth of the little house at No. 74 Regent Street, in the heart of the city, where, for the sake of propinquity, Miss Clough came in September, 1871, on the invitation of Professor Sidgwick. Until her death her subsequent history and the history of Newnham are identical.

Miss Blanche Athena Clough draws an admirably distinct portrait of her aunt, erring neither through the omission of longed-for details nor by the copiousness which is so often another way of saying tediousness. It is possible from a single reading of her book to arrive at a very thorough understanding of the progress of the higher education of woman in England, of which it is, in one aspect, a history. The niece speaks with authority, having been Anne Clough's successor as principal at Newnham, and has performed with distinction a signal service for her aunt's memory, for the cause she stood for, and for her sex.

A NEW FAERIE QUEEN

THE FAERIE QUEEN.—*By Edmund Spenser. With an Introduction by Professor Hales. Illustrated by L. Fairfax-Muckley. 4to. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co. $15.00.*

AS a companion to the sumptuous edition of the *Morte d'Arthur*, which appeared four or five years ago, with pictures by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Company in London and The Macmillan Company in this country have just published *The Faerie Queen*, with drawings by Mr. Louis Fairfax-Muckley. It is in two volumes, and is limited to 1350 copies, printed from type. The manufacture of the book is altogether admirable: the paper is rough, soft-toned, and light in weight; the press-work is as good as presswork could be, and the binding is quite satisfactory.

The editing, such as it is, is by Professor John W. Hales, of King's College, London, who wrote the life of Spenser in the *Globe* edition. He evidently felt that little was necessary in this case, for his introduction is extremely short and of no great import. It may be unreasonable to demand novelties of an editor of Spenser, but it is not unreasonable to ask him to tell *something* in his introduction. Professor Hales's work is hastily and carelessly done, and reads like an undergraduate essay in an English literature course. With the *Encyclopædia Britannica* at hand, any one could have written Professor Hales's introduction, and many persons could have written it more interestingly.

Mr. Louis Fairfax-Muckley, the illustrator, is apparently new to his task. We should judge him some art student of no particular skill. His work shows no originality, and in many places it is meaningless and silly. His decorative designs, and indeed his whole contribution to the book, are obvious reflections of the late William Morris's style. Even the faults he has copied with care. The illegible title page—always a foolish feature of Kelmscott books—Mr. Muckley has imitated, and page after page shows mere variations of old designs.

The drawings show no delicacy and little poetic feeling. Mr. Muckley has scratched out a number of serpentine borders and several ill-drawn full-page pictures. When the text says,

> "Soon after eke she came, with full intent,
> And countenance fierce—"

we are given a huge drawing of a woman with a face innocent of all expression. It is absurd to publish this sort of thing, and pitiful that what would otherwise be so beautiful an edition should be marred by amateurish and unworthy pictures.

HAWTHORNE'S FIRST DIARY

HAWTHORNE'S FIRST DIARY; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF ITS DISCOVERY AND LOSS.—*By Samuel T. Pickard. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.*

A MULATTO, William Sims, was a playmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne's for several years while they were lads together in the Maine woods about Raymond. Sims became a detective during the Civil War, and disappeared mysteriously at its close. But he sent, anonymously at first, extracts from what he called "Hawthorne's First Diary" to a Maine newspaper many years ago; and after his supposed death another mysterious man sent some more. These, with Sims's story of having nursed a former neighbor of Hawthorne's during the war, and being presented with the "Diary" as a reward, Mr. Pickard uses to make a small volume. The extracts have to do with real persons and occurrences; but there seems to be nothing in them which might not have happened within Sims's knowledge, and he was not an illiterate man. Mr. Pickard, morever, is convinced that these slight excerpts show positive traces of Hawthorne's budding genius. Mr. Julian Hawthorne thinks they do not, and repudiates them scornfully. Though we are glad to be reminded that Hawthorne roamed the woods of Maine as a boy, and that he used to spell his name without the "w" and pronounce it with the "a" short, we cannot attach any further importance to the contents of his volume, and regard his chief contention as entitled, at best, to the Scotch verdict of "not proven."

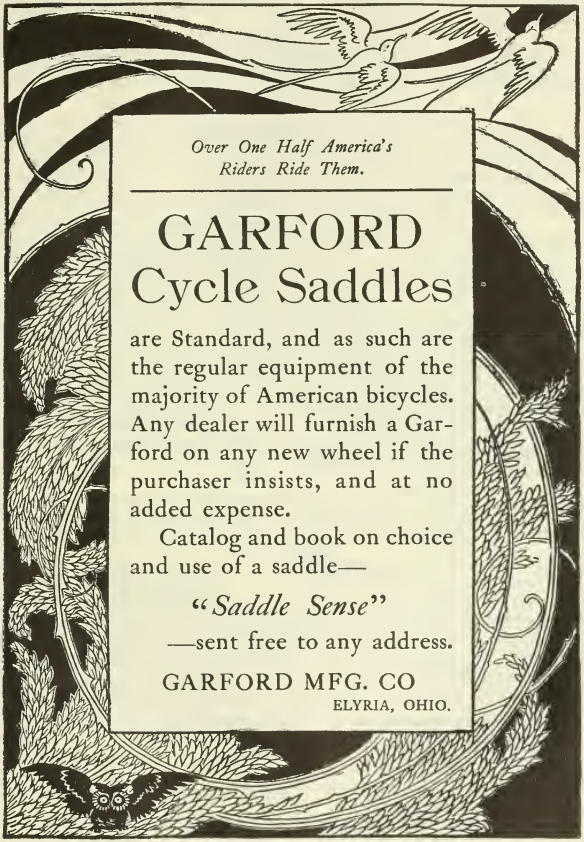
VINGT ANS APRÈS.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.—*By Harry Thurston Peck. Harper & Bros. $1.50.*

IT is pitiful the way we have to grow up. Twenty years ago we should have been thrilled and satisfied by this volume of essays; and now we can no more do it critical justice than play at marbles. At best we can only dwell on some of the aspects that would have made it so delightful in the early seventies. There is, to begin with, that splendid blaze of certainty in which the author marches through all intricacies—exceedingly impressive at a certain time of life. Later on, perhaps, we begin to sympathize with the critic's complaint about Macaulay's "stamping emphasis" and "rough pistolling ways," and so on; but at sixteen subtlety is put out of court, and we batten on a cheerful and reassuring dogmatism. And Professor Peck is nothing if not invincibly confident. "Every great thing that has been accomplished in the history of man has been accomplished by an aristocracy." How we should have admired and accepted that trenchant saying—once! Now it is like turning back to the alphabet merely to read it. Another of the professor's prehistoric attractions is his literary style. A clever boy writes instinctively in a kind of emasculated Johnsonese grafted on Latin, stroke upon stroke of clanging categories, the reflex of his own mind. "The pedantic marshaling of documentary evidence to convict whole nations, the intellectual near-sightedness that sees no farther than the hospital and the dissecting-room, and that knows nothing of the play of forces in the greater world beyond, the moral cowardice, the negation of hope, the grossness of the materialism, the suspicious distrust, the attempt to reduce the things of the spirit to an unvarying formula—surely these are not the traits of broad-minded, far-seeing, and sane philosophers." Is that Professor Peck's handiwork or a quotation from an old school essay of the present reviewer? It happens to be the professor's; but what of it? Let us be honest and admit there was a time when we all wrote like that, and thought it very clever and strong and masculine and not so greatly inferior to Macaulay.

We, too, used to talk of an author's "power of compression, his unerring insight into character, his humor, his sympathy, his moving pathos." Those were the great days of our hot youth, in the presidency of Grant. Every noun had its adjective and every verb its adverb; pathos was always "moving," and insight into character never anything but "unerring;" and when we wished to give a dash of liveliness to our narrative, we, too, made use of expressions like "whoop it up" and "that is all there is to it," just as Professor Peck does now. And the mental attitude was pretty much the same. Boys are terrible snobs, intellectually and socially; and our Professor "never meets a Boston man without a certain vague yet irrepressible feeling that he probably dines at five o'clock in the afternoon and has a sweet champagne served with the fish." How witty that would have sounded twenty years ago! Boys, too, are almost invariably vulgar in their humor and abuse; and, sure enough our Professor talks of "the insolent young cub of a German Kaiser," and declares the prototype of Oliver Wendell Holmes to be "the country smarty whose reputation as a funny fellow draws a group of admiring rustics about him as he sits on a cracker-barrel in the village store and emits his jokes, pausing only to refresh himself from a contiguous cheese and to spit profusely upon the cast-iron stove." Where now are the animal spirits that would once have roared in sympathy with these thundering pleasantries? It is almost an act of sacrilege to read a book that robs the grave of our youth and lays bare our old passions and foolishness. When the Professor declares that George Moore suggests brandy and soda; Henry James an opera-glass; Zola "a photographer who, with equal unconcern and as a matter of mere business, will in the same hour turn his camera upon the dead child in its coffin filled with flowers or upon the leering dancer in her spangled tights;" when we are told that Max Nordau reminds the Professor of "a mighty avalanche of muck," we own, shamefacedly, that there was a time in the lives of all of us when we really considered that sort of thing criticism.

But we do not wish to have our youthful indiscretions flung in our faces again. We have repented —most of us—and tried to reform; and may rightly object to telling o'er "the sad account of forebemoanèd moan." So, too, with the Professor's analysis of Mr. Howells, in which he ascribes Mr. Howells's power of observation to the Middle Western states, his refinement to Venice, his self-consciousness to Boston, and his pessimism to New York. With some such thesis we may have whiled away a sportive half-holiday years ago; if so, we had much rather the whole affair were forgotten. Neither do we care to look back on the days when it pleased us to pose as men of the world, on the lookout for a new vice. But the Professor can hardly write a page without assuring us that he is not wholly a schoolmaster, that he has been to Paris and knows all about it, and beneath his pedagogic wrappings is really a *flâneur* of the boulevards. Thus he writes fully, and with relish of Prévost and Huysmans and Nordau and George Moore—whom he characteristically likens to a professional *souteneur*. It is the lively boyishness of this book that rouses such painful reminiscences in one who is out of his teens. Indeed, nobody who was born before 1880 should be allowed to read it.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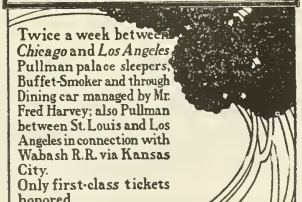

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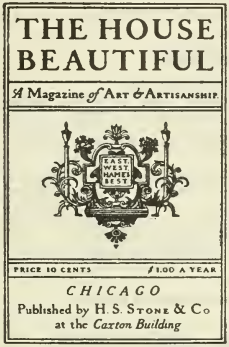

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The CHAP-BOOK
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Vol. VIII, No. 2 December 1, 1897

THE ROMANCE AND HISTORY OF THE HUDSON

A NOTABLE NOVEL, AND ONE NOT SO.

I HAD returned rather late. My great-grandmother, who was a very proper lady, frowned on me; my great-grandfather, who appreciated the good—and, alas, the bad—things of this life, smiled from his canvas.

Up spoke the Cricket-on-the-Hearth.

"There are too many o' 'em."

"What?" said I.

"Weyman, and Hope tyros, quoting the *Tribune*," said the Cricket.

"'Awkins at least through adventure develops the fence 'twixt man and woman," said I; and I turned to the books on the table.

"You must damn 'em. The shades of the Edinburgh reviewer are about," said the Cricket, who is an obstreperous personality. "These Americans are following the fashion."

"The fashion be hanged!" said I. "So did one young Mr. Irving a certain Scott. He wrote of the Hudson valley; he made out of the Dutch-English—witness Mr. Jefferson's *Rip*—a romance."

"There's," acknowledged the Cricket, "*The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*."

"And," I hastened to say, "the *Life of Washington*—which is part and parcel of the Hudson valley—is a masterly biography."

"I have ridden a wheel from Forty-second Street to Tarrytown, and there 're a lot of monuments," said the Cricket; "it is the historic American river."

"So I have heard—so I have heard. The Sons of the Revolution have erected things for their own glory. Oh, bother, I must review this."

"Do n't overpraise," said the Cricket.

From 1 A.M. till dawn I sat over it.

Free to Serve.—E. Rayner. (Copeland & Day, Boston.) The proof of a long book is in the reading of it.

A certain young spendthrift—the spendthrift is useful to the romancer—went to the devil in the London of 1701, and to save himself from a debtor's prison borrowed his sister's portion, and this sister—an English gentlewoman—accompanies him to America. But the ne'er-do-well has paid some debts, and to secure their passage binds his sister out as a servant in the colony of New York, thinking—this gambler—that he will get the money on landing. But of course he does n't; the poor young lady is sold into bondage, and the term of her service is bought by a young Dutchman of a manor on the Hudson. How she finds herself among gentlefolk; how she excites a rivalry between the brothers of the manor—this is the theme.

It might be a story of any time, for that matter; it 's simple, human, direct. The author, an artist, never once obtrudes her personality: and if we learn history, we are not conscious of it till later we realize it. The old Dutch life is deftly imagined, and the Governor, Queen Anne's cousin, Lord Cornbury, appears as a living personage. The life of the actors is cleverly real; the feudal manor; the dark forest background, with its mysterious flitting figures — Indians, traders, French plotters; while in England are the roistering blades who pulled off knockers and beat good citizens and watchmen.

But the high distinction of *Free to Serve* is its realization of humanity. Aveline, the heroine, is a sweet, charming lady; the Dutch brothers are well-made persons. It 's a notable book — so much better than *Hugh Wynne* that, if the publishers' claim for that book be true,—this novel's is greater — it is certainly one of the American novels of the year.

"You are overpraising," screamed the Cricket-on-the-Hearth.

"It 's my opinion," said I.

"True," quoth the Cricket, "criticism is but a personal statement in these sad days."

And I took up another book.

In *King Washington*, we have a much lesser performance. Yet the ending days of the Revolution are conceived with some good appreciation. A French-Indian girl parades as a spy; the General receives the famous Nicola offer of a crown. But for it all, we are being informed — being told history — not as in *Free to Serve* listening to a good and true story. Yet for the book itself, the photogravure reproduction of the Revolutionary houses on the Hudson are valuable.

As for the American historical novel, to return to the objection of my friend, the Cricket, it 's not a new matter. *The Spy* you remember; *The Scarlet Letter* you never may forget. And Dutch America, has had no better presentation than E. Rayner's in *Free to Serve*.

CLINTON ROSS.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GENIUS

CORLEONE.—*By F. Marion Crawford. 16mo. 2vols. The Macmillan Company. $2.00.*

SINCE the late Edward Payson Roe laid down his inspired pen, no American author has had such success in attaching to himself the vast, hungry band of seekers after Literary Culture whom we may roughly call "Chatauquans" as has Mr. F. Marion Crawford. There is this difference, however: whereas the "Chatauquans"

read the gifted Roe for Ethical as well as Mental Development, they look upon the prolix Mr. Crawford as an Intellectual Dissipation. Now, since of making new "Chatauquans" there is no end; since, moreover, of making new Crawford books there is likewise no end, Mr. Crawford's popularity is steady and assured. In his latest novel—that is, the latest in the past fortnight—Mr. Crawford tells us the secret of his success. "Like most successful singers," he says of one of the females in Corleone, "and, indeed, like most people who succeed remarkably in any career, she possessed the extraordinary energy which ultimately makes a difference between success and failure in all struggles for preëminence. Many have the necessary talent and the other necessary gifts; few have, besides these things, the restless, untiring force to use them at all times to the extreme limit of possibility. People who have the requisite facility, but not the indispensable energy, find it so hard to realize this fact that they have inverted our modern use of the word 'genius' to account for their own failures." According to this, one readily sees that Mr. Crawford will never be a failure,—no, not if he has anything to say about it: a person of his determination, when both hands break down (there is no escaping the belief that he is ambidextrous) will promptly study pedography.

When Mr. Crawford, fifteen years ago, published his first book, *Mr. Isaacs*, he was at once considered what is technically known as "a young man of promise." To outgrow this is in many cases difficult; take for example Mr. Richard Harding Davis,—he will, undoubtedly, be popularly known "as a young man of promise" so long as he retains his figure and a well-fitting frock coat, and there is no good reason why these two charms should not be indefinitely preserved. Mr. Crawford, however, has developed into a much more important personage than anyone could have predicted in 1882. He has grown to be a first-rate second-rate novelist, which is almost as good as being a second-rate first-rate novelist; like, say, the late Anthony Trollope. If for nothing but bulk and breadth of scope, Mr. Crawford's work is entitled to serious consideration; but when one takes into account the general level of excellence, so far as style is concerned (which, in view of his method of composition, verges on the miraculous), consideration becomes transformed into at least faint praise. For his style is not the higher journalism (which is Mr. Davis's medium), is not that of the finished amateur; it is on the borderland of genuine literature and is convincingly professional. And Mr. Crawford has one talent, surely, in which he excels: his power of securing local color, the unique, pervading atmosphere of the place about which he is writing is superior to that of any author now publishing in English, with the single exception of Mr. Thomas Hardy. No traveler who has lived in Rome somewhat longer than the obliging Mr. Cook permits can for a moment question Mr. Crawford's authoritative manipulation of the panorama of Roman society; no one who understands New York from Washington square three miles up the avenue, can have any doubts as to the reality of "The Ralstons'" environment. If this gift of Mr. Crawford's is not genius it is certainly talent of the highest order,—and talent, incidentally, which is used "to the extreme limit of possibility."

Since the publication of *Saracinesca*, which was a novel of considerable force, and of an appreciable, although meretricious, distinction (if the phrase be not too paradoxical), Mr. Crawford has published several novels as sequels and corrollaries,—*Pietro Ghisleri, Sant' Ilario, Don Orsino*, and now, *Corleone;* and, as is too frequently the case, none of the successors has quite equalled the initial success. *Corleone*, which is a tale of Sicilian brigandage, is, needless to say, prolix to a degree. In the first volume the author does little but grope around in an endeavor to collect all the strands of his plot; in the second there are the usual irritating marches and countermarches. Although one gets a strong impression of the physique and nervous state of the different characters, not a single personage leaves behind the conviction of a vital personality. The plot, however, is thoroughly good; it would make an admirable single volume story; even in its present attenuated and tortuous form, it does not fail to hold one's attention and spur one over diluted apothegms and analyses. The author analysing, by the way, is as one shooting at a target with a shotgun;—the bull's-eye is hit, no matter at what expenditure of lead. On the whole, then, it seems scarcely worth while, although Mr. Crawford himself is worth some attention, to discuss *Corleone* in detail, other than to say that it is eminently characteristic; it is thoroughly interesting, entirely sincere, and ultimately meretricious (in the least objectionable sense of the word). If virtuosity is its own reward, Mr. Crawford is entitled to a large share of contentment.

INDIAN STORIES—BY A WOMAN

IN THE PERMANENT WAY. — *By Flora Annie Steel. 12mo. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.*

AFTER Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Steel. The general report on India, constructed upon the Masculine Principle by one of the "rowdy-dowdy boys," is now followed by a second, constructed upon the Feminine Principle by a lady who exhibits all the peculiarities of femininity and exercises all its privileges.

Not but that there is the fullness of knowledge in either case. In the *Plain Tales* this knowledge is largely asserted by implication. Throughout the *Permanent Way* it is made a matter of pretty thorough demonstration. But the man writes with compression, directness, and a business-like brutality

—showing, like Maupassant, the summary and remorseless adequacy of a butcher paring his cleaver at the meat-block; while the woman permits herself to be diffuse, discursive, undecided, and sometimes rather nebulous—the places her chop neatly upon the platter, garnishing it nicely and sometimes superfluously, and not forgetting to clap her little paper frill to the end of the protruding bone. Each fashion has its own good points, for the butcher-shop is one place and the kitchen is another.

Mrs. Steel is at her pleasantest in those places wherein the "Wellchiche," its subject or its sentiment, enjoys its most unimpeded expression. "Glory of Woman," in which an elderly gentlewoman leaves her dozen ancient and secluded colleagues in an "Ameedlework School" and fronts the publicity of the Bazaar itself in order to snatch a wilful young protegé from the burning, is a little masterpiece both of form and representation—a notable combination of refined feeling and stirring action. Another brief piece, "A Bit of Land," displays a shade of delicate sentiment far beyond the reach of the merely Masculine. An old Indian, who is filling provisionally the office of surveyor for his neighbors' fields until his grandson shall reach the age for assuming his hereditary place, falls into a maze of error through his inability to cope with the "Three-Legged One" (the surveyor's tripod)—a new-fangled instrument, whose use is compulsory. Though attempts are made to propitiate the three-legged divinity with garlands of marigold and to placate him with platters of curds and butter, he still remains obdurate, and old Tulsi, despite his best endeavors, is confronted in his map-making by an extra patch of white among his plots of green. He is summoned before the ruddy-faced representative of the ruling race to justify himself:

"How do you think that bit of land came into your village?"

Tulsi hesitated, gained confidence somehow from the blue eyes: "Unless Purmeshwar sent a bit of another world?" he suggested meekly.

The Englishman stood for a moment looking down on the wizened, monkey-like face, the truthful finger, the accusing white spot. "I think he has," he said at last. "Go home Tulsi, and color it blue. I'll pass it as a bit of Paradise."

MR. CHAMBERS'S TWO BOOKS

THE MYSTERY OF CHOICE.—*By Robert W. Chambers. 16mo. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.*
LORRAINE.—*By Robert W. Chambers. 12mo. Harper & Bros. $1.50.*

IT is not often that a reviewer is grateful to an author who publishes two volumes in rapid succession. But Mr. Chambers in *Lorraine* gives us such unmistakable evidence that *The Mystery of Choice* is only apprentice work that he has removed half the difficulty of treating this latter book.

The Mystery of Choice doubtless a reference to the title selected for the volume) is full of Mr. Chambers's experiments, and is proof of his unusual versatility. He panders very pleasantly to the public's taste for the gruesome and bloody, to its love for smart dialogue, to its fondness for unexplained mysteries, to its pleasure in scientific "fake" stories, and to its undoubted interest in insanity. It must be admitted that he could earn more as editor of a Sunday newspaper than he ever will as a decent novelist.

Those who remember his first volume *The King in Yellow* know with what brilliancy he addresses himself to raving, and with what power he chills the reader's marrow. His horrors are not planned and executed as were Poe's, with the implements of terror used sparingly. Mr. Chambers is wasteful; he piles Saturnian upon murder, steps not at the ghosts of renegade priests, and employs freely death's-head moths and white shadows. He is quite irresponsible; he starts a pretty little "Doll-Dialogue" between a man and a maid, hurls them to their death over a cliff, sends them for charming honey-mooning in Paris and Brittany, and finally ends the story raving like a maniac about—heaven knows what. He sends a hunted murderer away from what might as well be a Michigan lumber camp as anything else, not through fogs and pages of really charming writing, to Grief, a luxuriantly tropical island, where Primitive Woman awaits him chanting in a strange tongue—all in the best manner of many *feuilletonistes* of France, a country where Mr. Chambers finds largely inspiration and subject.

We have no idea that Mr. Chambers means to enlighten us his symbolic vagaries any fresh revelation. He knows, however, the charm of willful and unexplained mystery. The whole is very brilliantly slovenly, very wayward, very effective, and very affected writing, with considerable individual quality, and throughout the real "knack" of the story-teller which makes a tale readable in spite of all.

In *Lorraine* Mr. Chambers has devoted him to only one kind of writing, has quite freed himself from affectation, and has produced a book whose merits are considerable and whose faults are not exasperating. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 is so big a subject that it dwarfs Mr. Chambers's little story of the slowly growing love of his hero and heroine. In truth, he has wasted little invention on his characters and formal plot. There is no growth of character, and no concatenation of events. Pausing to run back over the story one even calls it careless in construction. But the spectacle of war forces individuals into the back-ground. We see of the struggle what a man and a woman might see who were constrained to be in the province of Lorraine from the beginning to the end. The rush to

the frontier, the retreat before the advancing Germans, and the sombre and cruel guerrilla warfare of the peasant *franc-tireurs* after the province was occupied by the invaders: all this Mr. Chambers depicts with spirit and with great vividness. We have momentary glimpses of Napoleon, during the first retreat and later at Sedan; we catch a sight of the Red Prince "tearing a bloody path to Metz," and of Archibald Graham (Forbes) gathering news. There are great battles, skirmishes, and desperate hand-to-hand encounters in the forest.

The minor characters, gathered in the first few chapters at a gay party in the Château Morteyn, are sketched lightly but well, from the Vicomte Morteyn, the *beau-sabreur* of the old school, to Molly Hesketh, the charming "frisky matron" of England.

Mr. Chambers has competed with two rival American novelists. He has challenged Mr. Stephen Crane with his war scenes. He touches these, it is true, very little from the point of view of the individual shivering recruit. What Mr. Chambers seeks to depict is the broad sweep of campaigning armies, which crushes into nothingness individual bravery or cowardice. Yet in spite of this there is enough of personal exploits to bring Mr. Richard Harding Davis to mind and into competition. With less effort, and it seems to us as much success, Mr. Chambers makes his soldiers brave yet fashionable, and, without unduly violating taste, encloses in well-made clothes much courage, chivalry, and loyal friendship. *Lorraine* is a very gallant book. It is a much better book than *The Mystery of Choice*, but the latter is more unusual, and will be, we suspect, as interesting to many.

THE CAVE MAN'S MARRIAGE A SUCCESS

THE STORY OF AB: A TALE OF THE TIME OF THE CAVE MAN.—*By Stanley Waterloo. 12mo. Way & Williams. $1.50.*

TAKING prehistoric man at the crisis of the first two anthropological epochs for his subject, Mr. Waterloo succeeds in writing a *tendenz romanz* in which marriage is a marked success—owing chiefly, as he observes, to the aoility to dodge palæolithic weapons, however skillfully projected. His hero is no less a person than the first inventor of the bow and arrow, as well as the first man of all of us to profit by the polishing of his weapons and utensils. Ab demonstrates in his own person convincingly how easily the transition was effected to the neolithic age—he was, to draw a comparison from the telegraph, the Morse and Field of his time rolled into one.

Of the recreations and daily life of humanity in a day remote in Europe but not yet dead upon the earth, Mr. Waterloo gives a picture in which scientific knowledge is enlivened by insight into the immutabilities of human nature quite to the point of conviction. His vivid pictures are, it is true, highly idealized, and certain practices of the age, cannibalism, confusion of kinship, and other matters now become unconventional, he eliminates entirely. His book, though it does not, and could not, tell all the truth, is accurate to the point of painstaking in what it does disclose. There is good hunting, good eating, and good fighting in it; from beginning to end it breathes the freedom and breadth of an almost infinitely distant past, and if there is not a chapter especially devoted to the cave man's religion an abundance of detail sets forth what it was that made the appeal to him from without. Particularly fortunate has Mr. Waterloo been in avoiding the ground occupied by Mr. Kipling's Mowgli; a single episode in Ab's career—the manner of his running after the slaying of Oak—bringing the wolf-child to mind. Not long ago a Frenchman made the lacustrine man his own and sketched in the transition from the neolithic to the bronze age. By taking a long step backward Mr. Waterloo has not only made a distinct advance upon his predecessor's method and treatment—to use an Irishism—but has conquered a new age, for the purposes of the novelist. Ab, and Lightfoot, his wife, are henceforth to be enumerated among our most distinguished ancestors.

TAKEN BY SIEGE

TAKEN BY SIEGE.—*By Jeannette L. Gilder. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.*

MISS GILDER has had the courage of a woman's convictions. She has published in book form, and openly acknowledged, the romance of ten years ago, then appearing anonymously in a somewhat minor magazine. In a neat preface she hints that her production has interested people of intelligence, and is mildly sarcastic over the critic who thought she did n't know everything about the inside of a newspaper office.

The Critic has always had a certain kind of practical humor, and at first one wonders if the whole thing is not a joke—just to let people see how barefooted the shoemaker's children can go. Never, surely, was a story, written from among the lettered, more entirely commonplace, more banal. There is every reason to believe that saleslades all over the country will beg, borrow, or steal copies of it, and it should press hard the popularity of Mr. E. P. Roe at the library counters. For there is not a feeling—certainly not an expression—which does not perfectly appeal to these readers.

Who else could hope to appreciate properly the heroine? A singer so resplendent that there "was n't a man, woman, or child in all New York who would

not have been proud to do her a favor," who might have had her carriage dragged home by the Union Club men, if she had not tactfully refrained from asking it, and toward whom the breath of scandal had never—no, never—blown the least little puff. And then this goddess asks the hero to "just drop 'round." Men in the far West die willingly murmuring her name, and the swaggerer of the clubs aches to be known as her fiancé. No troublesome throat, no broken contracts, mar her superb onset—nothing but adoration, flowers, and reporters.

And Rush—Homerically named—entering the city with the education of a college junior at twenty, upon whom experiences simply pall, until he sinks happy, but conscious of his worth, into the seat of the managing editor of the *Dawn*, under the fond tutelage of no less a man than Mr. John Gasper Plummett, and for whom on the last page, while his "strong arms are around her," her head rests on his successward shoulder.

With an interesting foreshadowing of her future career, as at least one-half a critic, the author has, at several points, skillfully guided her readers into the proper social and ethical way by a touch of personal preference or detail. When Archie shows signs of being in love with his "cousin," she hastens to say that she was only a pretend one, "else I should have taken no interest in his sentiment for her," and what could exceed in delicacy of touch and morale that moment when the hero is about to meet the heroine? "He had taken his usual bath in the morning, but he took another."

The book should have been dedicated to Mr. Edward Bok, and its proper place would be first in a series to be called the Department Store Library.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D' ARC.—*By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.*

SOME centuries ago the Maid of Orleans was done to death by the English, and during the last few years it has seemed that she stood in danger of a like fate at the hands of authors. But the subject is one of such perpetual inspiration, and the authors have on the whole proved themselves so competent, that it is with no feeling of satiety that one turns to the volume in which are brought together Mrs. Catherwood's papers.

It is in the interests of exactness that we do not call the book a novel. It is rather "a chronicle" in the old meaning of the word, and Mrs. Catherwood has kindly obviated the necessity of criticizing her work as though it were meant for a well-knit and compact tale. Yet, in justice, it must be said that her construction here is less rickety than what one finds in half the romances of the day.

The subject is one which obviously suited Mrs. Catherwood's temperament and knowledge, the latter increased by much study and travel in France. She has taken her work with absolute seriousness. Only a modern novelist himself could, we suppose, appreciate the boldness of Mrs. Catherwood's preface. "At the risk of moving a smile," she says, "I will confess it as the result of a divine hint."

After this it is surprising how little she has dwelt on marvel and miracle. She approaches the supernatural in the mediæval spirit, as almost a commonplace. So, although the lights glow about the virgin's head and heaven vouchsafes her strange signs, we pass naturally from the wonder of this to narration of the simple peasant life of the province of Lorraine. Mrs. Catherwood surprises constantly by her lack of violence, for the subject might easily tempt to rhetorical flights. She is not lacking in force, yet the sweetness of her writing is more noticeable than its vigor. Leaving the time of early visions and hearing of voices behind, she brings Jeanne from Lorraine to her end in the flames at Rouen, an appealingly pathetic as much as a heroic figure, to whom arises not only the incense of popular devotion, but the smoke of men's deepest and strongest love. Nothing keeps the figure of the warrior-maid more human than the constant presence of Bertrand at her side with his suppressed but unconquered love.

One cannot be too thankful for Mrs. Catherwood's determination to write her story in modern English and to spare us the affectations of archaic phrasing. This act in itself puts sentimentality and nonsense to rout, and gives us a rational romanticism.

UNKIST, UNKIND

UNKIST, UNKIND.—*By Violet Hunt. 12mo. Harper & Bros. $1.25.*

THOSE for whom its ridiculous title does not constitute a kind of quarantine—and that ought to be almost anybody of discretion—will find *Unkist, Unkind* a very pretty story, with a quality of its own.

If the very early chapters seem merely fair imitations of the Duchess's best, the atmosphere of Crawlaw Tower changes things and people, until they are all covered with the dust and ashes of a by-gone time.

The author, not moving within the white light that falls upon Greeba Castle, has not submitted the archæological parts of her book to expert criticism, results which endear her to her public, for the barrows, the cists, and crania, and myths of the Cheviot Hills sound very real; and if they were indeed never exhumed by a delightfully handsome Dry-as-dust like Sir Anthony, they ought to have been.

It is round Sibella—the lady so unkindly unkist—however, that the story moves, growing gruesome as the row of old skulls adorning her bed-posts. In a house where the skeleton of "old Geordie"

clutches the caller on the stair, and where aged bones of the oldest inhabitant stew in the kitchen with the harmless domestic soup, one is not surprised that things more uncanny still come to pass. Nor that the little yellow butterfly girl who gets in Sibella's way should be found, quite cold and pale in the light of the small windows, the great gold necklace of the chieftain of Maiden Knowe twisted tight round her neck, and on her temple, where the bone is thin-nest, a straight, deep cut from one of the bronze knives of the old cabinet.

And yet Sibella, with her sleepwalkings, her cats, her waxen figures, her spells and her poisoned rings, is made to seem like a veritable creature. She gets on one's nerves, but she can be pitied, and scolded, too.

All this, told as it is by the pale, plain, uninteresting companion, has a peculiar charm which, for want of a better word, one is forced to call literary. It is not at all the story—it is the touch.

DOMESTICATED EXOTICS

DARIEL.—*By R. D. Blackmore. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.*

MR. BLACKMORE has tried to combine two alien elements in his latest novel. Upon the soft, gray back-ground of Surrey he has painted in rich and brilliant colors a group of Orientals. And if the resulting picture is not harmonious, it is because of the conception rather than the workmanship. Mr. Blackmore's deft and delicate style is adapted to the sun and mists of Surrey; there he is at home; he knows his ground; his readers feel entirely at ease. His touch upon the country is as light as thistle-down, but it makes it flash before you. His slight descriptions are imaginative—sometimes even exquisite; they have an individual atmosphere. There is character also in his English people, with their fresh and wholesome frankness. And the hero, who tells the story, is not made entirely of heroic stuff. He is guilty of refreshing inconsistencies and delightful errors. He can even be intensely and most humanly disagreeable. But once let him approach the oriental shrine which he himself erects, and he becomes a changed writer if not a changed man. Within that sacred circle everything is perfection, but cold and stiff, in spite of an evident effort to make it warm and living. We leave life behind upon entering it.

The beautiful Dariel from the Caucasus does not exist for us; she is a creature of another world, a myth, a fairy. The loveliness of her person and character has not the reality of George's occasional obstinate blundering nor the charm of his sister's playfulness. We pity the honest but unfortunate young Englishman who is obliged to live up to the level of so much perfection. The story of Imar, the father of Dariel, is inserted with almost the effect of an "Arabian Nights'" tale in a novel by Jane Austen. The author's change of style in it is dexterous, but the subject is foreign to the matter in hand.

The book is not homogeneous, and it drags lamentably. Yet, with all that, there is a sparkle here and there of the Blackmore who wrote *Lorna Doone;* there is grace and gaiety, and the fresh, sweet fragrance of the fields, and, with this, a sympathy with dogs and horses, a cheerful tolerance, a fine optimism. It is pure, impossible romance.

M. TAINE'S JOURNEYS

JOURNEYS THROUGH FRANCE.—*By H. A. Taine. 12mo. Illustrated. $2.50.*

THERE is no indication at present that the conditions of provincial life in France during the early '60's are likely to become a matter of acute historical interest, but if they ever do, then this early book by M. Taine will easily take high rank among the "documents" of the time. The author, at the age of 35, was employed as an examiner in the government schools, and his observations and impressions as he ranged up and down through the *départements* were embodied in a kind of loose diary—a sort of picturesque and informal report upon all the features of the provincial life of the country: agriculture and landscape, market-places and shops, types of the lesser *bourgeoiserie* and of the peasantry, picture-galleries and architectural monuments, the emoluments and diversions of college professors and young army officers—in short, the comprehensive survey of a "democracy, impelled by men who write and controlled by officials"—by that official class which "takes the place of the old nobility," and provides the rest of the population, "without so much as being asked, with markets, colleges, law-courts, and all kinds of grandmotherly intervention." What Arthur Young did for the France that preceded the Revolution, M. Taine may be considered to have done in a measure for the France that was moving on toward the Débâcle.

His attitude, however, is too markedly professional; his associates throughout his rounds are his fellow-educators, and his standpoint is largely that of the *cathedra*. While his vision is remarkably clear, direct, business-like, we are now and then abashed by his consciousness of his own wide competence, by his facility in prompt and confident generalization, and by the remorseless regularity of the operation of his mental machinery—a kind of quartz-crusher that reduces men, things, ideas, and institutions to the exceeding smallness that we associate in general only with the mills of the gods. Now and then one thing or another spills out of the over-full hopper: a bit of pessimism, with the author's own satisfaction in it; oftener, a bit of Anglomania, proper to the man who was presently to write the History of English Literature; oftenest,

a word in the querulous tone of the young professor who is displeased to find actualities at variance with his own theories and preferences.

The book, however, is charged with an extreme of life and color; the writer's liking for both human physiognomy and the physiognomy of landscape is unfailing, and his presentation of everything is invariably deft, swift, pointed. He devotes a good deal of attention to the influence exerted by the church on education a generation ago—from the secular point of view; and his chapter on Poitiers gives an amusing picture of the Legitimist aristocracy in retirement. His pleasant characterization of Nancy will be appreciated by any one who has passed a few hours in that agreeable old town. Paris, of course, we often find played off against the provinces, and the neat formulation of all the elements of the national life goes on constantly, *sans dire*, in the usual French fashion.

The qualities of the original style—*sec*, trig, precise, over-articulated — are well preserved in the translation, though more is sometimes required of our own bare past participle than the genius of the language can meet. The book contains a number of illustrations—not too hackneyed, for the most part.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.—*By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo. $3.00.*

ANY one that has fallen into the pit of the compiler, become entangled in the web of the indexer of names, will look leniently on the performance of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams in the preparation of his *Dictionary of American Authors*. He will take the author at his word when he says that, notwithstanding the six thousand and more names he has alphabetized, the list of American writers is not exhaustive; indeed, he will wonder why the author should take the trouble to say so. Moreover, he will congratulate Mr. Adams for considerable success, apparently without the aid of an established principle of selection, a favorite convenience in tasks of the order in question. Mr. Adams knows the difference between writing and literature, between poets and poetasters; and, since he could not include all the writers of America, why did he not draw the lines a little tighter, and put his labor on the entries worth while, seeing to it that they were full and accurate, names, dates, and all? If all the Americans whose claims to authorship rest on such publications as *An Anti-Tobacco Treatise*, or *Baptism*, and *The Relation of Boards of Health and Intemperance*, cannot go in, why put in one and leave the hundreds of others unraked from the dust-heaps of oblivion and old decay? If Mrs. S. T. [Smith] Moore is an American writer by virtue of the novel, *Ryle's Open Gate*, why, by reason of her bounteous outpouring, her limitless lyricism, is not that other Moore at least among the versifiers—Julia H. Moore, "the sweet singer of Michigan," the honeyed wonder of the West? Is it more, forsooth, to pen an honest tale than to rob the Hybla bees? We confess that we do not know why the author has done this and not done that, all along the way, and we suspect that he himself is not a whit wiser.

Seriously, the new dictionary falls short of the mark we had set for it; the entries are too meagre and too wayward to take the place of those of the bulky works from which they were largely drawn. As a tool of ready reference for a point or two about an American writer when one is in a hurry and not too particular, the dictionary will serve, and so save much time and trouble. Here, as we see it, is the spot for commendation; and it is no small one at this particular whirlwind stage of activity. For example, if one wishes to find in what State John Godfrey Saxe was born, or the year of his birth or of his death, and if he ever lived in any other State than Vermont, or the titles of his publications—if one wishes to know any or all of these points they may be found by opening the dictionary to the name Saxe; but if one wishes such points as the town of Saxe's nativity, or the dates of publication of his volumes, or whether they reached four or forty editions; whether he was ever an editor or a lecturer, or held a State or United States office, or where and when he was graduated, or when and where he was admitted to the bar—if one is in pursuit of such points, the old search will have to be instituted through Allibone, Appleton, *The Library of American Literature*, *The Century Dictionary of Names*, and the rest. Mr. Adams has done a deal of work, and it has not been in vain; still we cannot help wishing that he had set out with a fixed principle of selection, that he had covered less ground and given more heed to his steps. We have little or no fault to find with Mr. Adams as a critic; but we cannot commend him as a cataloguer.

MINOR VERSE

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many poets with a thorough knowledge of the essentials of poetry in every respect not wholly intellectual, the singularity of the examples before us lies chiefly in their lack of technical restraint. Alliteration runs wild, *leaves* and *breeze* are made to rhyme, and the adjectives actually outnumber the nouns in many of her stanzas.

Mr. Stringer, on the other hand, is didactic or nothing. *To One in Search of Song* he says:

"Sweep not the skies for thine ethereal theme,
Lest near the sun thou singe the wings of song;
But while lone readers of the stars but dream,
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As the poet follows the advice given in the first and neglects that in the last of these verses, his quatrains are monotonous reading, clever as are the ideas several of them embody.

A HISTORY OF METHODISM

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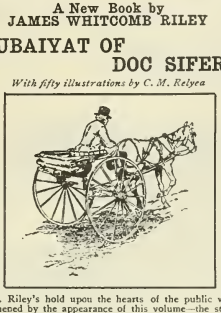

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NOTES

THE IMMORALITY OF REVIEWERS strikes us now as it has struck us any time these ten years whenever a magazine with literary pretensions has fallen into our hands. Time was when, in the innocence of our fresh, young life, we believed that if a man said a book was good, he said so because he thought it was good. Those were the days of full-hearted confidence and simple, artless joys. Women were peerless then, and men were noble; candy was sweet and brought no after-qualms and gum no weariness. Since then the world has battered us. How in the days of goggle-eyed credulity we read "Book Chat," "Literary Talk," and "Among the Books;" how we hung on the lips of "Spectator," "Lounger," "Observer," "Saunterer," and "Critic;" how we filled a bookshelf with the Great American Novel, charming little volumes, and the best work by far that has yet appeared from the author's pen, and how we even harkened unto the words of Laurence Hutton, and laid in a stock of wondrous things (marveling the while at the multiplied coincidence of the Harper imprint)—all these matters are for our secret shame alone. It was years before we understood the true nature of the laudatory evil or appreciated this saccharine degeneration of the reviewer.

MARK, HOWEVER, that the hired assassin of the critical faculty is to be distinguished from the congenital praiser, the eulogist by instinct. The former may be the victim of circumstance—caught young by a publisher, perhaps, and trained in the vice of panegyric, as a child may be trained to steal. Take Laurence Hutton, for instance; who knows what bitterness of heart may lurk beneath his purchased smiles? Willing, and even anxious, to return to an honest calling, a man has, perforce, to consider the daily bread, the little comforts of home, the frugal tea, perhaps the support of an aged relative, and count the cost of giving up his profession. Let us not think too harshly of him if he sticks. And, after all, this type is not the worst. Neither the hired praiser nor the occasional log-roller is altogether hopeless. Often, no doubt, after a hard day's lying, when they breathe again the free, pure air of personal prejudice, they damn quite naturally the things they want to damn.

BUT THE CONGENITAL PRAISER, the man who lisps advertisements in childhood and writes sympathetic reviews in middle age—the invincible enthusiast for mediocrity—there is no hope for him. His praise is the stuff that is forever making gods of tiresome little people and drawing crowds of the unsophisticated to their worship. If it only stopped there! But the worst of it is that it vulgarizes the really good things. He and his like praise the charm clean out of a book. The somewhat attenuated attractions of *Trilby* were obliterated by them completely, and the book came to reek so of idiotic associations that it had to be thrown away. Cheap praise killed poor Du Maurier. He had laid to heart Quintilian's maxim: "He that seemeth a wise man among fools, seemeth a fool among wise men," and perceiving the character of his American clientèle he soon died. Take their reviews of *The Christian*, *The Martian*, *Soldiers of Fortune*, better yet *The Choir Invisible*, and mark their language. When they are summoned before the heavenly throne, will they have at their command any compliments which they have not already addressed to James Lane Allen? They have blasphemously staled all their hallelujahs in advance. Yet if these people are sincere, and we cannot doubt it, it is hard to keep from envying them. Oh for the capacity of feeling all manner of thrills over all kinds of printed things,—of saying Land Sakes! with genuine conviction, and being near to nature's heart. Oh, to be a nice, round, happy baby once again. It makes us feel so old and cynical not to be able to weep at a pathetic intention on the part of an author, or split our sides over a humorous desire. Think of being able to laugh at Glory Quayle's letters, which a reviewer has described as sparklingly and deliciously witty! Even though our heart goes out to the author in his deadly grapple with the humorous, and we feel as if we would gladly do anything in the world to help him, we cannot laugh for him. Yet some laugh merrily. It matters not whether they were literary paretics or belated children, they laughed and they were happy. Life has a zest indeed for such as they.

THE LAUDATORY WHOOP AND THE IMITATIVE GIBBER, purchased or spontaneous, give books their vogue. Strange that libel should be criminal and the law take no note of the inverted libel of false praise. How much worse to rot the brains of the whole community than to blast the reputation of a single member of it. And when one thinks of the myriads of reviews which are paid for and read and the myriads of books which these reviews help to circulate, it makes his heart ache for his countrymen. Truly decadence is the deification of the commonplace, not the thing they call it in France. A great literary stupor has settled down upon the cities in this country, and the current discussions of literature proves that the taste for books is dead. The undiscriminating have inherited the earth. The remedy? That is a fearful question. Total abstinence from reading might avail in some cases, but the problem has to take into account the vices of the literary temperament—mere temperament without talent—and it is perplexed and complicated. Some deep thoughts rise within us, but they are too serious for publication at this time. The petrified phrase, the momentum of a past success, the psychology of the literary crowd, and the dynamics of imitation, each requires a separate sociological monograph.

THE FORTUNES OF THE THEATER have come to a pretty pass in New York when *A Lady of Quality* and *The French Maid* can take rank among the successes of the season. But deplorable as the triumph of vulgarity may seem, matters will have to grow worse before there is any hope of improvement. The fault lies partly with the public and partly with the great managers, who are ready to thrust any foul mess of pottage down the throats of audiences which crave nothing better. The men who at present control the policy of the best theaters and the most popular stars in this country are for the most part shrewd speculators in dramatic wares, whose Hebraic instincts will not permit them to look for a moment at any goal except that of their immediate personal profit. And since the best interests of the drama can only be consulted by the spending of money without the constant expectation or desire of immediate pecuniary returns—in other words, since our best plays can only be produced by managers who are willing to use the receipts of their more popular productions upon the staging of dramatic works of art which cannot in the nature of things be largely remunerative, except possibly by way of advertisement—it stands to reason that we cannot admit the possibility of public enlightenment as long as popular taste is catered to by a syndicate of Jews, whose knowledge of dramatic values is in inverse ratio to their undoubted financial wisdom.

By far the best of the theatrical ring is the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, a man whose literary taste and great personal charm are only partly discounted by his conservative timidity and limited range of vision. The history of the Lyceum stock company is at least a proof that Mr. Daniel Frohman is not in the theatrical business for pecuniary purposes only. He is the one manager in New York of whom it can be said that he is really in love with his profession. Unfortunately he stands in constant dread of the great leviathan whose gross appetites he feels himself called upon to satisfy. Not for one moment would he think of thrusting upon the notice of the beast any unwonted fare, however choice its quality. One cannot, for instance, imagine that had *The Second Mrs. Tan-*

quary been first submitted to Mr. Frohman by a nameless author, that he would ever have considered for a moment the possibility of its production, Granted, however, that Mr. Pinero has made a name for himself abroad, the Lyceum manager is wide awake to the fact that the American public must become acquainted with this playwright, not for his genius' sake, but simply because he is notorious.

And if Mr. Frohman would have shied at *The Second Mrs. Tanquary*, or *The Benefit of the Doubt*, how much more would he have looked askance at *The Princess and the Butterfly*, the most talkative and the most inconsequential—as far as plot and action are concerned—of all Mr. Pinero's plays. And yet the public must have the latest novelty from London, just as it expects the newest fashion plate from Paris. And so Mr. Frohman, not having sufficient boldness to say point blank to his customers, "You ask for Pinero: well, then, there he is, and how do you like him?" must needs go about to clip the wings of the poor "Butterfly," and having pinned him to the board, and tricked him out in new colors, hold him up for public gaze as who should say, "Pardon the necessity of forcing this dull fly upon your notice. He belongs to a fine genus though you might not believe it, and I have done my best to make him look pretty."

It has indeed reached such a point in America that a manager cannot, or will not, offer to the public what he knows to be a work of art, and takes his stand upon that. He goes between the people and the artist, and must temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

What are we to think of the intelligence of educated theater-goers in our big cities when Mr. Daniel Frohman, the best of our managers, can deliberately say with perfect complacency, "Yes, I have taken *The Princess and the Butterfly*, and cut out just forty-five minutes of dialogue, and the result is that I have procured what is not a very good play, but is, I think you will admit, a very pleasant entertainment." Of course we are accustomed to see the dead dramatists cut to pieces by our Augustin Dalys and Henry Irvings. Even Mr. Joseph Jefferson has tampered with the immortal Sheridan. But Shakespeare and Sheridan are in their graves, and cannot rise in their own defense. When, however, it comes to cutting up the work of a great living playwright, the practice, though morally no more reprehensible than the other, does seem to pass the bounds of all decent courtesy. We have not so many Pineros in our midst that we can afford to dictate to them exactly what they shall write for us. Moreover what must be the feelings of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero himself, who is more careful of every note of inflection than the celebrated orchestral conductor of whom the Scotch fiddler complained that he was "that particular to half a bar." The question that naturally arises in the mind is whether the English dramatist really knows that his quaint comedy has been butchered to make an American entertainment. He agreed, so we are told, to the omission of one short scene where the modern young man is discovered playing with his dolls; but it can hardly be imagined that he contemplated the wholesale use of the knife which Mr. Frohman has employed in order to get rid of these subtleties of humor which might make the average American playgoer sigh for his oysters at the Waldorf.

Now even supposing for a moment that these changes did really improve the play from every point of view, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the public is not bound in all respect to take from a man of Mr. Pinero's genius what he himself thinks fit to give, but when the fact of the matter is that the charm of *The Princess and the Butterfly* depends largely upon the brilliancy of the dialogue, and the cutting to pieces of the play seriously injures the continuity of the speech and interferes with the proper rounding of the characters, it is impossible to see what excuse can be offered for this method of dealing with our best dramatic offerings. *The Princess and the Butterfly* is not a great play; it lacks dramatic intensity, its characters were sketchy even before Mr. Frohman took the piece in hand, and the general treatment of the plot is conventional, not to say perfunctory. Yet there is about the whole play such a delicious atmosphere of genuine comedy, the humor is in so pleasant a vein and withal of so subtle a nature, and above all so much sunlight is suddenly thrown upon the dark territory which is popularly supposed to lie upon the shady side of forty, that while we exclaim of the characters that they are such things as dreams are made of, we welcome this return to the pure comedy of manners.

As for the New York production it has this one saving grace, that it introduces to us an actress who promises, sooner or later, to take the place of Miss Ada Rehan upon the American stage. It is very seldom that women are imbued with the true spirit of comedy; when they are, their value in the theater is almost priceless. In Miss Julie Opp we have a woman of great personal charm, possessed of a mellow voice and perfect delivery, and above all of an unmistakable intelligence. If she elects to stay in London, where she has an excellent opening and where her talents will be appreciated, we cannot blame her. At the same time it is pleasant to think that if we cannot produce intelligent audiences in this country, we can provide the English stage with intelligent actresses.

Just a word should be said in praise of Miss Mary Mannering as Fay Zuliani, the part originally created by Miss Fay Davis, another American actress in London. Miss Mannering enters into the character

with an unexpected vivacity and Southern quickness of passion. If she would only wear a more becoming fancy dress in the third act her performance would be irreproachable.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE to Congress, on the whole, has pretty well satisfied the country, since, if it disappointed the hopes of some people it disappointed the expectations of no one. Mr. McKinley has a moderate taste and ability for literary composition, and his message compared with the clumsy and difficult English of his predecessor might even be called a distinguished effort. Those who believe, as all the foreign students of our complication with Spain do, that no matter how the President may be advised we must drift inevitably into war, have had their judgment much encouraged by the minatory tone of a part of the address. Mr. McKinley does not hesitate to use the word "force," repeatedly. He contemplates armed intervention should the Spanish government retreat from its promises or even fail to bring about the pacification of Cuba by wise legislation. His message is called conservative. In the circumstances perhaps it is conservative. But no one can read the downright denunciation of Spanish rule in Cuba and the very frank threat to go to war in the event of certain not remote contingencies arising, without being impressed by the perils of the situation. The President will attempt to control the unruly elements of Congress. He will control them for a time. In case they slip from the leash he holds a trump card in the revival of Mr. Olney's dictum that the President, not the Congress, is empowered to grant belligerent rights. In one sentence he intimates that he is in complete agreement with Mr. Cleveland's secretary on this point. But Congress has many ways of forcing the hand of the Executive. In Mr. McKinley's case we have reason to believe that pressure would not be long resisted, since it is apparent that he secretly believes war with Spain to be inevitable.

One part of the message carries a rather curious argument. The president is attempting to prove the futility of granting belligerent rights. One of his strongest points is that the grant would make it impossible for the Cuban sympathizers in this country to extend aid to the insurgents. This "aid" of which the President speaks, is offered in violation of our treaty with Spain as well as our domestic law. That the President should base his argument against a recognition of belligerency on the confession that it would prevent us from extending illicit assistance to rebels against a friendly power, is droll to say the least of it. But it shows how indifferent the government is growing to the claim of Spain to be treated as a well-disposed neighbor, and how fragile is the protection of peace against which the war parties on both sides of the Atlantic are beating with the utmost fury.

THE PROTEST AGAINST THE APPOINTMENT of Attorney-General McKenna to the vacancy in the Supreme Court created by the resignation of Justice Field is unusual enough to excite great attention everywhere. It is signed by a judge of the United States Court of Appeals, a federal district judge, and a number of lawyers of high standing at the Oregon bar. One of the subscribers is a former member of General Grant's cabinet, who was himself nominated for a supreme court justiceship, and defeated in the Senate through the intrigues of certain "lady enemies" of his wife. The protest against Mr. KcKenna is ascribed to various jealousies. It is said he is assailed because he is a Roman Catholic; again because he refused to hold court in Portland. But the petitioners make no concealment of the fact that they are opposed to his appointment because he is not qualified by temperament or learning for the judicial station. Unfortunately for Mr. McKenna, whether the criticism be correct or otherwise, it is accepted as just by the people of the East, who base their estimate of the man upon his brief career as Attorney-General. He has seemed to those who have been brought in contact with him, a narrow, prejudiced, hair-splitting lawyer of no unusual ability, and his change of opinion on the notorious Section 20 of the tariff bill was enough to make angelic lawyers weep.

THE EVER DELIGHTFUL DEMOCRATIC PARTY—that is, the greater remnant that met in Chicago—is not in the accord that little boys who delight to scratch and bite ought to be if they expect to scratch and bite effectively. Mr. Bryan is still the idol and hero of a majority of the party, and it is said in certain sections of Missouri and Illinois the only art that is considered quite sacred is the lithographs and bas-reliefs of this great tragedian. But with the party leaders it is different—quite. Not one of them is well disposed toward the orgulous chieftain. They would tear him down, but they can't. His mighty frame resists assault. His personal beauty and his superb mastery of gleaming, glowing thoughts have enshrined him in the hearts of the humble. He will be renominated unanimously if the gods do not envy us the possession of such a miracle of excellence. Meanwhile Altgeld, Holcomb, Rogers, Bland, and the other envious souls will continue in their vain attempts to enrage the minds of the revolutionists against him. With all his genius, Mr. Bryan finds it difficult to so arrange his tragedy that all the "issues," the great throbs, shall hold the centre of the stage all the time. He is asked to take his final stand on free coinage, the initiative and referendum, government ownership of railways, election of federal judges, and fifteen or twenty other vital reforms. He is doing as well as could be expected in the circumstances, but he was trapped last week into a confession that he had not taken the time to study the question of government ownership of railways! Study! Does n't he *know?*

THE ACTIVITY OF GERMANY is not so surprising when one considers that the Chinese and Haitian entanglements will be of service when the time comes for the Emperor to renew his demand in the Reichstag for the enlargement of the navy. In China much can be forgiven the Kaiser. While European missionaries in the East are a great nuisance, and are probably the worst dressed people in the world, they really do not deserve butchery, and a government could be engaged in a worse business than defending the lives of its citizens abroad. The manner of the Germans is abrupt, and no doubt the seizure of the Chinese ports was less in the interests of humanity than in the interests of a bold foreign policy. At the same time, only through vigorous retaliation can the Chinese government be convinced that it is rude and unprofitable to permit the murder of white men. A few years ago, when white missionaries and their wives were assassinated by religious fanatics, the Chinese government promised to punish the culprits. Instead of doing so, it tricked the European investigating committee by introducing convicts, under capital sentence for other crimes, as the assassins of the missionaries. It is this sort of thing that makes the European governments take high-handed measures against the Chinese. In Haiti the case is wholly different. The negroes are not an admirable people, and President Sam is a weak imitation of the bloody Hippolyte, whose subordinate and enemy he was, the terms being synonymous in Haiti—and elsewhere. But there is no question that the Haitian goverment acted within its rights, or that the German chargé was guilty of unpardonable officiousness, or that the indemnity demanded by Germany is ridiculously large. The extreme brusqueness of the German government in this case is a sign of what we may expect if the Emperor's unflagging restlessness should cause him to turn to this continent for new scenes. The Monroe doctrine is a great deal more liable to bring us into conflict with Germany or France than with Great Britain.

WE EXTEND AN INVITATION to our witty contemporary, *Life*, to make public the authorship of the excellent series of cartoons that have been appearing in its pages for the last two months. Cleverer caricatures we have never seen; nor any that, while preserving the likeness, bring out more happily the subject's character by the slight and sober touch of exaggeration which should be, but very rarely is, with our American draughtsmen, the essence of pictorial parody. The sketches are all of well known men—Lord Salisbury, Hall Caine, Dick Croker, Tom Platt, the proprietors of the New York *World* and *Herald*, Van Wyck, and so on—and in each case the incisive result seems to be a summary of the man's whole life and nature. There is a complete history of Tammany to be seen in Croker's face, naked bossism in Platt's, forty years of English public life in Salisbury's, the *poseur* and showman in Hall Caine's, and the *World* in Joseph Pulitzer's. The anonymous author of these cartoons has more than good draughtsmanship to recommend him; more, too, than the easy humor of the *salon* which *Life* has made finally its own. He has the very instinct of caricature, the sanity and sense of the permissible, and the quiet ability to suggest without the blatency of presentation. One's curiosity to know his name is inevitable, but it can be restrained if the price of publication is the discontinuance of the series.

The mention of *Life* brings to mind Mr. C. D. Gibson, and Mr. C. D. Gibson unfortunately brings to mind the fate of all men who trade on their reputation. The last few drawings that he has contributed to *Life* have been almost barbaric in their elemental qualities—great, scrawny performances, unkempt and ragged beyond belief, with one blotch of ink for the girl's face and another for the man's, and trees that look like pieces of twisted molasses candy and belonging to no known species, arranged with more than Japanese perspective. The world of journalism, we may assume, is not peopled with angels, and perhaps it is asking too much of editors to consider an artist's work as of more importance than his popularity. But when a man perpetrates heedlessly inferior drawings simply on the strength of his reputation, we do expect journals of the class of *Life* to put some effective obstacle in his path. In this instance we have been disappointed, and the result does no good to *Life* and still less to Mr. Gibson. That artist, indeed, seems to be passing through a crisis of his fate. It is not his fault if the omnipotent matinee-girl has bestowed on him the same position in art that Mr. Davis has won in fiction and Mr. Sothern on the stage. But he will be very seriously to blame if he acquiesces in his reputation for all time. He has fallen into a rut and he will have to get out of it if he ever wishes to become an artist. You cannot fool all the matinee-girls all the time, as Mr. Sothern has found out. While her favor lasts, she is easy to please; but she has her moments of higher education and is apt to leave her idol suddenly to flounder on as best he can on his native ability. And the last state of such a man is considerably worse than the first.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Gibson has invested his whole stock of talent in the reputation that has come to him. He has still a large reserve which may yet be devoted to art. The precise condition in which he stands has been shown clearly enough by a recent exhibition of his drawings at Keppel's Art Rooms in New York. In these, when he is illustrating Dickens or sketching London life—that is to say, when he escapes from New York and forgets what is expected of him—Mr. Gibson shows himself an artist of exquisite deftness and

delicacy and conscientiously tries to introduce a background now and then and admit the claims of composition and perspective. It may not be really Dickens that he gives us, but it is a very pleasing version of what Dickens ought to have been. In the same way his London types show care and more thoroughness than Mr. Gibson finds it worth his while to cast before his public here; though they fail to represent the London girl as she really is, for the same reasons that makes his portrayal of the American girl so charmingly untrue. Still these outside studies show a serious artistic purpose and evidently provide Mr. Gibson with the impulse that is necessary for his development. But in his American sketches, or most of them, he returns to the slim prettinesses, the little jokes, the posings, starched attitudes, incompleteness, and defiance of harmony and arrangement with which *Life* has familiarized us. The moral is written broadly. Mr. Gibson will never be an artist of any intellectual power or even of any attractive humor. But he may do much graceful work, may even in time give us a picture instead of a number of isolated figures, providing he has the courage to rise above his present unfortunate reputation.

THE IMPRESSION that Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield finally put an end to literary patronage is popular but not quite correct. Patrons we still have among us, though their functions and character have changed. The Maecenas of last century was usually a nobleman who found it useful for social and political reasons to keep a literary man among his retainers. Some of them did so from a genuine love of literature; but the majority, we may fairly assume, considering how common the practice was, cared little for letters and dispensed their patronage with an eye to personal prestige and advancement, pretty much as a public man now-a-days has his attendant journalist whom he supplies with information. The writer was rewarded for his services by an occasional dole of money and "permission to dedicate," the last item being considered as a fair division of the honors between author and patron. One may take it for granted that most of these patrons did not encourage fertility in their admiring servitors. They must have looked with a certain dismay on the publication of each new book. There was the dedication, to be sure, with its neat and gratifying compliments; but against this and largely overshadowing it was the necessity of parting with a considerable sum of ready money in token of lordly satisfaction. Indeed, Dr. Johnson's epistle was probably very heartily welcomed by every patron except the one to whom it was addressed. It offered them an excuse for retiring from an expensive and rather tiresome position; and patronage in that particular form died away, not because the writers were averse to it, but because the nobility had wearied of it. The patron of to-day is a very different creature. He is not a member either of the aristocracy of society or of letters. He has, however, a good heart, and a genius for admiration. He is also offensively familiar with the masterpieces of literature, and has a sound journalistic connection. With these qualifications he worms himself into the friendship of young and ambitious writers, hugs them to his bosom, sits by their side, distributes paragraphs about their personal tastes and habits, and encourages them at the rate of three novels a year. Each work, of course, is dedicated "to the kind friend without whose sympathy and advice this book would never have been completed," and so the modern patron gets his reward. It is not much, considering the time and prophesies he has lavished on his protégé; but it is all he wants. His nature is a humble one, and he really believes he is doing a great deal of good. To be spoken of as "an encourager of young men," and an "earnest friend of literature" is the ambition of his life. With this and a few dedications and some reflection from the glory of such of his pupils as turn out successfully, the good fellow rests content. As for the volumes of trash which he is the means of bringing into the world, these trouble him not. And after all what are they when weighed against a career of helpful Christianity? Dr. Robertson Nicoll, for instance, the prince of modern patrons, has a reward in the spotlessness of his conscience which must quite outbalance any earthly encomiums. But we imagine that even he will feel a thrill of mundane satisfaction when he reads the following publisher's announcement: "Dr. Robertson Nicoll, whose editorial friendship was so valuable to both Barrie and Maclaren, is also literary sponsor for Dr. Dawson."

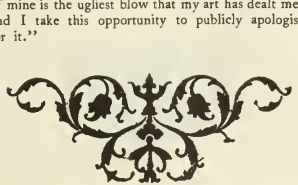
FOR THE PAST THIRTY YEARS it has been almost impossible for an Englishman to take up any branch of study without encountering the name of Edward Walford. His reputation has not yet extended to America, but we make no apology for reconstructing from his career the life of a modern publisher's hack. A list of Mr. Walford's writings would fill at least a column of THE CHAP-BOOK. They range over philology, heraldry, theology, biography, poetry, history, and topography. He edited four different magazines. He wrote a shilling Latin grammar, and compiled lists of the peers, barons, and knights of the United Kingdom. One day he was editing Butler's *Analogy* and *Sermons* and the next engaged on a biography of Herrick. He arranged a journal for a popular series of the classics, and undertook the publication for several years of *Men of the Time*. A biography of Louis Napoleon came from his pen, as well as two or three Jubilee memoirs. Lives of statesmen alternated with tourists' guide-books, histories of London and Birmingham, and travels in English counties. There was hardly a subject which he had not touched without adorning in his seventy-four years of crowded life. And in London there are,

or were until recently, plenty of writers of his peculiar talent, men who could go to work at any publisher's order, and reel off successively an epic poem, a novel, a treatise on the philosophy of the beautiful, a hand-book to naval warfare, a life of Napoleon, an account of African explorations, and a volume of sermons. Of late these gentlemen have been mostly engaged in introducing Scotch dialect into British Museum romances, and hunting up the ethics of marriage; and perhaps we shall not be far wrong in regarding Mr. Walford as the last of the old race of publisher's hacks. No doubt he could have endorsed Goldsmith's epitaph on one of his predecessors:

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack:
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I do n't think he 'll wish to come back.

THE LETTER which Madame Sarah Grand wrote to the London *Daily Telegraph* in response to a review of her latest book is in a way as perfect as anything could be. The utter folly of replying to critics has long been suspected in the world, but Madame Grand's desire for advertising has so far surpassed her use for dignity that nothing short of this letter would answer her purposes. It may not be in the highest style of invective, but its noisy childishness makes it worth reprinting as a warning to authors.

"That you should insult Scott and Thackeray and Dickens with your approval pains me but little, since they will never hear of it; that you are so much cleverer than I am I must modestly accept your word for; that you strain yourself to be facetious and but prove yourself a dunce, I must attribute to your academic degree and a course of the blighting wit of the common-room; that you should attack me with base misrepresentation I set down to some rag of chivalry that still clings to you; that you are of ancient lineage I am willing to admit, since your putting into my mouth words and sentiments which are not mine shows you infected with the blood of Ananias; that you should take yourself as a serious judge of art is a crime for which it is painful to think you must one day settle between you and your God; but that you should write yourself down an admirer of mine is the ugliest blow that my art has dealt me, and I take this opportunity to publicly apologise for it."



THE YEW-TREE AT IFFLEY

AS I came homeward
At merry Christmas,
By the old church tower,
Thro' the churchyard grass,

And saw there, circled
With graves all about,
The yew-tree paternal,
The yew-tree devout,

Then this hot lifeblood
Was hard to endure.
O Death! I so lovèd
The one love sure.

For stars slip in heaven,
They wander, they break:
But under the yew-tree
Not one heartache.

Now I came homeward
At merry Christmas,
By the wise gray tower,
Thro' the green kind grass.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

COCKNEY RHYMES AND OTHERS

NEW YORK, Dec. 5, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

THE recent correspondence in THE CHAP-BOOK on Mr. Kipling's Cockney rhymes serves to show that to the poet as well as the philologist one dialect is about as good as another; and that the peculiarities of Cockney speech ought no more to be discriminated against than the Hoosier or Yorkshire tongue. A man for instances, rhymes "walk" with "pork," and although millions of English-speaking people pronounce the two words with the same inflection, the critics denounce him as a Cockney. Yet the same writers can rhyme "good" with "blood" —as Tennyson does—an atrocious and quite indefensible proceeding, except in Lancashire, where good is often pronounced *gud*—without offending anyone. In the latter case, presumably, we yield without a struggle to what is a frank exercise of the poet's license; while in the former we seem to detect a certain lack of breeding. The one is so wantonly impossible that we do not take the trouble to object to it; but the other is too near the ideally correct to be passed by uncriticised. There is not much logic in it, but a considerable amount of human nature. So, too, we shiver at a false quantity in Latin, and barely notice a similar mishap in our own tongue. Mr. Keppel spoke of "the fault-

less rhyming of an artist like Tennyson"; yet in the first few pages of his collected poems we come upon such monstrosities of assonance as "noon" rhyming with "alone;" "universe" with "fierce;" "woos" with "dews;" "prove" with "love;" "desire" with "higher;" "worm" with "form;" "swallow" with "yellow"—a good rhyme in the East End of London; "hours" with "bowers;" "undo" with "new;" and so on. And the odd part about it is that though "noon" and "alone" have no affinity whatever in the speech of cultivated men, they pass muster everywhere as a permissible rhyme; whereas the mating of "walk" with "pork"—a combination which Tennyson would have avoided like a New York *Journal* reporter—is sniffed at as a piece of vulgar Cockneyism, though the two words are hardly distinguishable except in the mouth of a Scotchman. Philology, indeed, like politics, is an object lesson in the worthlessness of logic as a weapon of criticism; it is chiefly because the English language is full of an amiable spirit of give and take, and takes its laws from human nature and not from etymology, that it is superseding all other tongues the world over. Yours truly,

DONALD WARREN.

THE VERY MINOR POET AGAIN

BERKELEY, Cal., Nov. 24, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

I WONDER how many of the readers of THE CHAP-BOOK ever read *The Maple Dell*, recalled by Pierre la Rose in his delightful essay on "The Very Minor Poet," and how many have treasured in memory's archives a few lines of that marvelous effort. The poem had this in common with epics, that no one could read it and not be so impressed as to retain some portion of it in the mind, and it is possible that among THE CHAP-BOOK's host of admirers the entire work may be reproduced. I have known, in my somewhat limited experience, half a dozen or so persons who once possessed this book, but, unfortunately, each, upon inquiry, was found to have parted company with it. My own copy and I went diverging ways some twenty years ago; but I find that I can supply six lines toward the Homeric effort to which I should like to invite your readers. I am sorry that I can remember no more, but these citations are characterized by the same subtle, elusive essence of very minor poetry which marks the two lines quoted by Mr. La Rose. Indeed, they seem to me even more fully typical of the author's genius. The first four follow, I remember, immediately upon the hero's declaration, in "The Maple Dell," of his love for the poetess, who says:

"Dearest, true love must prevail.
I now will order the bridal veil.
Twenty yards of satin white
Will make a trained dress all right."

Comment upon this is needless for feminine readers of THE CHAP-BOOK, and a crueler hand than mine would withhold from drawing that veil from before the masculine imagination.

The only other lines that I can recall sum up the tragedy of the poem in the vivid manner that marks the whole production:

"In the second year of her babe's life
Deserted was the lawyer's wife."

I think these extracts will go far to show that power to impress the mind is not the only quality which *The Maple Dell* shares with epics.

ADELINE KNAPP.

AN OPEN LETTER

(In response to an open letter from Mr. Bangs, in THE CHAP-BOOK of November first.)

NOVEMBER FIRST, dear Mr. Bangs,
We read your lines on Mr. Lang's
Profuse production—your request
That he go fishing—take a rest.
That Mr. Lang writes much 't is true,
But how, dear sir, is it with you?
We scarcely touch a magazine
Wherein your stories are not seen.
And *Harper's Weekly* can't appear
Without some rhymes from you, we fear.
Golf, bicycle, and foot-ball men
Have all been treated by your pen;
Ward politician—statesman—king—
Dear sir, you write on everything.
What WOULD occur if something new
Should come, unheralded by you?
We 've laughed till we can laugh no more—
Still your amusing tales outpour.
If you had written less than half
Just think how much we still should laugh.
Dear Mr. Bangs, we do beseech,
And beg you, "practice what you preach."

CLARA SHERWOOD ROLLINS.

A POET OF THE SLUMS

THE greatest poetry is the voice of more than a generation, of an epoch even; it is the voice of all time—perhaps, of eternity. Nevertheless, poets who have expressed well the life and spirit of their generations are usually conceded to have justified their vocations.

It is complained that contemporary poetry is not "close to man" and does not embody the life of to-day as the poetry of yesterday embodied the life of yesterday—is, in short, an affair of affectation and of preciosity or of disordered nerves. There is some justice in the complaint. It may be that a large portion of the modern spirit is, in the very nature of things, unsuited to rhythmic treatment and that the present deplorable status is unavoidable. Or it may be that our poets are not yet sufficiently adjusted to the new world of science, industrialism, and commercialism to appreciate it; that they are—to venture the homeliest sort of a metaphor—newly-dropped kittens, whose self-complacent, self-unsuspected blindness is sure to be dispelled by the fullness of time. This latter is the more hopeful, if not the more likely, view. Because it is the more hopeful, poetry-lovers everywhere are straining to believe it.

All hail then to whatever product tends to assist the belief! Hail to the supremely modern *Barrack-room Ballads* and *Seven Seas*, which so conservative and fastidious a critic as Charles Eliot Norton admits to have put Rudyard Kipling in the line of succession of the English poets! Hail to other revelations of the poetic qualities of a too long despised and neglected civilization, even though they do not carry as plainly, as do Mr. Kipling's strophes, the marks of genius.

Here, in France, while painters, sculptors, short-story writers, essayists, dramatists, and novelists have been fathoming and revealing (too completely perhaps) contemporary life, the poets, over-loyal to tradition and inherited ideals, have done their utmost, broadly speaking, to escape it. The result has been that men whose genuine, if modest, talent would have sufficed to sing familiar themes sweetly, truly, and effectively, have been emitting horrid, blood-curdling shrieks, or, at best flatting badly in attempts to strike the remote and, to their fancy, eternal notes.

There are signs of a change for the better. During the past five or ten years, a number of influences have been at work to bring the poets to their senses, of which no one has been more potent than the tremendous vogue of the Literary and Artistic Cabarets of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter. Several fine poetic talents may be distinguished among the inevitable crowd of mediocrities and worse, attracted thither by the seductive prospect of easy publicity. In a medium from which—barring the edicts of a capricious police censorship—no theme of actuality has been excluded, the slums have naturally found numerous interpreters. But in this genre—with all due respect to the posing Aristide Bruant, who often achieves a fair literary success, and to his more posing imitators, who occasionally do—only one unmistakeable poet has emerged; Jehan Rictus, a man who has done many kinds of hard manual labor, if report speaks true, and who knows the wretchedness of extreme penury by long and cruel experience. "A strange and highly typical figure; a pale, emaciated head we seem to have seen before somewhere. Where?—in church paintings perhaps; sad, lean, narrow-chested, tall, 'long as a tear,' and an expression—so weary! He does not essay a gesture. He has only his voice, the anguish of his face and the feverish gleam of his eyes with which to move us. His hands, held always behind him, twitch ineffectually as if trying to burst invisible bonds."

Paris, ever alert and open-minded, where a new talent is concerned, has shuddered, wept and applauded whenever he has recited and has forced his only published volume *Soliloques du Pauvre* through several editions.

In portraying the physical discomforts of poverty, the racking coughs, raging thirsts, aching bones, the nights without shelter or sleep, the days without food, the tears that scald and the tearlessness that deadens, Jehan Rictus has only done what has been done a score of times in prose and verse. Surely an empty heart keeps close company, more often than not, with an empty stomach, and it is in portraying vividly the mental and spiritual aspects of poverty that his work is fresh and unique. The humiliation of poverty's uniform—unkempt hair, missing shirt, drafty shoes, outlandish and threadbare garments—of the pavement bed, the paroxysms of hunger attributed to intoxication, the unsuccessful search for work, debarment from places of public resort, silent submission to insult and gibe; the disgust with filth, vermin, vulgar noise, endless monotony, enforced celibacy, patronizing pity, petty deceits improvised to hide destitution, and hilarity improvised to keep back tears; the hatred of those who practise injustice and hypocrisy; the scorn of those who bestow and those who accept charity; the incipient madness of starvation, at once impelling to a shedding of the blood of the guilty and raising a horrid dread of confounding the innocent with the guilty; the regret for loss of respectability, courage, ambition, energy, talent, faith; the oppressive lonesomeness; the yearning for fresh distractions, innocent joys, cleanly living, for kindly words, sympathetic handclasps, kisses, caresses, companionship, friendship, love, precious responsibility; the stolid indifference to death,—these, the underlying sentiments of poverty, have never before been given in poetry, at least not without the blight of palpable literary effort or factitious emotionalism. "The maimed heart," said Jules Vallès in his *Réfractaires* "the heart, poniarded in this mute struggle for life, cannot be taken out of the chest and replaced by another. There are no wooden hearts in

the market. It remains there, bleeding, the poniard at its centre. Rich, one day, famous, perhaps, these victims of obscure combats may perfume their sores if they will, sponge up the blood, wipe away their tears; memory will tear open the wounds, strip off the bandages. A word, a song—joyous or sad—will be enough to raise in these sick souls the pale phantom of the past." It is with a similar appalling finality that the present record of physical, mental, and spiritual distress attains its apogee of horror;

"Même si qu'un jour j'tornais (*tournais*) au riche
Par un effet de vot' Bonté,
Ce jour-là j'f'rai mett' eune (*une*) affiche,
On cherche à vendre un cœur gâté."

Equally unique and powerful with the exhibition of the multiform woes of the destitute, is the poet's satirical exposure of the inconsistencies, insincerities, vanities, and refined cruelties of the various sorts of people who exploit them. With an ironical pretence of rendering poverty deserved homage, he elaborates the important part it plays in the social scheme. Thanks to it, the employees of the *Assistance Publique* are able to maintain their families in comfort; magistrates to attain a rotund and tranquil old age; economists (deferring to it as a dignified entity) to win professorial chairs and academic honors; politicians to get the public ear; socialistic and anarchistic brawlers to end their careers as dawdling, alcoholic deputies; poets, painters, and novelists to swim in glory and good wine, and found luxurious establishments for their offspring.

The arrival of winter, which clots the blood of one class, stimulates the circulation of all the others. Then, reputable benevolence drums a reveille on hollow stomachs; burial companies wax radiantly bustling; *salons,* languishing for want of something to talk about, revive promptly; the tourist in the Midi, and the *bourgeois*, smug and snug by his fireside, daily commiserate suffering—after dinner—in a manner both magnificent and ample; society gambols at charity fêtes and balls; the press "rediscovers distress;" journalists sob, weep, and implore—at three sous a line. In a word, pitying the unfortunate is a profession like another, and if the day should ever arrive when there were no more poor in the world, "many people"—to render idiom for idiom—"would be badly in the soup." Such satire stings and routs by virtue of the moral force behind it; it is the whip of small cords plied by the man with a soul.

Satire broadens to rollicking humor in depicting the abject terror of a conscience-stricken *bourgeois* shopkeeper before the embarrassing spectre of a hungry man:

"Avez-vous vu ce miserable ?
Cet individu equivoque ?
Ce pouilleux, ce voleur en loques
Qui nous r'gardait manger à table ?
Ma parole! on n'est pus (*plus*) chez soi
On ne peut pus digérer tranquilles—
Nous payons l'impôt, gn'a (*il y en a*) des lois!
Qu'est-ce qu'y (*ils*) font donc, les sergents d'ville ?"

I laughed almost to tears when I came upon this picture because I knew that *bourgeois* shopkeeper in—Boston, the historic famine winter of 1893–94, when a great press formed a syndicate for the dissemination of lies, when the authority of a great State was appealed to, and a great governor received congratulatory dispatches from the confines of a great country for prompt and decisive action in a great emergency—and all because a few half-starved devils took a notion to show themselves without washing their hands and faces or changing their clothes.

But to return to France. Jehan Rictus loves the white apparitions of the "first communicants," loves sunshine, lilacs, and water-cress, birds, and little children. Mrs. Browning's memorable "Cry of the Children" is feeble and conventional by the side of his "Farandole des Pauv's 'tits Fan-Fans." Charles Lamb was not sweeter, tenderer, daintier, in his tear-compelling reverie, "Dream Children," than he in dealing with his dream loves—his "cemetery of innocents," he calls them, his poor little "heap of dead."

"Et la vie les a massacrés
Mes mains les ont ensevelis,
Mes yeux les ont beaucoup pleurés."

In "Espoir" he dreams of a sweetheart:

"Voui (*oui*), quand j'vas (vais) ruer dans les brancards,
Tout par un coup v'là qu'a (*elle*) s'élève,
La Cell' qui dort au fond d'mes rêves
Comm' eun' bonn' Vierg' dans un placard ?

Qui c'est ? J'sais pas, mais alle (*elle*) est belle:
A s'lève en moi en Lun' d'Été,
Alle est postée en sentinelle
Comme un flambeau, comme eun'clarté !

A m'guette, alle écout' si j'l'appelle
Du fond du soir et du malheur ;
Mêm'qu'elle a les têtons en fleurs
Et tout l'Amour dans les prunelles !

Qui c'est? J'sais pas—p'têt' (*peut-être*) la Beauté
(A moins qu'ça n'soy'la Charité).
En tout cas c'est moi qu' alle attend
Et v'là déjà pas mal de temps.

. . . . . .

"Qui c'est? J'sais pas alle est si loin!
Alle est si pâle dans l'soir qui tombe
Qu'on jur'rait qu'a sort de la tombe
Ousqu'on s'marierait sans témoins!

Also in "Déception":

Ah! quand c'est que j'y parviendrai
A la Mason (maison) de son sourire,
Quand c'est donc que je pourrai m'dire—
Ma vieill', ça y est, tu vas t'plumer!

Si c'est l'Hiver—p'têt' qu'y (il) f'ra chaud,
Si c'est l'Été, p'têt qu'y f'ra tendre,
Mais qu'y lansquine (pleut) ou qu'y fass' beau,
Mon guieu (Dieu)—comme y f'ra bon d's'étendre!

Voui, dormir—n'pus jamais rouvrir,
Mes falots sanglants su' la Vie,
Et dès lorss (lors) ne pus rien savoir
Des espoirs et des désespoirs.

Qu'ça soye la soir on ben (bien) l'matin,
Qu' y fass' moins noir dans mon destin,
Dormir longtemps—dormir—dormir!
. . . . . .
Ho! mais bon sang! Cell' que j'appelle
Ça s'rait—y'pas la Femme en Noir
Qu'est à coup sûr la pus fidèle?
Oh! là là vrai! La Dame en Noir
(Qu'un jour tout un chacun doit voir
Aux lueurs des trent'-six chandelles
Qu'on allum' pour la recevoir).

Tonnerr' de dieu, la Femme en Noir,
La Sans-Remords—la Sans-Mamelles,
La Dure-aux-Cœurs, la Fraîche-aux-Moelles,
La Sans-Pitié, la Sans-Prunelles,
Qui va jugulant les pus belles
Et jarnacquant l'jarret d' l'Espoir;
Vous savez ben—la Grande en Noir
Qui tranch'—les tronch's par ribam-belles,
Et dans les tas les pus rebelles
Envoie son Tranchoir en coup d'aile
Pour fair' du Silence et du Soir!

Et faire enfin qu' il y ait du bon
Pour l'gas (*gars*) qui rôde à l'abandon."

Of a verity, Eugène Carrière in print!

Another poem containing much of the same sad, tender beauty, strangely commingled with piquant malice, mischievous *esprit*, broad humor, and bitter satire, a poem which, in spite of startling liberties of vocabulary, rhythm, and rhyme, is said to have brought honest tears to the eyes of the impeccable de Heredia, is "Le Revenant." The "Revenant" is Jesus Christ. The appearance of Christ in nineteenth century Paris is a much-worn motive in French literature and painting, but the slum poet's handling of it is so new, bold, and strong that it seems to be altogether fresh.

"Le Revenant" is in three parts.

Part I, is a query as to what would happen if Jesus Christ should come back, introducing a summary of the principal events of His career, and a strikingly original appreciation of His personality and character. He is the "man of the beautiful eyes and the beautiful dreams, whose heart was larger than life." But he is also "the anarchist," the "Gallilean tramp," the "carpenter on a strike," the "boon-companion of thieves," the "quack hated by the doctors," the "duffer who wore another cross than that of the Legion of Honor, who boxed the *bourgeois* shopkeepers, and who was n't over polite to the muffs of his time"—phrases through whose vulgar, uncouth, seemingly sacrilegious envelope intense love and admiration are plainly visible, and which accurately represent the religious attitude of the submerged, who, proverbially, applaud the name of Christ and hiss the barest mention of His professed followers and His church.

In Part II, Jesus Christ suddenly appears on a corner of one of the exterior boulevards. The surprised poet greets Him with bluff good-nature, laments drolly his inability to do the proper thing by Him in the matter of drinks, and overwhelms Him with eager, naive questions; then, touched to the heart by His dazed look and apparent helplessness, assumes a kindly superiority, taking Him under his protection as he might a lost infant, warning Him against many things, especially against the police, who will be certain to transport Him as a vagabond if He falls within their view. But the poet must speak for himself:

"Viens que j'te regarde—ah! comme t'es blanc!
Ah! comm' t'es pâle—comm' t'as l'air triste!
('T'as tout à fait l'air d'un artiste!
D'un de ces poireaux qui font des vers
Malgré les conseils les plus sages,
Et qu'les bourgeois guign'nt de travers
Jusqu'à c'qu'y fass'nt un rich' mariage!)
—Ah! comm' t'es pâle—ah! comm' t'es blanc,
Tu grelottes, tu dis rien—tu trembles.
('T'as pas bouffé sûr—ni dormi!
Pauv' vieux va—si qu'on s'rait amis?
Veux-tu qu'on s'assoye su'un banc,
Ou veux-tu qu'on ballade (se promène) ensemble?
—Ah! comm' t'es pâle—ah! comm' t'es blanc,
T'as toujours ton coup d'lingue (couteau) au flanc?
De quoi—a (*elles*) saign'nt encor tes plaies
Et tes mains—tes pauv's mains trouées
(Qui c'est qui les a decloués?)
Et tes pauv's pieds nus su' l'bitume
Tes pieds à jour—percés au fer,
Tes pieds crevés font courant d'air
Et tu vas chopper un bon rhume!

—Ah! comm' t'es pâle—ah! comm' t'es blanc,
Sais-tu qu't'as l'air d'un Revenant,
Ou d'un clair de lune en tournée?
T'es maigre et t'es degingandé
Tu d'vais êt'comm' ça en Judée
Au temps où tu t'proclamais Roi!
A présent t'es couleur d'farine
Tu dois t'en aller d'la portrine
Ou ben—c'est ell' qui s'en va d'toi!

—Quéqu'tu viens fair'? T'as pas marteau?
D'où c'est qu't'es venu? D'en bas, d'en haut?
Quelle est la rout'que t'as suivie?
C'est-y' qu'tu recommenc'rais ta vie?
Es-tu venu sercher (*chercher*) du cravail (travail)?
(Ben—t'as pas d' vein', car en c'moment,
Mon vieux, rien n'va dans l' bâtiment);
(Pis (puis), tu sauras qu'su' nos chantiers
On n' veut pus voir les étrangers!)

—Quoi tu pens's de not' société?
Des becs de gaz—des électriques.
Ho! N'en v'là des temps héroïques!
Voyons? Cause un peu? Tu dis rien!
T'es là comme un paquet d'rancoeurs.
T'es muet? T" es bouché, t'es aveugle?
Yaou . . . . .! T'entends pas ce hurlement?
C'est le cri d' l'Usine en mal d'enfant,
C'est l' Désespoir actuel qui beugle.

. . . . . .

—Toi au moins, t'étais un sincère,
Tu marchais—tu marchais toujours;
(Ah! cœur amoureux, cœur amer!)
Tu marchais mêm' dessus la mer
Et t'as marché jusqu'au—Calvaire!
—Et dir' que nous v'là dans les rues!
(Moi, passe encor, mais toi! Oh! toi!)
Et nous somm's pas si loin d'Noël;
T'es presque à poils (*nu*) comme autrefois,
Tout près du jour où ta venue
Troublait les brillants et les Rois!
Ah! mes souv'nirs—ah! mon enfance,
(Qui c'est putôt (*plutôt*) mal terminée)
Mes ribonis (*souliers*) dans la cheminée,
Mes mirlitons, mes joujoux d' bois!

—Ah! mes prièr's—ah! mes croyances!

—Mais! gn'a donc pus rien dans le ciel!
—Sûr! gn'a pus rien! Quelle infortune!
(J' suis mêm' pas sûr qu'y ait cor (*encore*) la Lune.)
Sûr gn'a pus rien, mêm' que peutêtre
Y gn'a jamais, jamais rien eu.

. . . . . .

Avoue-le, va—t' es impuissant,
Tu clos tes châss's, t'as pas d'scrupules
Tu protèg's avec l'mêm' sang-froid
L'sommeil des Bons et des Crapules
Et quand on perd quéqu'un qu'on aime,
Tu décor's, mais tu consol's pas.

Ah! rien n't' émut va, ouvr' les bras,
Prends ton essor et n'reviens pas.
T'es l'étendard des sans-courage,
T' es l'albatros du Grand Naufrage,
T' es l' Goéland du Malheur!

. . . . . .

—Arrière, arrière n'va pus loin!
Y vient un temps où tout se fait vieux,
Où les pus bell's chos's perd'nt leurs charmes.
(Oh! v'là qu' tu pleur's, et des vrai's larmes!
Tout va s'écrouler, nom de Dieu!)

—Ah! je m'gondole—ah! je m'dandine,
Rien n's'écroule, y aura pas débâcle;
Eh l'Homme à la puissance divine!
Eh! fils de Dieu! fais un miracle?

Et Jésus-Christ s'en est allé
Sans un mot qui pût m'consoler
Avec eun' gueul' si retournée
Et des miretts (yeux) si désolées,
Que j'm'en souviendrai tout' ma vie.

Et à c' moment-là, le jour vint
Et j'm'aperçus que l'Homm' Divin—
C'était moi, que j'm'étais collé,
D'vant l'miroitant d'un marchand d' vins.

On perd son temps à s'engueuler—"

The last line very like Browning, is it not? and worthy of him!

Part III is the afterthought, what the poet would most wish to have said to Jesus Christ if He really had returned and he had been the first to greet Him. Necessarily a repetition at many points of Parts I and II; its excuse is the following declaration of faith:

"Chacun a la Beauté en lui,
Chacun a la Justice en lui,
Chacun a la Force en lui-même
L'Homme est tout seul dans l'Univers.
Oh! oui ben seul et c'est sa gloire,
Car y n'a qu' deux yeux pour tout voir.

Le Ciel, la Terre, et les Étoiles,
Sont prisonniers d' ses cils en pleurs
Y' n 'peut donc compter qu'sur lui-même,
J'm'en vas m'remuer qu' chacun m'imite,
C'est là qu'est la clef du Problème
L'Homme doit êt' son Maitre et son Dieu."

And the following threat:

"Donnez-nous tous les jours l' brich'ton régulier,
Autrement nous tach'rons d' le prendre."

It was probably this downright and direct threat that led Jules Claretie, writing for *Le Temps*, to say: "The poetry of the lean Jehan Rictus is the Fronde of to-day. Far better that it mutter in the cabaret than in the street." The majority of the press critics, ignoring this single unequivocal and numerous veiled anathema, have pronounced his work "gentle and refined." Both interpretations are, in a measure, right.

Desiring revolt with his whole soul, and sure of the righteousness of it, he is likewise so sure of its entire uselessness that he deprecates far oftener than he proclaims it. A better state of things, in even the most distant future, is to him but a dubious perhaps. From kings, presidents, councils, parliaments,

nobles, *bourgeois*, popes, priests, economists, reformers, and philanthropists he expects nothing. From his own down-trodden class he expects no more. They are stupid cattle, waiting patiently to be bled. Enfeebled by hardship, cowed into spiritlessness by police and magistrates, ready to share with the dogs the crumbs that drop from rich men's tables, to cringe and fawn before the faintest prospect of a bone, to sell themselves outright for two bars of music, three sous of absinthe or a couple of rounds of tobacco, blinded by the dazzling fiction of universal suffrage,—they are only fit, at the moment a Bastille ought to be taken, to take the tram of that name, and show more signs of reverting to the type of the ourang-outang than of ushering in the era of universal affection, when all men will be as brothers and all nations of one speech and one mind.

His prayers are despairing cries to a half-credited God, a God at best so old, deaf, blind, unconcerned, and far away that His interference is not much to be counted on.

He conjures Jesus Christ into the world only to chaff Him for His faith in man, to characterize His teachings as the beautiful soliloquy of an unfortunate, and, finally, to warn Him to make good His escape if He would keep out of the clutches of nineteenth-century Judas Iscariots and Pontius Pilates.

The prophets and teachers who have tried radically to better the world have always been treated as criminals, and always will be. It is vain to struggle to make things over. Man is a muff by nature, and nature will never change. The kilogramme of iron falsely called a heart will never be anything more than a kilogramme of iron. The bank of love assigned centuries ago. Modern civilization is organized distress. These are his sober and reasoned conclusions.

But, ever and anon, when pain grows too great to be borne, the blind instinct of self-preservation overtops reason. Then he swears to be his "own good God all alone," taking "his own skin for a banner, since that is the only thing he has in the world." Even so his words are less the rallying cry of a reformer who believes in success than the desperate defiance of a Prometheus chained to a rock, and recoil is speedy to the normal sentiment, reiterated so often as to be a veritable refrain, "Its only life, after all; there's nothing to do but to weep." The social revolutionists, while forced to welcome his masterly arraignment of society, find him quite too pessimistic for their purposes. No wonder.

In just the degree, however, that his pessimism is unfortunate from the point of view of the social propaganda, is it fortunate from the point of view of art. It is this sane distrust of a panacea that saves him from being a poet with a cut and dried programme, a Karl Marx or an Auguste Comte—horrible thought!—in rhyme. His poetry stands as the utterance of a man who has felt keenly, who dares to tell what he has felt, and who has the ability to tell it well; and may not be discredited by the discrepancies of any social theory whatsoever. If the man Jehan Rictus has a pet social theory, as is just possible, he has known better than to cumber his verse with it; the poet, Jehan Rictus has none. He is an artist; therein lies the gist of the whole matter. Artist, not simply because his construction is so coherent that quoted excerpts are often misleading and always inadequate; because he wields the Parisian argot so easily and naturally that it never distracts attention from the thought; because he mingles blasphemy with piety in a way to humanize piety and spiritualize blasphemy, and vulgarity with refinement in a way to chasten vulgarity and virilize refinement; nor because he has at ready command suggestive images and original figures, and is a master of epigram, picturesque epithet, condensed description, and of rhyme and rhythm as often as he chooses to be, which is not, perhaps, often enough—but artist, in a large sense, because he utters without artifice, without pose, so truly and directly that the medium of type is forgotten, the flux and reflux of emotion in a suffering soul; and, what is more, with so profound a realization of the solidarity of pain, we know even before he chooses to tell us that he is "the modern man voicing his grievance," and that his "hands and heart are overloaded with the universal woe."

It may be a far call from Jehan Rictus to Shelley, to Keats, to Poe; from the "Revenant," to the "Raven," the "Skylark," the "Grecian Urn," to that greatest poetry which is the voice of the ages. The *Soliloques du Pauvre* are genuine poetry for all that.

"Jehan Rictus," said a recent writer in the *Gil Blas*, "has definitely fixed a new poetic sob in the cacophony of eternal human suffering." Needless to add a sob was not his choice. Fate chose for him. His is no case of "wilful sadness in literature." Sweet, tender, affectionate by nature, enamored of sunlight, he might, under happier conditions, have given a smile, a cheer, a pæan even to the world. In giving a sob he gave what life gave him—his all.

Alas and alack! Jehan Rictus and his sob are not so remote nor so alien as they seem. *Mutatis mutandis* the *Soliloques du Pauvre* might have been produced in New York, in Boston, in Chicago. The long-prophesied and long-dreaded literary proletariat has arrived. America, as well as France, it seems, must have sobs from the slums among her sobs in literature. Industrialism the Death-Angel of poetry? Vain apprehension! so she withhold not her poor. For agony is eternally lyric.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

THE PASSING OF THE MAGI

UPON the shore where sweeps the tide of night,
They dress their broad pavilions hung with gold
And purple, whose high star-tipped poles uphold
Strange shield and gonfalon. Each lean seer, hight
High Duke of Egypt, crouches in affright,
Garbed in fantastic tatters, swart and old,
And strains his hungry eyes across the fold,
Mumbling delirious litanies of blight;

Till at the call some lowering Ethiop form,
Its black limbs shackled with a star-linked trail,
Tilts its great urn until the moonlight warm
Pours on the vineyards of the sleeping vale;
But with the flood the chapel's white walls glow;
The tents dissolve, far cymbals clank for woe.

THOMAS WALSH.

HER LAST LOVE

MR. TOTSON was round and ruddy and comfortable. He hated pain; his own most, of course; but, after that, anybody's. He hated walking, but he would go all around the square any time to avoid seeing the old pencil-vender without legs, who haunted the southern corner of his hotel.

So it was in a voice of whining complaint rather than of stern reproach that he addressed the old lady facing him: "I wish above all things that I could keep you here. The Lord knows I'd like to. In a way I kind of owed it to your people. They helped me to build this very hotel, and as far as I am concerned myself, the room would always be at your disposal, and you're welcome to your board, too, goodness knows; but if you make yourself disagreeable to the rest of the people, that's another matter. You can't expect me to lose other boarders on your account. That would be more'n charity; it would be plain foolishness."

"I don't know what I've done to anybody," she said. She was a little, faded, yellow creature, not unlike a time-worn bit of parchment, and she looked pitifully frail and near to the final crumbling away.

"It is n't that you do things to people; it 's that you talk too much—all the boarders complain of you; they say you ask questions about their private and intimate affairs, and in public, too, and loud, so that every one can hear you; and you carry tales from one to another; it 's too bad; it makes trouble and upsets everybody." He looked at her pathetically. He felt that he was very much to be pitied in this troublesome matter.

"People in your position," he began again, more energetically, "ought to be very cautious about what they do."

"I'd most begun to forget my position," said the old lady reflectively.

"Yes, now you see, that 's just it. You ought n't to forget. Here you were depending on me for everything; if it had n't been for me takin' you in, as I did, you 'd have starved on the streets. The Lord knows I 'm full of compassion. The least you could do was to make it easy for me, and instead of that you go and offend everybody, right and left."

She did not answer. She sat down in the slippery, black horse-hair chair stretching out its arms behind her, and stared vaguely ahead.

Mr. Totson shifted from one foot to another, and volunteered—

"I'm sorry enough. I did all I could; but you see how it is and that I could n't help it."

"Well, I suppose," she said firmly, "I 've got to eat as long as I live, and if it can 't be here any longer, it 'll have to be in the poorhouse. I've known this many a year it was standin' over there waitin' for me and time would come when I 'd have to turn in."

But a new thought gave her new energy, and she stood up and faced her host.

"You tell 'em all here I 'm leavin', but do n't you tell 'em where I 'm goin'. You say you do n't know; you do n't. I 'm not sure myself yet. Do you hear? You say you do n't know. I might have plenty of relatives left yet for aught anybody in this house knows to the contrary."

"All right, Mrs. Maynard. I won't say a word. I 'm sorry; it 's all a pity, but you see how it is, and I can 't help it." And Mr. Totson pivoted around on his heel and went out with an air of relief that one evil of this troublous life was outlived as far as he was concerned.

The little old lady walked slowly across the big, bare hotel parlor, and gazed out the window at the dusty electric-car line below.

She had been born in this town; and she had been rich here, and young and gay and frivolous and proud and overbearing. She had once owned that great white colonial house, a half square off, now turned into a club-house for men about town. And she had lived and loved and hoped and rejoiced here, under this same sky and in the shadow of these same buildings. She had married here, one of the many men she had flirted with in a light-hearted youth, and her husband had dissipated her fortune and her youth and then died; and then her only baby died; and her father and mother, two brothers and a sister had gone the way of all flesh, and she was left penniless and alone; a little, old lady, divested of all the dignities and accessories of life—a withered leaf, clinging by a frail stem to a barren tree.

"So, the poorhouse it must be," she said, "but no one shall know it; not if I can help it;" and the

bent but wiry twig of womanhood wheeled swiftly toward the door leading into the long corridor, and she said bitterly:

"You shall none of you know where I've gone; and you shan't be glad either if you have driven me to the poorhouse."

All that day she wandered restlessly through the streets from square to square; down among the wharves along the water front where her father had owned a feed and grain business once. The faded, yellowish bricks glared up at her with their worn, familiar faces. She walked, looking down at the irregular surface of the sidewalk where she knew every chip and gap along the way and every shade from the deep dark red to dusty pink. The noises of trucking and shiploading, of wagons and carts rumbling over the cobble-stone pavements, were deafening. It was only May, but the sun glared hot upon the streets. Above it all, off to the east, cool and shadowy and silent, loomed the poorhouse, as it had stood, cool and shadowy and silent, these many years, waiting for her.

As afternoon came on she turned her steps toward the residence part of the town. Up and down these streets she wandered, too, as if in search of the life she had lost, gazing with questioning glances up at the houses. They faced her with uncompromising sternness; nothing but decorous blinds and hard, white lace curtains confronted her; never a kindly face peeped through anywhere.

At last she stood at the end of the town, upon the oyster-shell beach that sloped gently to the bay; she had reached the limits now; she had been the length of this place; she had passed the successful, opulent lawyer, her own and her husband's former friend, Mr. Brown, and his face as he passed was a blank. She had fairly jostled against her old neighbor, Mrs. Taylor, who smiled brightly at her out of the blind fullness of her own content, and hastened on, engrossed in all the small business of living. Nowhere had the face of her own home offered her a vestige of hope or an unlooked-for vista.

And there waited off there, to the east, cool, and shadowy and silent, the poorhouse, as it had waited since she was a baby.

She was seventy-two, but she came of a long-lived family, and she could not fancy death coming clamorous to spare her this last degradation. She knew it might be five or ten years more before that other home, cooler, more silent, more shadowy, would open to her.

The leaning sun was dying the waves in a strange and mystic splendor of crimson, and fifty or more small craft pointed their lean, black fingers to the lurid sky.

But what message was there in all this gorgeousness to a tired forlorn old soul, forsaken by the world full of men, asking only some tiny shred of comfort, some relic of her past, for memory's sake, and to whose prayer the heavens were deaf?

She turned her face away from the water, and set out resolutely toward the gray east—toward the Episcopal minister's house. He must take the necessary steps toward getting her into the poorhouse.

. . . . . .

Two days later she was duly installed in her own room, up six flights of stairs. She looked at the four, square, white-washed walls, and saw only barrenness, only emptiness. There was a rocking-chair by an open window, and she sat down in this, and looked away over the roofs of the neighboring houses, and she said to herself: "It has come; now nothing matters any more." She thought truly that the last step in her degradation and desolation had been taken, and that the real end of life had come; for she saw no outlook, and could fancy no new beginnings.

So warily life tricks us, showing us a stray thread just before our eyes, and letting us fancy we see the whole woof.

One day, as she was sitting idle in her rocking-chair by the window which offered her only outlook upon life, a thin, gray cat crept slowly around the door which stood a crack open. Once entered, it stood still, and arched its back and stared at her. She hated cats as most women hate rats, as all people hate rattlesnakes, with a mixture of unreasoning terror and nauseating disgust. The animal slunk slowly toward her, stopping at every step, watching her with dilated green eyes.

"Take the cat away! take the cat away!" she screamed aloud.

There was no sound of response. She called again, and this time louder. Still absolute silence reigned. Probably no one in that part of the house was awake. Nearly all the old people slept in the hot afternoons.

To Mrs. Maynard it seemed that all the dull injuries of the long, sad stretch of the years were culminating now in one instant of acute and terrified suffering.

She and the cat were alone together in the evil-smelling, small, glaring room. And the cat approached her slowly, eyeing her steadily with great wide orbs that questioned always — questioned about what?

The old lady was horror-stricken, and fascinated, too.

"Are you the poorhouse cat?" she asked faintly, and she would not have been too much surprised if the cat had answered, so novel and so terrifying an experience did this seem to her.

The cat crept nearer, pausing at every two steps, and keeping the great, unanswered eyes fixed on her victim; then slowly she arched her back, and rubbed herself along Mrs. Maynard's skirts. The old lady drew her feet up on to the round of the chair, and clasped her wrinkled hands tight in each other.

"It's time to get used to everything," she said aloud, and the terror of the spell seemed broken a

little by the sound of her own voice. "I must be brave," she went on; "there 's no use sitting here like a scared baby."

For often, in robbing us of all else, life leaves us a certain freedom of mind and fortitude of soul that we have struggled in vain to attain under happier circumstances.

"After all, I never heard of a cat's killing any one."

Long custom prevented her reflecting that it did not matter much whether she was killed or not, and that a day or two before she had thought of death as the only welcome visitor possible to her.

The cat rubbed against her three or four times. She watched it curiously now; her muscles relaxed, her horror abated. At last it dawned upon her that this was an expression of appreciation and approval. "She means it friendly," she said, and her voice choked a little and she stretched her hand down cautiously and touched the fur. It was surprisingly warm and soft. The cat stood still and purred. It came over her slowly with a subtle sense of relief that this creature was a living thing — a living, lonely, thing, with afflictions and longings such as her own.

"She means it all kind," she said in a breaking voice; "and she won't be offended if I talk too much or ask too many questions. I don't believe she 'll ever try to chase me out from here or be glad when I'm trod down." And she hardly recoiled when the animal sprang into her lap and settled down into a ball for a comfortable snooze.

"I reckon you needed a friend," the old lady said, laying her hand shyly on the fur, "and I reckon I did to."

And from that day on Mrs. Maynard loved the cat as the cat had first loved her; faithfully, with few words and fewer claims.

And a new life began for these two forlorn creatures, each in need of the other; that blessed life in common where both feel a new security in the steadfast faith and ready sympathy of a fellow creature.

Mrs. Maynard had the handle wrenched off an old market basket, and wadded and lined it, and here pussy slept in state at night. Sometimes when the old lady was wakeful she would sit up and talk with the cat, who was never ill-humored at being roused, but responded with an unvaryingly courteous meiouw.

In the twilights of the long hot summer they often sat together in the rocking-chair by the window, and above the chimneys they caught all the marvellous tintings of the evening sky until the gray veil of night fell and the vast void spaces showed black among the gleaming stars. Mrs. Maynard would smooth the soft, warm cuddling bundle of breathing life, and talk at ease.

If she had learned in bitterness to distrust the human heart and its charities she learned once more to have no fears and no reserves with this friend. All the gossip—all the vague, wandering interest in other people's affairs, so bravely retained in a life that demanded of her only long patience and enduring restraint — all this she confided to Pussy; and she had never had a better confidant; for Pussy's absolute discretion was above suspicion and her secrecy as secure as the grave's.

At last, when Mrs. Maynard felt inclined to make candid confession of her soul, she needed to obey no warnings to halt at uncomplimentary opinions and at possible false constructions.

Once, on a sudden impulse, and with a half guilty feeling, and yet with a longing to have all clear and fair between them, she told Pussy all about her former distrust of cats; how she had often likened them to snakes and misunderstood their glances, their every motion; but the cat only looked at her with a philosophic and resigned air—life was evidently to her a matter of infinite complexity where only the smallest modicum of blame, if any, fell upon the wrong-doer. To tell the truth, too, she was a cat of no race-prejudices; she stood for the world and humanity and cats at large, and kindness and mercy were the only two articles in her creed.

That was a particularly happy evening anyway for there was an especial treat in store for the morrow to be anticipated. It was to be the day when the attic was unlocked, and this only happened once a month in the poorhouse, and all the old people were allowed to go up and examine their trunks and to bring down what they needed from them, if haply they owned anything; and Mrs. Maynard had planned re-lining Pussy's basket with a small foot-quilt that she had packed away, and she was going to get out some old pink and blue ribbons, somewhat worn, perhaps, but still just the thing for the neck of a poorhouse cat, who had no right to be too spick and span.

It was a memorable evening, too, for it proved the last that they were to spend conversing peaceably together through the twilight.

The next afternoon Mrs. Maynard took a long nap, exhausted from her exertions with her trunk. She had set the tray out on the floor and gone over and over the little relics of her gay days; she had handled and caressed once more the tiny, worn, worsted sock that had once covered her baby's foot, so many long years ago, and she had looked over all the pictures she no longer had the heart to face daily; ruthlessly, wantonly, she had torn open and set to bleeding anew the half-healed wounds of her heart; and when it was over she slept soundly from sheer exhaustion.

When she awoke late in the afternoon she rose and looked dully about for her cat. She felt in advance the vague, soothing sensation of gathering up the warm ball of fur in her arms and looking out upon the still twilight as was her wont. In her chaotic life, pushed from sudden change to sudden change of progressive renunciation, all usage had

grown sweet to her, and already the habit of confiding companionship had grown upon her.

But Puss was nowhere to be found. Mrs. Maynard watched night come on alone. At tea time she made enquiries. No, no one had seen the cat, and no one thought it mattered whether they had seen her or not. Until she was ordered to bed at 10 o'clock, the little old lady wandered through the halls and up and down the stairs and into the yard, calling, calling.

It was the first time since the beginning of their friendship that Pussy had failed her at night; and the night offered her a new horror, as if, never before, had she been in a room alone. Several times she started up in a dazed sense of general sorrow, only to be confronted by the empty basket.

The next day she begged leave of absence and trudged bravely into town. She went to the office of her old friend, Lawyer Brown, and borrowed a dollar and a half, insisting upon leaving her gold watch chain with him in exchange. Then back in the noonday heat, over the hot brick walks, her heart bounding ahead of her. The money she divided into three parts and gave to the servants to search for the cat. But it was all futile, and another night found her still alone with a questioning anxiety.

Suddenly, quite early the next morning, it occurred to her that she might have locked her poor friend up in the attic. It was not long enough for serious harm to have been done, and at breakfast she confided her fears to the matron, who was little inclined to allow the key to be taken at so irregular a date. Finally, however, considering the discomfort of letting the cat die up there and partially touched, too, by poor old Mrs. Maynard's grief, she gave it up.

Then the old lady climbed the stairs keen and alert for the well-known voice. She opened the door and wandered about, calling, calling. Then she unlocked her trunk and lifted the tray; she took out a black dress skirt—and there lay the cat, stretched out in the final posture of rigid agony—wan and thin and distorted; the mouth open, the teeth showing grim and horrible; the fur clammy and the muscles of the throat still strained and swollen.

She gave a scream of horror, threw her hands up over her face, and fled stumbling down the stairs.

That night she sat in the rocking chair by the window in the gentle gloaming; and her last affection lay dead in her heart.

She had covered her up, in there—she had smothered her, the faithful friend, the tender companion of her dreariness. The wretched animal might have shrieked and screamed, but no ear would have heard.

And the lonely old lady clasped her wrinkled hands tight, and the tears rolled hot and fast down her cheeks.

"It's been like this always, always," she sobbed. "Everything I've loved brought me fright or pain or long suffering; and then when I've got used to it all and was glad anyway, they went away and left me more alone than ever. There was Frank—and the baby—and all the family—and all my friends, and now—and now the cat's gone, too."

And when she realized that this last tragic travesty of love had failed her, as the others had done, had betrayed and bereft and left her desolate, she threw back her head, dried her eyes, and turned to gaze across the monotonous gray sea of grimy chimneys, and she was sick at heart and baffled and sore wounded, but unsurrendering, bitter, rebellious.

She felt horribly alone.

And the dull tale of the long, dark years ahead of her seemed interminable. CLARENCE WELLFORD.

MIXED MAXIMS

A MAN is known by the trumpery he keeps.
Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.
The lack of money is the root of all evil.
Where wisdom is bliss 't is folly to be ignorant.
A pitch in time saved the nine.
Chain up a child and away he will go.
Virtue is its only reward.
The course of free love never did run smooth.
A bird in the hand lays no eggs.
All that a man hath will he give to his wife.
Many hands like light work.
It's a wise child that owes his own father.
Policy is the best honesty.
The rolling stone catches the worm.
Osculation is the thief of time.
A thirsty man will catch at a straw.
Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.
Straws show which way the gin goes.
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and this world lies about us when we are grown up.
The woman who collaborates is lost.
It is not good for man to give a loan.
The wages of sin is debt.
Every dogma must have its day.

CAROLYN WELLS.

REVIEWS

A GREAT AMERICAN

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.—*Edited by Annie Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

"THE moment has at last arrived," writes Mrs. Fields in her Preface, "when the story of Mrs. Stowe's life can be given in full." Mrs. Fields has had advantage of much material which many another could not have attained, and, in a

sense, her work is authoritative as well as detailed. Certainly we gain from it a clear and vivid impression of Mrs. Stowe's life, of the early days at Nut Plains, of the western experience (for Cincinnati was then in the West), of the collegiate life at Brunswick and Andover, of the ante-bellum days and the war-time, of the European visits, of the orange plantation at Mandarin, and of the house at Hartford. The story is told, as one would infer, chiefly from the letters and writings of Mrs. Stowe. It is not a minute narrative, but it is an intimate one, and will be largely read, and with immense interest.

Mrs. Fields, however, does not give us much beside narrative, and this we rather regret. We wish she had done more than act merely as editor. If the time has come to tell in full the story of Mrs. Stowe's life, it is surely proper now to make an attempt, at least, at an estimate of her position among the men and women of the nineteenth century and of her work. Mrs. Fields has put together pleasantly the materials at hand, but she has abstained from discussion. She has left us to decide for ourselves the position in the history of our country which was held by Mrs. Stowe, and just what manner of woman was she that held it.

Mrs. Stowe was eminent in various lines. She was a poet, a novelist, a reformer, a patriot. Her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, is probably most noteworthy, as we think now of his life and work, as a great citizen. He held practically no public office, and yet he was a great public man. Mrs. Stowe held, in many respects, a position very like her brother's; yet we cannot precisely call her a great citizen, nor, indeed, if we could, should we so best indicate her real title to the admiration of her countrymen and women.

Nor should we do rightly if we considered Mrs. Stowe merely as a figure in literature. She wrote one or two beautiful hymns, yet she will not be especially remembered as a poet. Mrs. Fields tells us of the circumstances which led to the writing of "Still, still with Thee." The hymn will always call forth an emotional response from the hearer, and yet it is certainly not the really poetic expression of the moment which gave it birth. It touches our own hearts but does not give us the author's. Nor do we think that Mrs. Stowe will ever again be held great as a novelist. Of her several books we think that *The Minister's Wooing* is the finest as a novel and *Old Town Folks* as a picture of manners and of life. It is long since we read either, and yet we think that both have higher intrinsic value as fiction than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mrs. Stowe's greatest work was carried to popularity, not unworthily, indeed, but yet very largely, by the particular circumstances which gave it birth, or, one might almost say, by the circumstances of which it was itself one. It is needless to talk of its "artistic" value. Mrs. Stowe would appear to have thought but little on such matters so far as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was concerned. But the book had in it something which the world prizes above all, and for that it was valued, and rightly.

For, as George Sand said in a review quoted by Mrs. Fields, "if one's culture is of the truest kind it will never resist a just and right emotion." And it was that matter which we feebly call "right emotion," with which Mrs. Stowe always dealt and dealt convincingly.

We have all of us met with persons who seemed to divine instinctively the noblest view of things and to trust wholly to it. They may be, though they often are not, quiet and reserved persons, gentle little women quite unknown outside of some very narrow circle, rather silent men who speak readily only to their particular friends. And yet, reserved or not, these people can always speak to us of spiritual things in a way both intuitive and assured. We say "spiritual things," but such words have far too conventional a meaning. We mean that with such persons the ordinary rights and wrongs, the good and bad, the joys and sorrows of everyday life are matters which, as they see them, are not ordinary, not commonplace, but irradiate and inspiring. When we talk to such persons, and on such matters we can talk to them if to no others, we feel as if we were with those who understood entirely things as we have little idea of, although we recognize them a necessary part of life.

Such a woman was Mrs. Stowe and such a man was Henry Ward Beecher. They both knew instinctively the deepest and strongest powers in life and they both trusted absolutely to them. But furthermore, they were both gifted in such a way as to be able to speak out and tell what they knew, not merely to a single friend or to a number of friends in some small circle, but to the nation. Their power in this direction found expression in different ways. The one made Plymouth Church and the other wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

As to art there is doubtless not so much to be said, but *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was certainly a great book. It was devoted to an increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed (to use Walter Pater's criterion of great art). It enlarged many narrow sympathies and ennobled and glorified many in their sojourn here. And if not "written immediately to the glory of God," it was written in a most humble and reverent spirit and with the abiding sense of service of one whose glory is rather in service than in praise. And these ends it gained by the spiritual insight of its author and her entire confidence in spiritual things.

Mrs. Stowe was a woman who divined the power of spiritualised emotion and trusted to it, not merely in the narrower field of domestic life but in the larger field of national life. As we, every one of us, know certain who have in the things of this world "a sense of something far more deeply interfused" than the things which hold most of us too tightly in

definite modes of action and of thought, so the nation for the moment, saw in Harriet Beecher Stowe one whose words could lighten "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world" and show forth truth and duty clearly.

Such a national figure is rare, for though many have the insight and the confidence, to some degree at least, so that they are and believe, few have the knowledge and the power and the opportunity and the courage and the will to make themselves felt by the nation. All these things Mrs. Stowe had, as the reader of this *Life and Letters* may see. She gained them partly from her birth, partly from her life, partly from her time. We suspect that her editor may not agree with our estimate, at least she nowhere expresses any such view. Still from the materials which she has put together, we think any serious reader will be able to trace for himself the character, as we have indicated it, of this great American.

THE BETHIAN GOSPEL

THE BETH BOOK.—*By Sarah Grand. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.*

NO ONE WHO REMEMBERS the interminable Twins would expect their creator to deliver her last message under less than the five hundred and seventy pages which picture the heroine from her unwelcome borning to somewhere in her early twenties.

Rather has one profound cause for thankfulness that almost two-thirds of the story have to do with Beth the child, or Beth the girl, instead of Beth the propounder of problems and the mouthpiece of Sex. For the child is naughty and often funny and the girl is saucy, sometimes witty—but with reform coming in at the door humor flies out at the window, never to return.

If it were not for the amazing snobbishness, ignorance, and vulgarity of the family from which she sprung, and whose doings and thinkings are pictured with all the naiveté of a brilliant memory of fact, one would unhesitatingly declare much of Beth to be autobiographic. The inconsistencies on every page of the mass of minute detail are of the sort which one tells—or conceals—about one's self. Beth is musical to agonies of pain and pleasure, yet cannot tell when anyone sings flat; hates and loathes lies, yet tells them with every attention to corroborative detail; has the keenest sense of humor, yet speaks publicly on "The Desecration of Marriage"; has strange warnings of fate and clairvoyant thrills when hours of destiny are approaching, yet suffers not the least seismic disturbance upon her marriage to a man whom one of her friends in high life calls a plausible hog.

The new psychology denies genius except as a large activity of a human kind, but the new pedagogy might have correlated Beth's head and heart into a better showing for her insistent claim to greatness than an erratic childhood and a pragmatical womanhood.

For, after a due course of married misery—always the prodromal stage of this disease—Beth develops into the very *vade mecum* of virtue, the woman's own friend and adviser. People, otherwise guiltless, are dragged in to be her interlocutors and serve only to give her cues for half-page speeches upon art, style, the novel, the individual, always with woman, lovely but abused, for their pivot. As there is no cessation, there is literally no reserve. Everything has its turn, from the indelicacy of opening one's wife's letters, through the comparative ethics of George Eliot and George Sand, to vivisection and the regulation of the social evil.

Naturally Beth meets Evadne and Ideala in thei lair, and is hailed by them as a younger and lustier sister, who will be able to say all that they may by mischance have left unsaid as to man and his habits, and thus add to the gloom of nations.

For a brief season, thousands of the earnest here and in serious England, who take Mme. Grand as soberly as she takes herself, may be agitated or elevated by contact with the Bethian gospel. In America the causes for much of its protest have rarely or never existed; even now it wars with a past or passing stage, with conditions going or gone. Those who have achieved the idea of evolution will not value its contents, while those who demand that it shall represent itself with dignity will revolt from its grossness of method and grandiosness of phrase. It will always be difficult for that added drop of nervous fluid which is said to make an American, to understand certain features and aspects of upper middle class life in England. Their eatings and their beatings are alike a puzzle.

It is to be imagined that *The Beth Book* may come as she herself expresses it, "with comfort to thousands of those who suffer, who, when they hear, will raise their heads once more in hope." Others, temperamentally disinclined to the woman-problem-novel will join the sestina of the tramp royal when he sings,

"But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you 're readin' done."

LOCHINVAR

LOCHINVAR.—*By S. R. Crockett. Harper & Brothers.*

THE CONSTRUCTION of a romance requires something more than facility of invention; it requires an imagination which can conceive characters, as well as situations, and can justify the sequence of events. Without this quality it becomes a mere child's tale, a series of unrelated incidents. It must be true in

its essentials, or it is but the book of a day, forgotten as soon as read. If it is to endure, it must answer to some fundamental need of our nature, and it must have some basis of reality, either in character or in action. This basis of truth we miss in Mr. Crockett's latest story. The pleasure of getting into difficulties for the sake of getting out of them is the one most in evidence in this blithe romance, wherein battle and murder and sudden death are everyday matters, mere by-play in the drama. The action takes place in 1688 and centers in the career of Lochinvar, who is a private in the Prince of Orange's Douglas regiment of dragoons. The Prince himself plays but a small part, and the hero occupies as a soldier a position so shifting and intangible that it is difficult to tell in which direction lies his honor. That is a consideration for which the author seems to care but little, except when it can aid him to an effective situation. Then it becomes a necessity of life, and he shouts it aloud and assumes an impressive pose. The love-story is the only thing which is entirely clear and consistent. Everything, including probability, is sacrificed. It works itself out from beginning to end against heavy odds, for the path is no sooner straightened and made smooth for the lovers than a new set of difficulties arises, and we fight the battle once again. The manner of telling the story is not without grace, yet it seems thin, and the author's attempt at subtlety in the characterization is futile. It amounts merely to prettiness. The villain is fortunately not all villainy, and the hero is not all gentleness. But there is a fatal lack of inevitableness in the situations. It is only when one is in the mood for a pretty sentimental story of impossible adventures, that *Lochinvar* will be found satisfactory.

FRENCH HISTORY

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—*By Justin H. McCarthy. 12mo. Harper & Bros. Vol. 2. $1.50.*

GROWTH OF THE FRENCH NATION.—*By George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Yale University. 12mo. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.*

GENIUS is not hereditary, they say, but it does not follow that a modicum of talent may not be transmitted from father to son. The heredity of literary style has not yet seemed worth scientific investigation, but the reading of Justin H. McCarthy's work on the French Revolution has set us thinking, and in time we may have some valuable hypotheses to offer in regard to literary paternity and stylistic birthmarks. Possibly the marked resemblance in the literary qualities of father and son may have caused Harper & Bros. to head their little advertising leaflet with the words, "*The French Revolution*, by Justin H. McCarthy, M.P., Author of *A History of Our Own Times*," etc. At all events this is what they have done, and the present reviewer, never doubting the word of such a firm, and finding the true McCarthy spirit pervading the book, found himself talking sententiously about those characteristics of the *History of Our Own Times*, which have been reproduced in *The French Revolution*. For the ridicule and ignominy resulting from this blunder he has half a mind to sue the firm, but feels that they too may have been duped by the likeness in style and may really have thought all along that Justin H. McCarthy was his own father.

In this history of the French Revolution the author enjoys great liberality in the matter of space, as will appear from the fact that the whole of the second volume deals with the brief period from the fall of the Bastille to the close of the Constituent Assembly (1789 to 1791). This gives him a good chance to be minute, and he improves it. Minuteness looks well in a history; with many it passes for learning. Learning of a certain sort it undoubtedly is, for it means the sifting of contemporary evidence, the ransacking of memoirs, and the like. All this Mr. McCarthy has done faithfully. For instance, he has evidently been at some pains to straighten out the tangled accounts of the taking of the Bastille, and he concludes, reasonably enough, that intrinsically it was a small matter, and great only because people thought it so. To reach this conclusion he quotes authorities enough to make you pity him sincerely for the amount of stuff he has had to read. He is equally circumstantial in regard to the king's attempted flight, showing the falsity of Carlyle's picturesque narrative. And there are a host of passages which might be cited in proof of his painstaking. The book, however, is not especially thoughtful or suggestive. It will be read and liked by many, but the less they have read about the period the better they will like it. The style suffers from superfluity and from a tiresome little trick of repeating an emphatic word several times in the same sentence. It often seems as if he had thrown in alternative phrases with a view to choosing between them and had afterwards forgotten to strike one out. It may be a hereditary taint of garrulity, or it may be merely the fearful fluency of the man who can command unlimited stenographic facilities and is paid by the line.

In reading Mr. McCarthy's detailed account of the first few years of the Revolution one is constantly tormented by the question: what is the use of bothering one's head with this or that event? Space permits the author to gather facts in regard to a host of things which, whether established or not, would seem to make very little difference to any of us, for after all it does not matter much what sort of a wig the King wore when he stood at a certain window on a certain day. Of course these are little decorative bits which have their uses if ingeniously worked in. Their cumulative effort is important as giving a vivid impression of the time, but in themselves there

is a distinct limit to their value. In curious contrast to this lengthy chronicle, is Prof. George Burton Adams's *Growth of the French Nation*. The latter is an attempt to compress the essential facts of the historical development of France into a single volume of some 350 pages. Naturally the author has no leisure for historical small talk, no time for the picturesque, the epigrammatic, or the amusing. He must sum up a dynasty in a chapter and jam a century into a page. Critics often condemn this process, as, to use their stale phrase, "squeezing out the juice," but it is hard to agree as to what part of history constitutes the juice.

Some would say it is just that part which Professor Adams gives us in his book. Certainly the man with a real liking for history will be pleased with the topics chosen and the manner in treating them, for the author has a good sense of proportion and a power of compact characterization. He has made a book which will be very useful to that limited class of readers which inclines to ponder over the bearings of events. It is a work of historical interpretation, concerning itself not with details, but with the significance of critical events and the characteristic features of successive periods. As such it will seem dry and crabbed to many. It is rather a philosophical guide to the study of French history than a history in itself. Nevertheless there is a certain definiteness in its summing up of historical movements and periods that compels respect for the author, even if we disagree with his conclusions. It gives one a queer hurried feeling to be compelled to survey the entire eighteenth century in a single chapter, but when we analyze this chapter and consider what the author has omitted and what he has retained and emphasized, we are forced to admit that he has done it well. He has rendered a real service to the study of history. Whether he has done much for literature by producing this book is another question. It is not a brilliant piece of writing, but is simple, unaffected, and has the negative merit of not giving offence. Its style is such that a man who has a feeling for form as well as a regard for facts can read the book without gritting his teeth or swearing—which sounds like faint praise, but is really a high commendation for an American historical scholar in these days.

ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SCHOOL BOY LIFE IN ENGLAND.—*By John Corbin. 16mo. Harper & Brothers.*

THIS shrewd and cleverly written book makes very pleasant reading. Mr. Corbin knows his subject well, and handles it with freshness and clear, level-headed judgment. A personal experience of the schools on both sides of the Atlantic, combined with a vivacious style and the exercise of rigorous common sense, has enabled him to appeal successfully to two classes of readers—the American schoolboy and the American educationalist. Taking Winchester, Eton, and Rugby as fairly representative of English public schools, Mr. Corbin details their history, customs, methods of government, and influence on the character of their pupils with a sympathy and admiration which still do not make him forget that one nation's educational system may be another nation's poison. The guiding principle of English schools, as Mr. Corbin points out, is that the boys are left to govern themselves. In the larger schools they are divided into houses of a score or two, each under separate masters; in the smaller ones this arrangement is impracticable. But large or small, every school that receives boarders as well as day-boys has, for the last five hundred years, been ruled by a few carefully selected pupils, who see to it that discipline is maintained, and have authority to punish offenders without consulting the head master. The virtues of this prefectorial system are that the boys who rise to the top find their characters steadied and a spirit of self-reliance and decision developed by the obligation of ruling wisely; while the rest become learned in the prime lesson of obedience. A subsidiary result is the friendly intimacy that grows up between masters and pupils, the younger boys getting into the habit of regarding the prefects, and not the masters, as their natural enemies. But the grand benefit to England arising from this form of administration is, that from their earliest years, Englishmen are trained in the arts of government, and in an interesting parallel, which might have been prolonged further, Mr. Corbin points out that the British Empire itself is managed on a plan that is simply an extension of the public school system.

The minor features of English school-life are touched upon very sensibly. The venerable buildings, the old desks and rafters, where a boy carves his name beneath that of his great-grandfather, and the ever-present charm of antiquity inspire a regret that American boys should be without these quiet and ennobling influences. Even the peculiar and unchangeable customs of the different schools move an observer to as much admiration as merriment. Flogging, fagging, and fighting Mr. Corbin sets forth in their true light, as they appear to one with a knowledge of boys who has seen these institutions at work; not as they seem to the ordinary American, who thinks *Tom Brown* is still typical of English school-life. Mr. Corbin is free with his admiration of the intense yet temperate love of sport which the public schools of England have cultivated; and contrasts it sorrowfully with the frenzied passion for victory at any cost that still rules in American athletics. On the whole, his conclusion is that English schools do more for English boys than American schools for American boys; but while granting this, he is averse, and rightly so, to any

violent introduction of English ideas. "The entire conception of breeding and education is different in the two countries." Paternalism is the keynote of the English and freedom of the American system; and between the two there can be but little common standing ground. The division of boys into houses is all that Mr. Corbin dares to recommend; the prefectorial system he regards as too alien to the American nature to be ever successfully practiced. To us that seems a hard saying, for it implies, on Mr. Corbin's own showing, a certain disability to command or obey. But the question is too big to be threshed out in a brief review. Mr. Corbin, we must admit, chooses his ground carefully, and no doubt would defend it with spirit if called upon to do so. His book being very comprehensive and happy in its pictures of English school-life and full of suggestion in its comments thereon, has the two qualities one could most have wished for. It interests and it provokes to thought and argument.

ADVENTUROUS HUMOR

THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.—*By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.*
BLOWN AWAY.—*By Richard Mansfield. 12mo. L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.*

THOSE persevering persons who pride themselves on "following" serial stories through the magazines, are already familiar with Mr. Stockton's latest fantasy. For the benefit of the others, we may say that its action is supposed to pass in the year 1947, and that it has its beginning in the State of New Jersey—where, notoriously, many strange things happen. The hero constructs a submarine boat, in which employés of his triumphantly proceed to the Pole. During their absence he perfects the artesian ray, which enables him to look deep into the earth; and when another invention, an automatic shell, chances to break through its scaffolding and plough its way far under ground, he bravely follows it, discovering, not the great stone alone, but scientific truths sufficiently important to win the cordial approval of even a lady professor in Bryn Mawr college.

If the abstract seems unduly reminiscent of Jules Verne, that is because it is an abstract, and necessarily omits the quips and cranks and wanton wiles of which Mr. Stockton is always lavish. Moreover, Mr. Stockton has bettered all the conceptions of the French romancer by introducing a heroine, a rich widow, who, when the scientist's zeal for discovery seems somewhat abated, promptly marries him. It is open to the generous reader to hope, for her sake, that Roland Clewe was a handsomer man than filled the eye of Mr. Peter Newell when he made the drawings that face pages 10 and 182.

Though at first glance it suggests *Alice in Wonderland* plus an energetic nightmare, Mr. Mansfield's story for children is, like Mr. Stockton's novel, original in details if not in the mass. The youthful heroines, Beatrice and Jessie, go farther than Mr. Stockton's characters but, on the whole, fare not much worse. Rapt away by a cyclone, in the first instance, they visit Noah's ark, Robinson Crusoe's island, and various other objects and places of interest, and their experiences with birds, beasts, and the revivified celebrities that figure in nursery classics, are truly cyclonic. The cyclone to the contrary, however, we do not gather that Beatrice and Jessie are American children. The tale as a whole is identified with transatlantic latitudes, partly by the presence of such geological phenomena as the British pun.

No one who has assisted at Mr. Mansfield's "curtain" orations needs to be reminded that the actor-author is a singularly modest and amiable man of genius. Mr. Mansfield has frequently admitted it. Naturally he describes *Blown Away* as "a nonsensical narrative, without rhyme or reason," and his preface assures us that the story "contains no sarcasm, satire or cynicism." We are not inclined to join him in depreciating his book. It is more than occasionally clever; it is almost continuously readable. On the other hand, we surmise that grown folks who buy it for the children (and themselves) will detect a certain ferocity in some of the allusions—notably those that occur in the description of the theatrical performance in Noah's ark. It is possible, however, to believe that Mr. Mansfield is not altogether responsible for this. We do not blame Mr. Stockton for his hero's unfortunate face. Why should we not be equally charitable to Mr. Mansfield and assume that it is all the fault of the cyclone?

THE GARDEN OF THE EAST

JAVA; THE GARDEN OF THE EAST.—*By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. 8vo. Illustrated. The Century Co. $1.50.*

WHILE one is reading Miss Scidmore's book of travels in Java, it is easy to lose sight of the fact that it is the record of a very hurried trip, which could include only the most obvious objective points of the tourist. Miss Scidmore could not be considered an authority on any Javanese subject, but she is entertaining on all. On strictly economic subjects she touches rarely, and perhaps with least success. On the "culture system," under which the Dutch colonial government practically undertook the conduct of all the agriculture of the island, she is not quite so clear as one might wish, and her conclusions that the system, abandoned on account of violent opposition and condemnation everywhere, was a good one seem to have been hastily formed. On almost everything else she is eminently readable and in-

telligent. She had no special opportunities to see more than the ordinary tourist, yet she did see very much more. There are comparatively few books on Java in English adapted to the casual reader's wants, so this volume should be welcome to those who have any curiosity about the island. For those who may be stimulated by her volume to want some more authoritative work Miss Scidmore should have added a bibliography.

In spite of its charm, Java, which has been more extravagantly praised than any other island in the world, Miss Scidmore says, is not often visited by tourists. Until recently most of the traveling had to be done by very expensive posting, and the Dutch have always discouraged foreign travel. They have disliked criticism of their governing methods, although they have never made the flimsy plea we occasionally hear now in discussion of colonial matters, that they were abroad for the benefit of the natives. Java is the richest source of Holland's wealth, more than Cuba has ever been to Spain. The Dutch administration has not been cruel nor violently oppressive, but it has been strict and selfish. Before 1864 the natives were not even allowed to study the Dutch language. Reforms have come very slowly. The colonial government enforces justice and cleanliness, even in the Chinese settlements. But it has always lagged somewhat in progress. Javanese ruins and antiquities are now being excavated and cared for, and scientific societies in Batavia are doing much in studying them. But the beginning of intelligent interest in such work was during the brief occupation of Java by the British, to whom it came from Napoleon in 1811, and by it was ceded again to the Dutch in 1816. When Sir Stamford Raffles's engineers in 1814 came to Boro Boedor, the inhabitants of the nearest village had no knowledge or tradition of the existence of this greatest temple of Buddhist art.

Excavations since that time have uncovered a pyramidal temple on a base almost as large as that of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, built in five terraces, covered with hundreds of statues, and carved into an intricate lacework of elaborate designs. It is a surprising thing for most people to realize that the ruins at Boro Boedor and Brambanam surpass in extent and magnificence anything in Egypt or India. They are relics of the Hindu empire of Java, which was founded on the ruins of a preceding Brahmanism, was in its glory during the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, and then gradually declined until the Mohammedan conquest of the fifteenth century. The native princes in some regions are still allowed to keep up a mock state, and are furnished with a large income, which they employ in arranging their pleasure gardens with electric lighting in the best style of Parisian *café-chantants* and in giving balls to the Dutch residents.

Java is preëminently an agricultural region, and is, perhaps, the richest in the world. With an area about equal to that of New York state, it supports a constantly increasing population, amounting already to 24,000,000. From one end to the other it is a terraced garden, and except for inaccessible swamps and volcanoes there is no waste land.

Miss Scidmore had no opportunity for an intimate knowledge of the life of the inhabitants of the island, either native, Chinese, or Dutch, but she found enough that is picturesque in mere externals. The native Javanese are a quiet, graceful, and refined people, suggesting constantly the Japanese, and making one wonder how they could have revolted so often in fierce war against the Dutch rule. The Chinese in Java, in spite of all kinds of restrictions, grow very rich, and may be seen in Batavia, attired in white ducks and patent-leather boots, driving in the enormous open carriages the Dutch call "milords," with men on the box in the correct and conventional livery of Europe. Indeed, except for the Dutch, everything in Java seems picturesque, from the "Emperor" at Solo playing at royalty, to the humble thief Miss Scidmore saw being tried, who had a "dark lantern" with which he could disclose or cover the light of three or four fireflies struggling within.

The Dutch seem to gain in stolidity and lose in courtesy when they take up residence in the tropics. In the mere matter of costume they fatally prejudice a visitor against them. You may dine with charming people attired in conventional evening dress, but these same people will spend the morning and eat lunch bare-footed and in pyjamas, or short cotton skirts and loose sacques. The Dutch woman of Java is more négligée in appearance than any civilized female of whom we have ever read.

Miss Scidmore deplores constantly the lack of a Baedeker or Murray for Java. But her own book would be admirable to take on the journey to which it might easily inspire one. The volume mechanically is one of the most satisfactory of the autumn season. The pictures are numerous and good, while the binding is rich in color and unusual and appropriate in design.

THREE OPERETTAS

THREE OPERETTAS.—*By H. C. Bunner. Music by Oscar Weil. With Illustrations by C. D. Weldon and C. J. Taylor. 4to. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.*

DURING his life the late H. C. Bunner found time to do several things besides the editing of *Puck*. With most of these literary diversions the reading public is generallly familiar, but it is safe to say that he is seldom thought of as a librettist of children's operas. It is, perhaps, as a reminder of this phase of his work that these three plays have been set to music and published at this late day.

Observers of *St. Nicholas* will remember them as

appearing in that periodical some ten years ago, without music, and that at that time they were frequently used by schools and children's singing classes. The necessity of new music was avoided by the simple expedient of finding familiar airs and songs which would fit the words. This made an easy and successful combination, and the little operas consequently had considerable vogue.

This new edition brings three of the best together, with new music written for them by Mr. Oscar Weil. The first two have all the whimsicality and amusing invention, which was Bunner's greatest talent. "The Three Little Kittens of the Land of Pie" affords great opportunity for a lot of clever children, and could be made very engaging. Both dialogue and lyrics are all within easy grasp, but at the same time escape unnecessary childishness. This is the first in the work, and by all counts the best. "The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town" shows a less ingenious imagination, but is nevertheless diverting. The last one, "Bobby Shaftoe," is apparently meant for older performers, possibly the amateurs of a church society. It is conventional in plot and hardly up to the other two in interest. Mr. Weil's music, while not especially inspired, is at all times suitable to the words, and frequently very graceful and pleasing. While there is no particular trace of originality, it is at all events easily learned and singable, and possessed of considerable swing. After all, children of ten and twelve do not demand originality as much as the other qualities, so the composer has done his part well enough.

FAIRY BOOKS

THE PINK FAIRY BOOK.—*Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated. 8vo. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.*

PRINCE UNO.—*16mo. Doubleday & McClure Co. Illustrated. $1.25.*

IT is a question whether it is not a waste of time to give children mere variations on the beloved old themes. As might be expected, after exhausting the primary colors, this fifth volume in Mr. Lang's prismatic series of fairy-books contains little that is new, and too many stories like "The Shirt-Collar," by Hans Andersen. The Japanese legends give a certain novelty to the collection, and it is pleasant to come again upon the Japanese "Rip van Winkle"—Urasclinnataro—which is elsewhere so beautifully given by Lafcadio Hearne. After the book is some child's property for a month, we prophesy that it will open of itself at the Danish tale of "Esben and the Witch," which has the touch of true romance. That so many of the others lack it, anyone will note who has ever complied with the difficult request, "Tell me a story." So much goes to make success: briskness, buoyancy, faith, the dramatic thrill. If your tale lack these, be your princess as beautiful as the day, and her apparel thick with glittering gems—your audience will run away to play. The fault, however, is not Mr. Lang's, and it is no wonder he desires to keep the affection of the only reading-public worth having. Mr. Ford's smaller illustrations are excellent.

After Lilliput and Hawthorne's pygmies, a child will find little to interest him in *Prince Uno*, whose author adopts the style of Mr. W. D. Howells. The fairies live at "Weeboro!" After that one is not surprised to find them the dullest sprites imaginable. As for the human being whose adventures among them form the subject of the story, his dense stupidity and irritating ill-faith can only be shown by quoting such contemptible reflections as—"The Prince seemed to be immensely rich, and to think very little of expense,—I could not doubt that the silver was real silver, and the gold, real gold!" Let the author watch and pray, and practice on some simpler form of literature — the epic poem, for instance. Meanwhile a thorough course of "Alice" would do much, if it only left him despairing! The pictures in this little book deserve a more imaginative text; they bring remembrances of "Dicky Doyle's" inimitable fays. Perhaps these, if nothing else, will serve to bridge that dreadful gulf of childhood — "I have nothing to do!"

A BOOK FOR BOYS

A HERO IN HOMESPUN.—*By William E. Barton. 12mo. Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.*

IF OF an uncharitable and suspicious disposition one might reasonably expect from this alliterative title a melodrama with leanings towards the dime novel, suffering from that malign influence which the lives of Kit Carson and Daniel Boone have exerted upon our fiction; and however generous by nature, one would hardly hope at most for more than an amiable and colorless story for boys. How false the first judgment would be is indicated by the fact that while there is a hero in homespun there is no villain of any sort; and the injustice of the second characterization will be equally apparent to anyone who, mastering his prejudice, reads the book. To be brief, this is an extremely well written and deserving story of the Civil War, the result of painstaking study, judicious selection, and not a little narrative power.

It may fairly be called a book for boys rather than a novel; the thread of love is followed perfunctorily and with long interruptions, the women are drawn with no more distinctness than is usually allotted to minor characters, and the story is quite lacking in the subtle analysis and subjective grasp of emotion which in recent war tales there has been such formidable and distorted effort to compass. It is the account of the vivid experiences of a Tennes-

see mountaineer who joins the Union forces, serves throughout the War in the Army of the Cumberland, and rises in the end to no higher rank than that of captain—rare restraint on the author's part! The attempt has been less to depict the man than the scenes and the spirit of the times, and while the story itself appeals to that interest in adventure supposed to be strongest in the young, it ought, as an intelligent commentary on military operations and as a picture, graphic and excellent in perspective, not only of battles, marches, and encampments, but of men known to history—like General Nelson and "Parson" Brownlow—to have a claim upon the attention of discriminating readers. The author's method is liberal; his story is diffusely told, but with that diffuseness which comes from really rich knowledge, and which is so easy and intimate that it charms rather than annoys. Chapters are given over to men who are a part of history, but who are not essential to the story, pauses are made for anecdotes which might come from an old soldier's reminiscences; and one does not resent the delays.

Not an important work of art, certainly, but a broad, healthy story, which has information and humor and life.

YARNS OF THE SEA

YANKEE SHIPS AND YANKEE SAILORS.—*By James Barnes. Crown 8vo. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.*

MR. JAMES BARNES, whose standing as a writer of seafaring books is very well known, has brought together in *Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors*, a selection from the best yarns known to the story of the American navy. Though they have been told and retold on the forecastle and the quarter-deck, and by a variety of writers ever since the days of 1812, of which they treat, they are so stirring, and the events were of such great moment in the history of the nation, that it is fair to say that with each repetition they have gained interest. And as for the version of them which Mr. Barnes has given, it must be said that he not only adds to the life in them as they have been told hitherto, but he has given several of them an entirely new interest—the interest due to novelty or news.

One must see the author's preface before reading this book in order to fully understand the work, for he says he "has touched the fragile bric-a-brac of tradition with the feather-duster of investigation" only. It is not pretended that all that is here told is literally true—that all orders were given as here printed, or that all conversations were held as here repeated. "Facts are not lacking to prove much here to be true," he says; and then he adds the very important statement that "*it will not confuse our historical knowledge to accept it thus.*"

A more remarkable statement than that last would be hard to find outside the works of the complacent British naval historians; for in at least five of the chapters of this book, if the version given by Mr. Barnes is true, then all other versions, from Cooper's to Maclay's, including that of the careful Roosevelt, not to mention lesser lights, are entirely wrong. And the yarns relate to matters, too, of the utmost importance in the history of the American navy, and not to the mere adventures of some rollicking Jack ashore.

Take for a sample the yarn of "Allen of the *Chesapeake*." The American whose blood is not stirred by the story of the *Chesapeake* and the *Leopard* is a cur who ought to emigrate. Mr. Barnes re-tells this in spirited fashion, but h esays that Barron did not haul down the flag until after Allen, with the famed live coal from the galley, had fired a gun. All others say the flag was already at the rail. If Mr. Barnes is right, Mr. Barron is in a great measure rehabilitated.

And then there is the story of the Irishman who deserted a British frigate and swam to the *Constitution* while she was at anchor in a British port. How Lieutenant Morris held on to the man until Hull returned from London, although two British frigates anchored where it was supposed the *Constitution* could not get away without fouling one of them; how Morris got her away, nevertheless, only to have them repeat their tactics at the new anchorage; how Hull returned and carried the *Constitution* and the man to sea with the two frigates in chase—in chase with their crews at quarters; how, when at sea, Hull waited until the only one that could keep up was alongside—waited while his crew made the side tackles sing as they brought their guns to bear on the British; how the British commander then tucked his spanker close against the mizzen, as a kicked whiffet tucks her tail against her hind legs, and sneaked—that is one of the bulliest stories ever told of old Ironside. We hope we may be allowed the use of the only adjective equal to the occasion. But Mr. Barnes says that (p. 67) the two vessels did not make "a movement to prevent her going."

More important still is the yarn of Dartmoor prison. According to Mr. Barnes, the Americans were digging through a wall, and one had got his head and shoulders through the hole, when a sentry opened fire and called the other guards to come and fire. So the Americans, according to Barnes, were shot while trying to escape. All other writers, including two who were on the spot, say that no hole was dug *through* the wall, and no attempt was made to dig *through*. Moreover, such digging as was done ceased at the second order of the sentry. Several hours later, the Governor of the prison, angered because the prisoners had refused to agree with him about an allowance of food, did, when all was quiet in the yard, deliberately order his guards to open fire, whereby a number were killed and

wounded. And that, too, six weeks after the treaty of peace had been ratified on both sides of the water, and so murder was committed in most brutal fashion. If it does not confuse our historical knowledge to accept the yarn of Mr. Barnes as truth, what does it do?

The reader will observe that we do not attempt to decide as to the relative trustworthiness of Mr. Barnes and the great number of writers who are against him in these important matters. Our reason for this is that Mr. Barnes has said in print, beginning with his *Naval Engagements of 1812* and ending with his *Biography of Commodore Bainbridge*, that he is a lineal descendant of Bainbridge, and that "this circumstance readily suggests the exceptional opportunities at the author's command in the way of unpublished letters and papers, and in personal knowledge." Nor is that all, for he has been diligent in letting people know that he has "a special collection" of naval works and things. The impropriety of deciding against a lineal descendant of a great naval officer—a descendant with exceptional opportunities, personal knowledge, and a special collection—must be obvious. But, with due apologies, we beg to say that since Mr. Barnes has set out to alter the face of history, as he has done (we apologize once more) in this work, it is incumbent on him to do, what he has not yet done, to give us something from his unpublished papers and exceptional opportunities and special collection —at least some proof of what he appears to have written out of his personal knowledge only.

GIFT BOOKS NEW AND OLD

LONDON AS SEEN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.—*Folio. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.*

AN ALPHABET.—*By William Nicholson. 4to. R. H. Russell. $1.50.*

AN ALMANAC OF TWELVE SPORTS FOR 1898.—*By William Nicholson. 4to. R. H. Russell. $1.25.*

MOTHER GOOSE IN PROSE.—*By L. Frank Baum. Pictures by Maxfield Parrish. 4to. Way & Williams. $2.00.*

IT is a happy thing for the public that the gorgeous gift-books of a decade ago are now nearly out-lived and the gaudy glory of frosted churchyards will soon be missed from our book-shop windows. Instructors in art have condemned the things; itinerant "professors" throughout the West have held them unworthy your serious love. The days are passed when "Printed in Nüremburg" was guaranty of all that was fine in Christmas art.

In a way, it is very sad. The sending of gift-books was always among the agreeablest ways of wounding a friend. Now we shall have to look for new devices.

In the place of the holiday lambs and the verses, and all the fringed delights, another and a novel kind of holiday book has appeared—the Gibson book, and all that admirable series of picture volumes which its success inspired.

The new Gibson book, *London as Seen by Charles Dana Gibson*, is in the same style as its predecessors. It is distinct, however, in having short notes of the artist's impressions which, while quite unpretentious, are suggestive and clever. Often by a phrase he hits off some striking feature of life. While the pictures are in some respects more interesting than those in either of the previous volumes, it does not occur to one that they are profoundly characteristic, and Mr. Gibson certainly did not choose an attractive type. Yet these facts make small difference. The presentation pictures are very charming and the book is excellent for a Christmas gift.

The two books by Mr. William Nicholson introduce to America a man who is in a fair way to occupy a leading place among artists of the new school. For several years the posters of the Beggarstaff Brothers have been well known and much praised. It is only within the year, however, that one of the brothers, resuming his own name, has done smaller work. The portrait of the Queen, issued as a supplement to *The New Review* in the early part of this summer, at once attracted the widest attention, both for the novelty of its execution, the remarkable life-likeness, and what appeared to many persons as brutal frankness. The picture was a success, and on the strength of it Mr. Nicholson has done a series of portraits, which, we understand, are later to be published in a portfolio. In the meantime, we have two volumes—an almanac of twelve sports and an alphabet. The prints are in two colors and done in a primitive wood-cut style. It is difficult, however, to overrate the great cleverness of the work. Mr. Nicholson is certain of himself, and his lines are marvellously expressive. For the almanac Mr. Kipling has contributed a series of verses, many of which are as admirable as the drawings they accompany.

Mr. L. Frank Baum has undertaken to expand *Mother Goose* into little stories for children. The thing has been done before, but these tales are nevertheless pleasant enough reading. They are always harmless, sometimes ingenious, and occasionally humorous. Their chief merit is of course that they have furnished Mr. Maxfield Parrish with an excuse for making a great many pictures. The combination forms one of the most attractive books we have seen in a long time. Mr. Parrish has a new style, and one quite his own. It has existed for more than a year now, and we do not remember to have seen any attempt at imitation. He has an admirable sense of decorative qualities, a good vein of humor, and a peculiarly delicate and indefinable charm. His pictures in this book call for nothing but praise.

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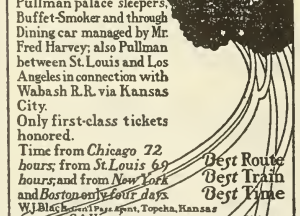

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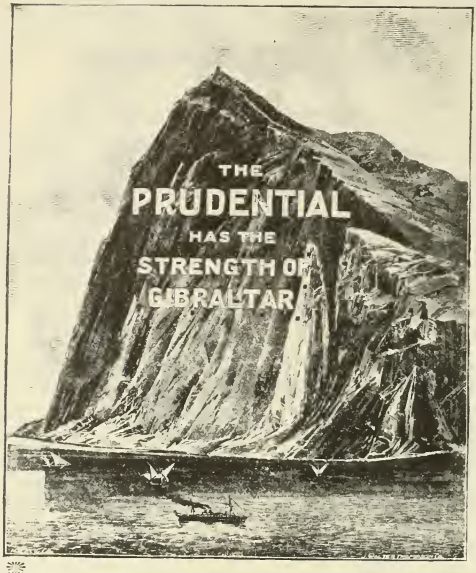

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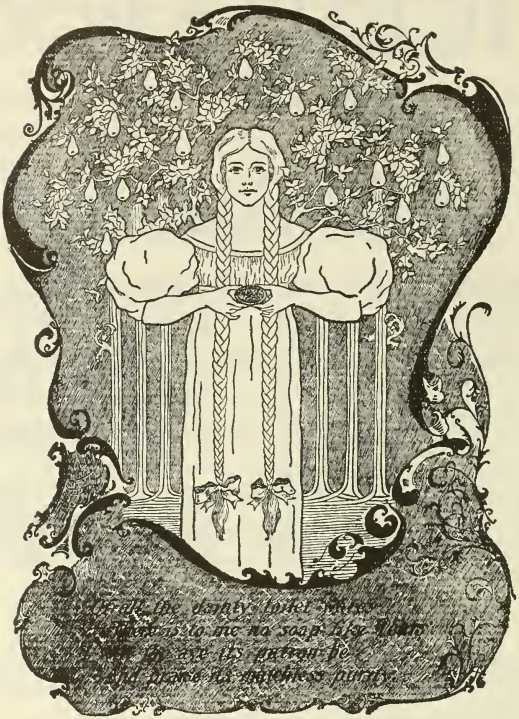

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WHAT MAISIE KNEW

The accuracy, the cleverness, and the insight of this latest mental study of Henry James is not to be for a moment questioned. It is undoubtedly a great study.—*Los Angeles Times.*

It proves anew Mr. James's literary and artistic power.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. James's new novel is wonderfully clever, and displays to the utmost his extraordinary power of artistic craftsmanship. "What Maisie Knew" will be regarded as one of his most notable triumphs.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

The great beauty of the book is the character of Maisie, the baby quarreled over in the cause celebre. Mr. James's books abound in charming young girls, but Maisie is surely the sweetest, the most wistful of them all. Mr. James's best novel is a sort of moveable feast. "The Portralt of a Lady" once claimed the place, and after that "The Bostonians," then "The Tragic Muse." Now it seems impossible to resist the temptation to endow this latest book with the laurel wreath. Maisie's story is sure to delight all of Mr. James's admirers. It must also reach many who do not usually read Mr. James's work, the attraction for these new converts being, not the fact that the book is concerned with the lower planes of conduct, but this is more spirited, more frivolous, less obscure and intense and illusive than Mr. James's ordinary work; to put it bluntly "What Maisie Knew" is more readable than its prédecessors.—*Kansas City Star.*

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

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It will rank as one of his most notable achievements.—*New York Sun.*

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This series of fully illustrated articles on "Successful Houses," which has been such a prominent feature during the past year, will be continued. For those anticipating furnishing, or who are interested in gradually improving their interior decorations, this series is peculiarly helpful, exhibiting, as it does, the most successful arrangements already achieved by others. These houses are selected with great care from various parts of the country, and will present specimens of both expensive and inexpensive furnishings.

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Answers to Correspondents

This is a new department which the magazine will greatly enlarge during the coming year. A subscriber may write and request information or advice upon any subject within the province of the magazine, and the inquiry will be promptly answered at no expense. With this end in view, the publishers have made arrangements with an experienced and trained decorator to furnish the most authoritative advice upon all questions pertaining to color schemes and furnishings. No trouble or expense will be spared to make this department of real benefit to subscribers, and the editors will welcome questions of every character.

Homes of Celebrities

Another series of interesting articles, which will appear from time to time throughout the coming year, will include fully illustrated papers on the homes of some of the most prominent statesmen, authors, and artists of the day. These houses are of interest not only on account of their artistic merit, but also through their associations with the owners.

Hints on Furnishing and Refurnishing

There are few houses to which, from time to time, a new piece of furniture is not added. Frequently whole rooms are reorganized. To meet the demand for information and suggestions pertaining to the subject, this magazine will present, not only as heretofore, illustrations of old and beautiful chairs, tables, beds, and cabinets, but will occasionally print designs for new or special furniture to meet new conditions. These designs will be in such shape that they can be turned over to an ordinary carpenter for construction, without further attention on the part of the purchaser.

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This most picturesque subject will be treated of in two or three articles, illustrated by drawings and photographs of some of the most famous and attractive.

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Articles will appear on all these subjects. One from Mr. Frederic Keppel is called "What is an Etching?" There will also be one on "China Marks."

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Timely articles will appear concerning these important features of decoration.

Notes and Reviews

Current news on art and decoration, with reviews of books likely to be helpful to subscribers.

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THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY

Vol. VIII, No. 4 January 1, 1898 Price 10 cents

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NOTES

THE DEPARTURE of the German Prince Henry for China has refreshed the world anew with the humors of the royal family. The critics of the wonderful speech, in which the sailor prince spoke of carrying the gospel of his brother's sacred person to a pagan land, seem to have no suspicion that perhaps a joke lurked along the bombastic words. Henry is no fool. He is a burly, rather stupid man, but he has sometimes uttered outspoken comments on his brother's follies, an offense for which he has suffered temporary banishment from the presence of his sacred majesty. But the ridiculous proceedings at Kiel, the exchange of toasts, the kissing of Bismarck "on the exact part of his forehead where he was kissed by our grandfather," can blind no one to the earnestness of the Germans in China, where they seem determined to precipitate at once the dismemberment of the empire that has threatened for so many years. Russia has not been slow to take the forcible hint, although her occupation of Port Arthur was foreshadowed six months ago. Last spring the *North China Herald* announced with much positiveness that a treaty had been signed at Pekin, whereby Russia was to be permitted to carry her Siberian railway south through Manchuria, and it was generally suspected at that time that Port Arthur would not long remain unclaimed by a power that could extort the railway concession from the ministers of Hwangti. Japan looks on with fear and bewilderment. What is to become of all those vast plans for colonial enrichment that were formed so swiftly during the Chinese war, if the foreign devils begin to swarm along the China coast, seizing and garrisoning cities? Never was a triumph shorter-lived or more harmful in the end to the victor than the one achieved when Port Arthur fell. Japan gained almost nothing but a few weeks of megalomania. The answer of the European powers to Count Okuma's boasts was permanently to pen up the Japanese in their little islands. They have no outlet, east or west. They are put on the defensive to save their own land. For it must be considered, that even if the powers should divide the sea-coast territory of China without protest, one hundred miles from the coast China would be China still, while Japan, after the first collision, would be no very difficult prey for the hungry Russians or Germans.

MEANWHILE, in spite of complications here, there, and everywhere, France continues to rage over the Dreyfus case. No public scandal since the Panama has held the boards so long or enraged the populace so much. But rapidly all Paris is coming around to the same side—all but the few friends of Dreyfus and M. Zola. The novelist continues to hammer at the anti-semites with all the vigor of a well-trained literary mechanic, and it is now a question whether the enemies of Dreyfus would not consider it a good bargain if the captain were released and Zola sent to the Isle of the Devil. The popular papers are all of one manner of thinking—or of speaking; which shows pretty clearly how the popular opinion of the case runs. Dreyfus or no Dreyfus, Zola or no Zola, the wave of anti-semitism mounts day by day and the violence of the agitation has suggested already the possibility of the familiar "diversion" abroad to escape the tumult at home. "La France s'ennuie." The notion has occurred to Caran D'Ache among others. He pictures a cabinet council. The president suggests that the best diversion would be to restore the monarchy and crown him king. The minister of war advises that the army disperse the crowds in the street. The minister of the interior proposes that the police assist the military. The minister of finance favors a national roulette wheel. The president modestly suggests the restoration of the empire with himself as emperor. This plan meeting with no response he proposes a life-presidency. He will consent to serve as life-president. Finally, the cabinet agree to revive Panama as a diversion. The president is sad and sends out once more for the Élysée photographer.

MR. EDWARD BLAKE'S return to Canada for a brief visit has resulted in destroying his reputation in the one part of the world where some shreds of it remained. He managed to estrange his old friends and embitter his old opponents. No fall in modern political history has been more rapid than that of the former minister of justice and attorney-general of the Dominion. In 1892, when Mr. Gladstone, annoyed by the dissension among his Irish allies, was looking about for a leader to take Parnell's place, he hit upon Blake. The Canadian was invited to Ireland, and with the help of Dillon and O'Brien, and under Mr. Gladstone's patronage was elected for South Longford. He was heralded as the most brilliant parliamentary orator in Canada, and there was much curiosity to hear his maiden speech. The house of commons was crowded with an expectant audience. Five minutes after he began to speak half the members of the house—with the frank impoliteness characteristic of English parliamentary life—walked out. Ten minutes more of the droning monotone and the Canadian was addressing an impassive speaker, three men on the treasury bench, a group of saddened home rulers, and row on row of empty seats. His name, since then, has become a by-word for long and wearisome orations. It is said that while he was putting a particularly involved and protracted question to Mr. Cecil Rhodes during the South African investigation, Mr. Rhodes went fast asleep. Mr. Blake was no more of a success out of parliament. Personally he is a mild-mannered man, but unfortunately not as mild-mannered as Justin McCarthy, whose "gentleness," Tim Healy has said, would not be molested by a Sioux Indian. Mr. Blake antagonized the "Bantry gang"—Healy, Arthur O'Connor and the rest, without winning the respect or fear of Dillon, O'Brien, and Davitt. Three years ago he came to America, and the report was widely circulated that he bore a personal commission from Mr. Gladstone to weld together the Irish factions in this country. A meeting was held in Chicago, to which a number of Irishmen of great influence were invited. Mr. Blake made a most dismal impression. He seemed to be afraid to say too much or too little. He talked at great length, and such was the combined effort of his eloquence and his timidity that the gathering broke up after cheering wildly the exclamation of one of the younger men: "The only way to beat England is to give her dynamite!" This was the end of the "peace mission." Mr. Blake stood in the door watching the crowd disappear, his trembling hands uplifted, the very personification of defeat and despair.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER READERS may well wonder whether the "truth about Cuba" will ever be known. It is enough to puzzle the brain of an adept in translation of the "news" of the daily journals to find half-a-dozen facts consistent with each other in the reams and tons of matter sent from Havana. The "impressions" of the Creelmans, Bonsals, Davises, and Deckers are, of course, worthless. One correspondent after another goes to Havana, and either writes what he is told at the palace or what his imagination and the cry for "copy" may direct. For a time the Spanish came in for terrible wiggings. Now, the fashion has changed, and the insurgents "catch it" every hour of the day. The result of a system of war correspondence that can be set up just as well in New York or Washington as in Havana, is that the people of the United States know almost nothing of the progress of the war. Except for what may be gleaned from occasional doctored official reports, no one here has any means of learning the number of troops on either side, the extent of the mortality, the condition of the armies, the real feeling of the non-combatants. The newspapers used to order these things better. But war correspondence of the active sort is disappearing. The Forbes and MacGahans will be unheard-of in the next European war. In the Soudan Gen. Sir Herbert H. Kitchener ordered the correspondents to

keep such a distance in the rear of his columns that they were obliged to abandon their task of collecting news. Perhaps the American easy-chair correspondents in Havana are the forerunners of the day when every man will be his own war correspondent, filling out the skeletons of official reports with such imagination as he may possess.

NO WRITER could we have spared so ill as Alphonse Daudet, though the greatness of his loss seems barely to be realized in America, where his biographical notices have been scant and uncritical. The facts of his life are fairly well known — how he was born of poor parents at Nimes, the beautiful Roman city he was afterwards to describe so often, so charmingly and so inaccurately; how he passed his childhood largely at Lyons amid the wretched surroundings he has preserved for us in *Le Petit Chose;* how he became an usher at a small country school, still in his beloved Provence, and himself endured many of the sufferings and deprivations he embodied in *Les Gueux de Provence;* how he and his brother finally broke away from their disheartening home life and made their way to Paris, all but starving; how success came to him after a year of bitter struggle—success deservedly won and maintained till the end of his life. And during these last twenty-five years what hours of self-forgetfulness, of admiration, of keenest intellectual pleasure has not his busy pen given to us! "A French Dickens," says the every-day critic, not altogether untruly. There are resemblances beyond doubt—the same love of oddities, at times the same falsetto note, and the common passion for amusing, gesticulating exteriority. Daudet does not always ring truly, is often artificial, draws many blanks, may be charged now and then with a mere clever imitation of life. But to call him a French Dickens, and so dismiss him, is too easy to be critical. Daudet overlaps the Englishman as Thackeray does Trollope. Who can call Dickens charming? Yet, what other word is there, so suitable because so indefinable, to describe the author of *Tartarin de Tarascon?* In him were united the Provençal and the Parisian, both at their best; the warmth, good-nature, loquacity of the south and the deft keenness, the light movement of the Capital. "How well he talks!" one exclaims instinctively, reading his pages, "how firmly and yet how familiarly, with what easy transitions and swift, butterfly fancies." "The lie," he wrote somewhere, "has always been my preoccupation; my books are full of liars." The author himself was not free from the habit of artistic distortion. He loved not the mathematics, seeing romance in all things. Too good-natured, was Zola's criticism. Too poetic, were better perhaps. His fancy did not create, but it could transform; rather it could not help transforming. He wanted something definite to work upon. His note-book was always by his side; his characters were drawn from life. The higher imagination he did not, possibly could not, exercise; but the imagination that seizes on the facts and people around, plays with them, idealizes them, softens them, was his to an intense degree. Papilionaceous, to adopt Carlyle's adjective, is the word, one word at least, for him; with all the brilliancy, charm, picturesque movement, insufficiency, too, it may suggest. But one must admit frankly that French is the only language in which this unmitigated Frenchman can be explained with precision. There never has been and there never can be an English writer like unto him in manner and method. Even in France he is unique — unique and immortal.

A WRITER in the *Publisher's Circular* discusses the question of titles for books, chiefly from a trade point of view. He protests against such titles as *The Beth Book*, *The Gods give my Donkey Wings*, and *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, on the ground that they give no clue to possible purchasers. Many people, it seems, buy books by titles, and expect them to be fairly descriptive. This is a habit which leads to some works being read in quite unexpected quarters. Carpenters have been found studying Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop*, and horticulturalists have been similarly disappointed over Sir Walter Besant's *All in a Garden Fair*. One recalls the English horse-racer of Petrarch's year, who was misled into purchasing a translation of the Italian poet's works, and read it through for the pedigree of the Derby favorite. The writer is full of praise for the simplicity of the old titles, such as *Tom Brown's School Days, Pride and Prejudice*, and *Scenes from Clerical Life*. These certainly stimulate curiosity, even when they do not give the reader a fair idea of what to look out for. Titles should not be too long. The old Puritan *Eggs of Charity layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the waters of Divine Love*, is an injudicious attempt to put the index on the title page. It has been said by the by that *Lorna Doone* owed its success to its title. The book fell flat at first, till the British public got it into its head that the work might have something to do with the newly-wedded wife of the Marquis of Lorne. We have heard of the sale of a book sending up royalties, and no doubt the case of royalties sending up the sale of a book is quite as common.

NOW THAT the new periodical *Literature* has fallen into its stride, and taken upon itself a definite character, it is possible to criticise it with some degree of certainty. It has three excellent features—the editorials always carefully written, and suggestive, the series of monographs contributed by well-known writers under the title of "Among My Books," and the "Notes," which are accurate and exhaustive, besides being neatly turned. On the other hand, its reviews have all the heavy formality of a by-gone school. They are apparently the work of specialists

and scholars, who have been consulted for the sake of their knowledge, and not for their ability to present that knowledge in a readable form. The bulk of them in consequence are weighty but uninteresting. The obituary notices, too, look like mere reprints from the *Times* newspaper, dull catalogues of facts and dates. The foreign letters have rather more life about them, Prof. Barrett Wendell's American contribution being easily the best, though written from the stubborn Harvard point of view. In brief, *Literature* is a good production, and has within it the germs of something admirable. At present it is too unmitigatedly English to make any popular progress here. When Messrs. Harper & Brothers see their way to edit it from this side, to include in it more matter of interest to American readers, and give us better print, and more lively reviews, they ought, with their unequalled resources, to provide literary America with the paper for which it has long been waiting. No one will be more pleased than ourselves when that day comes.

LIFE HAS BEEN PLAYING A MERRY PRANK at its readers' expense. Some time ago it started a guessing competition the object of which was to discover the line from Longfellow which suggested and fitted in with a picture representing an aged warrior welcomed home by damsels scattering flowers along his path. Twelve hundred answers were sent in, not one of which was correct, and the wicked *Life*, after blushing for its readers, informed them that the sought-for line was, "Age has its opportunities no less than youth itself." One cannot of course set bounds to the imagination of an artist who is bent on the manufacture of puzzles. What is the exact connection, therefore, between the title and the drawing, and how the one could possibly have suggested the other, are questions which cannot be solved by one who is neither an artist nor the editor of a comic paper. We were reminded at first of the editor of an English illustrated weekly who used to label every sketch which he could not understand with the explanatory words, "On a steamer between Harwich and Rotterdam." But *Life* does not go to such lengths of despair. Thinking further, it seems clear to us that no one remembered another line of that profound poet who remarked, with a prophetic eye on guessing competitions:

"And things are not what they seem!"

ALL THAT ENGLISHMEN ASK of the United States Ambassador to St. James' is that he should be a good after-dinner speaker, and London seems to be satisfied that in Colonel John Hay she has obtained a man who stands only second to James Russell Lowell. Colonel Hay made an excellent debut some months ago with his speech at the unveiling of a monument to Sir Walter Scott. He has more than confirmed that good impression by his address to the Omar Khayyám Club at its last annual meeting. His speech indeed was capitally adapted to the occasion, the speech of a man who knew he was facing a sympathetic audience and was not afraid to be eloquent and enthusiastic. Of the many good things he said, this reference to Omar and Fitzgerald, the most graceful of them all, will easily bear quoting: "A man of extraordinary genius had appeared in the world; had sung a song of incomparable beauty and power in an environment no longer worthy of him, in a language of narrow range; for many generations the song was virtually lost; then by a miracle of creation a poet, a twin-brother in the spirit to the first, was born, who took up the forgotten poem and sang it anew with all its original melody and force and all the accumulated refinement of ages of art. It seems to me idle to ask which was the greater master; each seems greater than his work. The song is like an instrument of precious workmanship and marvelous tone, which is worthless in common hands, but when it falls, at long intervals, into the hands of the supreme master, it yields a melody of transcendent enchantment to all that have ears to hear." That is admirably spoken, and worthy of the applause with which it was greeted. But Colonel Hay must beware of winning too much approbation from the British. That way lies impeachment.

SEVERAL SEASONS AGO, in order to give Miss Rehan a rest, Augustin Daly tempted fate by producing a play of Pinero's with one of his subordinate actresses in the leading part. The piece failed, and in a week Miss Rehan had to hurry back to work. Even if she had figured in the cast the failure might have been as swift, but Mr. Daly must have borne the experience in mind when the fatigue of years of overwork made it imperative that his star should again take a holiday. At any rate, he turned to one of those adaptations from the German that he loves, made this time by the practiced but rather labored and wholly British pen of F. C. Burnand, and for the interpretation of its few characters he chose a group of very clever players. Though the theme is new, *Number Nine* is tedious. You smile at the thought of the hero's plight in being reproduced in the Cinematograph just as he was having that little flirtation at Ostende, but when you see him parrying his jealous wife, dodging his sharp-tongued mother-in-law, passing from one difficulty to another as a result of his indiscretion, you realize that the Cinematograph is but a clever excuse for the re-creation of old situations. Nevertheless the farce is neatly devised, it moves briskly through short kaleidoscopic scenes, and it gives Mr. Daly's people capital opportunities. So Miss Rehan has been able to continue her laudable efforts to get back her strength. In her absence Mrs. Gilbert is altogether the most delightful bit of femininity on

the Daly stage. What an object lesson and what a reproach she is to the mincing misses who float on their affectations through futile theatrical careers! At seventy-seven, by the sheer force of a simple and natural art, she stands among the best performers of the time. In her latest *rôle* she acts the conventional stage mother-in-law in a way that makes the character unconventional. She brightened every scene in which she appeared. Mr. Joseph Herbert as a cockney prize-fighter gave another evidence of Mr. Daly's shrewdness in discovering talent. From the Casino to what used to be called the *Comédie Française* of America! It sounds derisive now, but it is nevertheless a big leap, and Mr. Herbert has made it gloriously. Mr. Cyril Scott was light and airy as the husband—all he needs is a little refinement in style—and Mr. Charles Richman did very well with the part of an impetuous young Irishman.

MR. REGINALD DE KOVEN may or may not be an altogether original composer; the fact remains, however, that in his latest comic opera, now attracting large audiences to the Broadway Theatre, New York, he has done some very charming and at times even brilliant lyrical work. There are no numbers that will bear comparison with the best in *Robin Hood;* on the other hand, the music of the whole opera is uncommonly well sustained. The concerted pieces have been managed with remarkable skill and the choruses are full of snap and sparkle. It is pleasant to add that in the book Mr. Harry B. Smith has accomplished something really commendable. The story of "Dick Fitzgerald," the Irish soldier of fortune, who turns to the road for a livelihood and is won back to an honest life by a pretty girl, is treated simply and cleverly, with no straining for humorous effect, and yet with many delightful bits of genuine fun. In consideration of the depths to which the librettist of comic opera can fall, Mr. Smith deserves gratitude for what he has refrained from doing as well as for what he has done. In other words, his libretto is in good taste. The management of the production deserves unqualified praise. The scenery is beautiful and beautifully lighted; the supernumeraries, kept almost constantly in motion, give animation and color to the pictures, and both action and music blend with a most charming effect. The cast is exceptionally good, all of the performers acting and singing well—even the leading comedian!

MADAME ALEXANDRA VIARDA, who has made a dismal failure of her three weeks in New York, must not blame the American public. She should blame those of her American friends who allowed her first to inflict on their countrymen a piece so badly written and so atrociously translated as Richard Voss's *Alexandra,* and then to follow up the disaster by *Deborah,* a worthless drama that makes its strongest appeal to the tastes and the emotions of audiences on the Bowery in their present state of artistic development. With such pieces, and speaking a foreign tongue, the odds were, of course, dead against the unknown actress. A woman with the genius of a Bernhardt or a Duse, might have overcome them. Madame Viarda, however, gave no evidence of possessing more than a good robust capacity for enacting *rôles* like those in which Janauschek used to excel. Though far from beautiful, she has a strongly marked and interesting face, and by her ease and authority on the stage she shows that she has had good experience. She commits an artistic crime, however, that no really great actress ever commits: she cannot resist the temptation to overact.

"William Terriss," writes an English correspondent, "was the least 'stagey' actor in private life I ever knew. Except in his face, which showed the usual wear and tear of an actor's life, there was almost nothing of the professional about him, none of those distressing evidences of his calling in his conversation and way of looking at things, which make actors the hardest people in the word to talk to. You could be with him by the hour without guessing he had seen the footlights from their unshaded side. He was an actor, and, in my opinion, a very intelligent and effective one, only on the stage. In his dressing-room, or at home, he was a man of the world, with an experience of life which is not given to one in ten thousand. He rather avoided the theater as a topic of conversation, as well he might, with all the incidents of his adventurous career off the boards to draw upon. In general, one is stricken dumb when introduced to actors. They live too wholly for their profession, and see far too much of one another's society to keep in touch with the ordinary world. There are exceptions, of course. Henry Irving is a cultivated gentleman, and a talker of extreme cleverness and geniality. George Alexander does not differ much from the average society Londoner. John Drew is a first rate instance of the man who can conceal the hall-marks of his trade. But, speaking roundly, theatrical people are uninteresting and one-sided, one-ideaed almost. William Terriss had none of the professional trappings about him. He came to the stage late in life, after having knocked round the world a good deal and tried his hand at nearly every known profession. He entered the Royal Navy as a middy when he was fourteen, but joined the mercantile marine after eight months' service. His ship was bound for Australia, setting sail from Gravesend. The sight of Plymouth Harbor was too much for young Terriss, and in a fit of home-sickness he slid down the chains and swam ashore. At seventeen he joined his brother on a tea plantation in Assam, but finding the life terribly dull, made up his mind to try his luck in Calcutta. His vessel was wrecked at the mouth of the Hooghly, and, with a few sur-

vivors, he drifted for ten days under a broiling sun, to be picked up by a home-going steamer. In England, he settled down for a time as a medical student, then apprenticed himself to a marine-engine-maker at Greenwich, then left his employer to go yachting in the Mediterranean. Returning again to England, he went on the stage in 1868, and finally joined Squire Bancroft's company. Twelve months later he was sheep-farming in the Falkland Islands. Another six months saw him back in England once more, after being twice wrecked, once off Montevideo and again in the Bay of Biscay. That was in September, 1871. A few weeks on the stage of Drury Lane led up to his departure for Lexington, Kentucky, where he succeeded in ruining himself over a horse-breeding scheme. Finally he took a steerage passage home, and entered definitely on a theatrical career."

"Most of these details Mr. Terriss communicated to me one evening about three years ago as I sat in his dressing-room at the Adelphi in a curious oak arm-chair which was given to him by Mr. Benjamin Webster. Terriss made his first big hit in 1879, playing Squire Thornhill to Ellen Terry's Olivia at the old Court Theater. For seven years or more he was a member of the Lyceum Company, that excellent training ground for actors; but in England his name has come to be associated mainly with melodramatic productions. One might say he was an intelligent Sothern. A great actor he was not; nor did he pretend to be; but his fine presence and carriage and that gift for stage management which Irving always seems to be able to impart to his pupils made him a most attractive and romantic hero. Had the matinee-girl flourished in England, he would have been her idol for all his forty years and more. As it was, he lived quietly and modestly. The outside world heard little of him, but his friends will always remember him as one of the most charming men who have yet appeared on the English stage."

MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS has been frequently reported to say that he was unable to understand the criticism which says that a play or a novel may be most amusing and yet not literature. Judging by this standard, he must be perfectly satisfied with his first original drama, *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*, for the play is sure to amuse thousands, and to persuade great numbers of these that it is literature. Those who demand that a playwright grapple with psychology and write with a serious purpose, will settle the whole matter by a comparison with Ibsen. The rest will probably overpraise. *The Adventure of Lady Ursula* is, in fact, a very slight performance very admirably done. It is likely that even without the glamour of Mr. Sothern's appearance in it, the play would be popular. Mr. Hope himself is very modest about it; he admits that it was written in three weeks, and he does not repel the insinuation that the writing was probably done in the upper berth of a sleeping-car. Still, one can understand an author's faith in any play which keeps the heroine in man's clothes during two whole acts.

The Lady Ursula attempts to gain entrance to the house of Sir George Sylvester by a feigned illness. Sir George had forsworn duelling and women, and was a recluse. Furthermore Ursula had bet a dozen pairs of silk stockings she could force her way in. She is refused admission, and her brother passing at that moment thinks she has been insulted and immediately challenges Sylvester. In the next act Ursula endeavors to prevent the duel by going to Sir George's disguised as her own younger brother. She pacifies him only too well, for he determines to go with her to town, whither she claimed she was bound. Afraid of this she escapes without him, and in the third act, at her brother's room, is introduced into a very mellow carousal of his friends. She succeeds in quarreling with one of them who asserts that Lady Ursula squints. She is rescued from the threatening duel by the arrival, posthaste, of Sir George, who claims a previous quarrel on account of her running away from his house. She says she cannot explain and will fight but as challenged party claims that it be across the table with pistols, one loaded and one unloaded, chance to decide which shall secure the dangerous weapon. This is the crucial moment to which the play has led up. They raise the pistols to fire,—and Sir George refuses to fight, saying he cares too much for Lady Ursula to risk killing her brother. He suspects, of course, and the act runs quickly to a close, and also the play, after a very pleasant but rather superfluous fourth act. The plot, even sketched thus briefly, is seen to be thin, and the character study mere kindergarten work. But the whole play is written in very high spirits and the dialogue is incisive, brisk, and even witty. The interest is sustained admirably throughout, for the fourth act, though it is not necessary, does not drag. The sentiment is very quiet and the love passages never melodramatic nor silly. Mr. Sothern has not much of a part,—it was manifestly an afterthought that the play should go to him. But he acts with charm and with refinement. Miss Harned, although she has toned down her performance some since the first production, still overacts, and at times makes it impossible to believe that her coat and breeches can deceive anyone. But if she can continue to suffer from a cold her voice will be eminently deceptive. The scenery is quite charming. The English rights of the play were sold immediately on its production. Mr. Hope is consequently a successful playwright.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. KIPLING'S COCKNEY RHYMES AGAIN

MONTREAL, CANADA, December 8, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

IN his attempted refutation of the impropriety of Mr. Kipling's occasional Cockneyisms of rhyme, Mr. Christopher Bannister has recently stated in THE CHAP-BOOK that the slurring of the letter *r* was the prevalent tendency not only among the speakers of uncontaminated English in England itself, but also in Toronto, Boston, and New York. May I, as a Torontonian in exile, mildly protest against the injustice of this accusation. It was not many weeks ago that an English visitor to Toronto pointed out in the columns of the *St. James Gazette* our beastly and barbarous habit of never failing to sound the letter *r* in each and all of our words.

Yet a couple of years ago in Oxford I remember hearing such an authority as Professor Earle say that the fashionable suppression of the trilling of the *r* was absolutely unsupported by orthoëpic principles. It might also be interesting to remember the fact that when Mr. Kipling first published his "Native Born" in *The Times*, the sixth line of the first and last stanzas read,

"And the Cross swings low to the Dawn."

Immediately after, a correspondent of either the *Pall Mall* or the *Chronicle*, I really forget which, pointed out the Cockneyism of such a rhyme as "dawn" with "born." The result of this was that Mr. Kipling tacitly acknowledged the justness of the accusation by altering the rhyme when the poem was republished in his *Seven Seas*, the objectionable line now reading,

"And the Cross swings low for the *morn*."

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

THE WANTON CRUELTY OF MR. HOWELLS

VICKSBURG, December 14, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

"IN this era of protest, let a voice be raised against the wanton cruelty" of Mr. Howard W. Bell, whose own voice has been recently raised (in THE CHAP-BOOK of December 1st) against the alleged "wanton cruelty" of Mr. Howells. In the instances cited what Mr. Bell says of the contrast between Mr. Howells's men and his women may be true enough, but it is an assertion too sweeping to say that the contrast is the same in all of Mr. Howells's novels. The novels themselves prove the mistake, for at least as many instances may be cited to disprove the assertion that Mr. Howells's men are superior to his women as were cited to prove it. In the instances to be cited, true the men are "men of college equipment," in two instances hypersensitive "in those details of taste where women are proverbially superior," but while the men were adjusting the college equipment and acquiring the hypersensitiveness the women were being grounded in character and that courteousness which is the true culture. The men in these instances, then, no more compare with the women than veneering with the true grain.

In reading *A Chance Acquaintance* one is aware from the very beginning of Kitty's superiority to Arbuton, resents her coming to love him, and in the end blames him for leading her to do so. In *The Lady of the Aroostook* Lydia is conspicuous in sterling worth and true culture in the contrast to every man she is thrown in such close contact with, excepting in the matter of worth the Captain, and Thomas, the truest man of them all. Staniford has his good qualities it is true, which is the best that can be said of him, while the worst that can be said of Lydia is that she has her defects. In *The Landlord at Lion's Head* Cynthia, in contrast with Jeff, whom she was to marry, is as the lily to the soil, and she is the companion of Westover, the man she does marry, in appreciation, if not in execution. All the women in the book who are directly associated with Jeff are superior to him excepting her who is his final choice, and at least she is his equal.

Should it ever be formally charged that Mr. Howells is a misogynist, it will not be for the reason that he "sketches his women invariably petty," but for the reasons that he sketches some of them petty, and allows his higher ones, such as Kitty, Lydia, and Cynthia, to love or marry such men as Arbuton, Staniford, and Durgin.

Granting it to be true that the reader often shudders at the marriage of the Howells man to the Howells women, he shudders not always through sympathy for the same sex. And he shudders no oftener, proportionately, than at the marriages brought about by Venus and Cupid. Mr. Howells purports to write realism, and that the reader trembles at his marriages is an evidence that he succeeds. Besides, it is hardly fair to expect more of mortals than is performed by the gods.

HUNT COOK.

MORNING FANCY

O, LET me die a-singing;
O, let me drown in light;
Another day is winging
Out from the nest of night;
The morning-glory's velvet eye
Brims with a jeweled bead.
To-day my soul 's a dragon-fly,
The world a swaying reed.

MARY MCNEIL FENOLLOSA.

THE EXIT OF THE CLOCK

ALLAN was slim and cadaverous. With his theological-looking face and his great rebuking eyes he used to wander warningly about the town—like a personification of Fast Day. He was an ideal sexton. There was more solid conviction of sin in one good look at Allan after the service than in the sermon itself—even in the old Parson's best days, and many a Salem youth not quite touched by the exhortation has gone forth from the church only to be haunted by one of Allan's gazes into the kingdom of heaven. It was convincing to see him coming down the street.

Besides taking care of the meeting-house, Allan was a jeweler — to the three watches in town — and a clock-maker; and he had a shop with a queer little twisted oriel window, where he used to sit with his peeping-glass up to his eye and his spectacles looking vaguely from the top of his head at the hams hung in the ceiling, and his long bony fingers patiently mending the ways of the timepieces of Salem; while along the walls, swinging their tireless pendulums, stood the solemn clocks themselves and they seemed to tick in the Sexton's presence — like godly parrots — "E-T-E-R-N-I-T-Y, E-T-E-R-N-I-T-Y!" striking off in grim and fatal unanimity the time for something dreadful to happen.

In spite of his natural other-worldliness, Allan had a professional and farewell solicitude about this one — which was very becoming to him. He was the village undertaker. Once in a while a goodly church-goer, as Allan led him to his seat, had had the feeling that he was only being practiced on for that last ushering — which Allan could do so much better — where the silent service never ends until the doxology of the resurrection.

Allan was not fond of the good things of this world and denied himself everything — except the sense of how many more of them he could have than other people, if he wanted to. He was opposed to buttons from the first, and he was a great theologian, but his theology, when all was said and done, was nothing — every one agreed — to one of his bargains. Every time he wound his clocks he was a richer man, and they say his face used to soften strangely into an almost Unitarian joy when he was counting out his cash balance at the end of the week and fell to thinking how many more things he could buy now — that he would n't. So when it was proposed to have a clock on the church and have it strike the hours all by itself, it was truly and wickedly said by Deacon Crowley before the meeting that if they could only get the Personal Devil that the Parson had preached about last Sunday to draw up the contract with old Allan, they could trust the Lord to raise the money. (The Deacon was Collector.) He was sent as a substitute.

After trying to see which could be more ingeniously indifferent for a long time, each got something of what he said he did n't want, and something of what he did, and the bargain was clinched.

The good Deacon commenced with a touching reference to the Golden Rule, and then proceeded to show conclusively that a church clock after all was little more than a saw-horse with a dial put on at both ends and weights hung down in the middle, and Allan "ought to think of the House of the Lord and His kingdom on the earth," and be ready to take some of his pay in a world where clocks would be but quaint souvenirs of another life.

Allan, after a few similar preliminaries on the Golden Rule, proceeded to reply. He proved conclusively that, when you came right down to it, a church was n't much more than a foundation for "one of his clocks." The Deacon listened. It took a Corliss engine, it would seem, to tell time—to tell it the way it ought to be told. Allan "could put a clock in—did n't think the church could hardly afford it—ought to have a royalty on it." Then he grew eloquent on the dignity of Time, and the Amateur Immortality of a Clock. It was n't like other things. Long, long after they were in heaven, and did not need to know what time it was, that clock would keep on telling people how much time they had wasted, how little they had to waste—from generation to generation, all for nothing. "Posterity" could n't pay him for it. Allan did not say in so many words that the church ought to pay him for all this in advance, but he used it for background and impressiveness.

So the argument swung back and forth. It lasted several days. The Deacon felt abused. Allan did n't say very much. It was nip and tuck. Finally Allan compromised. Then he proceeded to making the clock and wondering how much more he could have gotten for it. It was agreed that the church should not buy it. Allan would not come down on the price, but he was to be paid a salary in the form of rent, and in due time it was put proudly into the Salem tower and, like a wound-up sexton, faithfully tolled bed-time and dinner-time and time miscellaneous both day and night.

It ran a year, and people were very happy and punctual—and Granby over the hill did n't have any clock. There were several nice things about it. But when Allan's bill came in, Salem was thoughtful, and Granby was almost boastful about not knowing what time it was. The old Sexton had charged them for ringing the nine-o'clock and the noon-bell as of old, and when it was objected that the clock did it now, Allan replied that that was a matter between the clock and himself, and that they ought to be willing to pay as much for his skill in getting his work done, as for his muscle in doing it. The "clock could be taken out." The old man had heard (an evil day for Salem) that Deacon Crowley had been authorized to offer him more for the clock

than he got; and every time he looked up at the dial to see what time it was the clock told him how much more he might have gotten for it. He could not bear it. It struck iron into his soul—to say nothing of the Golden Rule, and the idea that "a Christian people" should succeed in doing unto him—what he had not been able to do unto them—was gall and bitterness to his spirit. He would not budge. The church was not a budging church. There were several prayer meetings—and several without prayer. Allan never prayed better and the church was never more revived by all saying at once how much every one (else) needed a revival, in its history. The interest finally culminated in a notice from the Sexton that, unless the bill was paid by twelve o'clock, come next New Year's eve, in full, he would take the clock out.

The town dared. Nothing was done.

Out over the glistening snow, when the old winds had all drawn back, waiting for the first breath of the New Year, on the quivering second between December and January, there rolled forth the judgment of Allan on the silent town. It was the clock ringing the Old Year out and ringing Eternity in — for Time was to be no more, in the belfry of the Salem church. The clock was running down. It struck twelve and then one and then two and then three — and then the whole wild week came tumbling and clanging pell-mell across the fields, crowding the hours into minutes and the days into peals until every window in Salem had quaint tableaux in its shadows and shivering staring night-cap wonder lurking everywhere. It was the delirium of Time. It was a crazy week — being chased out of town and calling wildly as it went.

Soon all was silent. Allan's wrath had unwound. He had scolded the village awake. There was a deal of creeping back and informal expression — across cold halls and in dark houses — but quiet came soon — the old, settled, beautiful quiet — the habit of the place — and Salem curled up to get warm again — dreaming of a cold week that had been tucked into midnight. Salem slept.

It was quarter past one in the old belfry in the morning.

People were very angry. Some of them tried to boycott Allan by mending their clocks themselves. They used kitchen forks. Others doggedly stayed at home from funerals. They would not "encourage such a man," and they say that old "Aunt Emmy," who was on her last sick bed at the time, "up and said she just would n't die until Allan apologized," and she lived nearly six weeks on nothing but a little morphine and not changing her mind. Of course there was no way out for the poor woman sooner or later — except Allan. But he buried her modestly.

With the best intentions people will forgive in this world, and when the old Sexton was going for the last time to the scene of his labors, and other soft footfalls he could not hear moved about his still and forgetting face, one of the bowed gray bearers, as they filed from the church, pointed to the clock.

It was quarter past one.

They looked into one another's faces, with the silent brotherhood of old men.

There are no clocks in the graveyard. The birds tell the time there. The seasons swing their long, slow pendulums from grass to snow, and from snow to grass, upon Allan's grave. Time nicks softly on his headstone. It is quarter past one under the clapboards, they say — even now — in the belfry of the Salem church.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

THE SONG OF THE SPANISH MAIN

OUT in the south, when the day is done,
And the gathered winds go free,
Where golden-sanded rivers run,
Fair islands fade in the sinking sun,
And the great ships stagger, one by one,
Up from the windy sea.

Out in the south, when a twilight shroud
Hangs over the ocean's rim,
Sail on sail, like a floating cloud,
Galleon, brigantine, cannon-browed,
Rich from the Indies, homeward crowd,
Singing a Spanish hymn.

Out in the south, when the sun has set
And the lightning flickers pale,
The cannon bellow their deadly threat,
The ships grind, all in a crimson sweat,
And hoarse throats call, "Have you stricken yet?"
Across the quarter-rail.

Out in the south, in the dead of night,
When I hear the thunder speak,
'T is the Englishmen in their pride and might,
Mad with glory and blind with fight,
Locked with the Spaniards, left and right,
Fighting them cheek to cheek;

Out in the south, when the dawn's pale light
Walks cold on the beaten shore,
And the mists of night like clouds of fight,
Silvery violet, blinding bright,
Drift in glory from height to height
Where the white-tailed eagles soar;

There comes a song through the salt and spray,
Blood-kin to the ocean's roar:
"All day long down Florez way
Richard Grenville stands at bay.
Come and take him if ye may!"
Then hush, forevermore.

John Bennett.

THE SANDS OF THE GREEN RIVER

THE stout man on the half-broken mustang had ridden fifteen miles since breakfast, over a hard country and under the broiling sun of June, and he was in a bad temper. He pulled up, twitching viciously at the heavy Mexican bit, before a cabin built of adobe and driftwood—the only sign of humanity visible between the low hills encircling the plain and the glittering shallows of the river. His brusque summons had no immediate answer.

In the foot-breadth of shade at the side of the cabin a half-clad brown child played beside a mongrel dog, which started up from its sleep and slunk out of sight growling. The man shouted again, hoarsely, from a throat parched with alkali dust. His face was coated with the gray dust, and every fold of his clothes was full of it. The mustang too showed abundant evidence that the ride had not been a pleasant one. His red nostrils and heaving flanks streaked with blood witnessed that he had been hard pushed, and that his temper and his master's had come into frequent collision. The rowelled spur and the curb, together with the weight of the rider, had got the best of it. The horse's flaring eyes and nervous trembling bespoke fear and pain; and a less ignorant or indifferent horseman would have seen that the heavy saddle had been placed too far forward and galled at every step.

"Look alive, there!" cried the man for the third time, with an angry oath. Out of pure ill humor he shook his whip at the staring child, which thereupon screamed shrilly.

A woman came to the door of the cabin. She was a Mexican, young and pretty. A black shawl had been hastily twisted about her head and shoulders.

"Hello, there—you take your time," grumbled the visitor. "Is there a ford near here?"

The woman looked stupid, and said a few words in Spanish.

"Can't you speak English?" demanded the man, in disgust.

"Ver' little, Señor," was the half-sullen, half-apologetic answer.

"Oh, well, I want to get across the river. Sabe?"

He explained himself by means of gestures, and the woman nodded and stepped over the threshold.

"That's right—you show me the way. And, say, give me a drink of water, will you, Señora?"

The woman smiled constrainedly at this ironical title of courtesy; turned back into the hut, and reappeared with a tin cup.

"I bring it in a minute," she said, speaking with an ease which belied her look of dullness. She went into a sort of cellar dug from under the house and dipped the cup into a brown earthen jar. The water was lukewarm and earthy, but the man swallowed it at a gulp. He took off his wide felt hat and wiped his forehead.

"Say, missus, have you seen any stray cattle hereabouts? We're branding over at my place, and a big bunch of 'em got away, or were stolen, most likely. Seen 'em, hay? Seen any cattle? Oh, blank these Greasers and their lingo, anyway!"

"Naw," said the woman slowly, "I ain't seen any cattle."

"Well, look sharp if you do, that's all. A lot of you people around here have got into the way of thinking beef could be had for the killing—it ain't so any longer. The cattle in this valley belong to me—I've bought 'em, hoof and hide—sabe? And I would n't advise anybody to fool with my brand. If you've seen anything of this bunch, now, you better say so."

The woman shook her head and shot from under her black brows a swift look of dislike and fear.

"I show you where can get across," she said quickly.

But the man, bending forward to look up the river, had caught sight of something lying on the edge of the plot of cultivated ground behind the cabin. He struck the spurs into his horse and sprang past the woman, "Look there!" he cried, pointing the handle of his whip at the hide and horns of a newly-killed steer. He flung himself to the ground, catching his foot awkwardly in the cumbrous stirrup.

"That's one of 'em, I'll swear! That's the bunch I'm after. Now, my girl, just you tell me where the rest of 'em are!"

He went close up to her, dragging at the end of lariat coiled round the pommel of his saddle. An ugly frown further disfigured his reddened face.

"I don' know, Señor," she cried, retreating before him into the hut. "My husband is not at home—he kill the steer yesterday, but not steal it! It belong to him."

"Likely!" sneered the man. "Perhaps your husband thinks the whole Rio Verde ranch belongs to him. But I lay he'll find out the difference. And if he is n't at home, it 's probably because he 's off with the rest of the bunch, eh?"

"No, no, Señor! Pedro he went to town this mornin' to buy flour. He ain't no thief!"

"But he's been in the habit of killing cattle on this ranch just the same, has n't he? Oh, don't deny it. I know all the Greasers round here have lived for years off the Rio Verde—no rent to pay, and meat for the killing! But things are changed now, see—and you've got to learn it. I reckon we'll have to make an example. String up one man, and it 'll do more good than ten years' talking."

The woman shrank away from him as he spoke, and her eyes glowed in the darkness of the cabin like a wild-cat's.

"Lord, how they hate me!—I've seen that

look more 'n once in the last month! You 'd be glad enough to stick a knife in me if you could—would n't you, my dear? But now see here, Señora; I can't take your word for that man of yours, much as I hate to disoblige a pretty woman like yourself. But if it turns out that he 's gone to town for flour and not across country with my beef, why so much the better for him. And in that case I won't be too hard on him for this one steer. Give me a kiss, Black Eyes, and we 'll call it square—only look out that he do n't make the mistake again!"

"Go away!" said the woman, menacingly. "Go away, or I not show you the way across the river!"

"Well, suppose you do n't? My horse can swim it, I guess—and I do n't believe it's more 'n a yard deep anyhow. You can 't scare me that way!"

With this he caught her by the shoulder and kissed her brown cheek above the shawl. And then as she swung herself toward the table and snatched up the knife with which she had been peeling onions, he backed out of the door, laughing foolishly.

"When it comes to a knife and a Greaser together I admit I 'm out of it! I 've had plenty of warnings against the combination and laid 'em to heart. So adios, Señora, if you 're going to come that on me! You 'd better show me the crossing, though—it won't do you any harm, and may do some good, when your man and I settle our account. Come, be obliging—I 'm off, you see."

He put one foot in the stirrup, swung himself off the ground and in spite of the mustang's sidelong jump managed to clamber into the saddle.

"I tell you nothing!" shouted the woman, and she came to the door, the knife still clenched in her hand. Her face was pallid and set in anger.

With an insolent stare the man fished a dime out of his pocket and tossed it toward her.

"All right," he said, "that 's for the kiss—so I don't owe you anything. Remember, though, *you* owe *me* something, and you 'll have to pay, too," and he flourished his whip threateningly toward the disputed hide.

The mustang leaped as the spurs struck its flanks, and tore down the bank to the river. The woman shouted something in Spanish, which went unheeded as the buzzing of an angry fly. Yet a human life hung on those words.

She trod the coin into the dirt with her bare heel and clenched her hands at her sides as, with head lowered and thrust forward, she watched the man ride up the banks, looking for footprints that might indicate the point of passage.

The river spread out in broad, shallow levels between stretches of sand and stones, which the spring rains flooded and the summer drought had gradually bared. The water ran, now, not with vernal speed, yet with a fair current, smooth at the surface, except where it frothed slyly against an irregular line of stones, set at wide intervals across. It flashed back the sunlight in sheets of fierce silver, dazzling the eye, which found no rest in the scanty fringe of gray-green cottonwoods along the high-water mark, or the green-gray, straggling sage-brush on either side.

The woman shaded her eyes with her shawl and watched the horseman as he turned and came slowly back to the spot where the line of stones seemed to make a ford. He hesitated, though the water appeared scarcely deep enough to hide the sand of its bed. It might be guessed that he could not swim, and that he was unacquainted with the river, though he had learned enough of the character of the country to distrust it. Similar mountain-born streams too often became dangerous by reason of their erratic flow, and the sudden floods which cut deep grooves and rolled boulders in the channel of shifting and treacherous sand. Among these the Green River bore an ill name, though the stranger seemed unaware of it; for, having looked about him undecidedly for some moments, he at last spurred his horse into the shallow water.

The woman fled into the house, muttering the names of saints and an appeal to the Merciful Mary to witness that she, Poncha, was all but guiltless in the matter.

"Save him if thou wilt, *O Maria!* I have don nothing, thou seest!"

She dropped down on a stool, and pulled the cotton gown off her shoulder, which showed the blue marks of rough fingers. Tears of rage came into her eyes. She rubbed her cheek, where he had touched it, with the edge of her shawl.

"But I hate him! I wish that I had flung the knife—or that—"

She became silent and listened, holding her breath. Then suddenly she wrapped her head in the shawl and clapped her hands over her ears. The child crawled up to her and tugged at her dress, whimpering.

Outside, the silence of the torrid noon, in which the flow of the river made scarce a ripple, was broken suddenly by a shout, hoarse and inarticulate—the man was expostulating with his horse. Then came a short, sharp cry of terror. If these sounds reached the woman's ears through the muffling shawl, she gave no sign, save to crouch lower and hide her face. Perhaps she knew it out of her power to undo what she had done—to save the man *Maria* had abandoned. She clasped her hands about her head to shut out those cries, menacing, terrified, despairing. The voice died away at last in a long inhuman howl.

In the silence at last the house-dog began to bark. The child, which had gone to sleep on its mother's skirts, awoke. But the woman did not stir till a hand was laid on her shoulder. Then she sprang to her feet with a shriek.

"Oh, Pedro! *O Dios*, my heart!—you frightened me!"

She clung to his arm, one hand pressing her bosom, and looked past him fearfully. The man's young stolid face expressed nothing but good humor. He pulled away his arm, smiling, and emptied his pockets of some small brown paper parcels.

"But where is the dinner, Ponchita?" he asked, with a glance at the small rickety stove, where the fire had died out.

"Oh, dinner—I have been so frightened, Pedro—mio!"

And she began to sob, her face contorted like a child's.

"Eh, what is that, Ponchita—what has happened?"

Seeing that for the moment she could not speak, he went out and began untying the flour-sack which was fastened to the saddle on the back of a small bronco.

The woman followed him slowly to the doorway and looked out over the bare river banks and the glittering water. All at once she stopped crying. When her husband had set the bag of flour in a corner of the cabin, and stood brushing the dust from his gray shirt, she caught him again by the arm, and told in quick sentences the incident of the morning.

"He saw the hide. He said we had stolen it. He said you had driven off the cattle. They were going to hang a man for a warning to thieves. He threatened me. He—"

With a passionate gesture she pointed to the black marks on her shoulder and the dully glowing red spot on her cheek. Pedro rolled out a slow Spanish oath.

"I know a Yankee has bought the Rio Verde. They are branding. After this things will be harder—beasts, to fence in the country and destroy a man's living! But that was not his steer. I took it before he saw the ranch."

His eyes glowed too as they rested on his wife's face.

"And then?" he asked.

"He wanted to know the crossing, and he threw me that money. I would not tell him."

"No? and which way did he go?"

Poncha lifted her arm and pointed to the line of stones. She stood erect now in the doorway. Her black brows were drawn level over her eyes, fierce as a mountain cat's in the shadow.

Pedro uttered an exclamation, and stared.

"He was caught? But I did not hear—"

"It was—soon over. He could not swim, I think. I heard. No one else."

Pedro's brown face became of a sickly hue.

"They will trace him," he whispered.

"No. Why should it be known that he come here? There are a dozen other places in the river—it was chance, or it was the will of God."

And Poncha crossed herself swiftly.

Pedro walked away, with a curious stiffness in his gait, down the river-bank. Twice he stooped and carefully smoothed away an impression in the sand between the stones. At the water's edge he stood for a few moments staring out; then turned and came slowly back. He took the saddle and bridle off the bronco and turned the animal loose; then went past his wife, but without looking at her, into the house.

"Get some dinner," he said.

A curious silence fell upon the place. The woman moved about noiselessly on her bare feet. She built a trifle of fire, and the little cabin grew hotter even than the outside air; but the man sat still by the table, his heavy face moody and perplexed.

"We may suffer for it," he said once.

"If it is the will of God," replied Poncha with prompt devotion. In crossing herself her fingers touched the reddened cheek.

The smooth roll of the river was once more audible. Through the door could be seen its metallic glitter between the stretches of white pebbles polished like bones. Swinging steadily on, it scarcely showed the ripple of the current; except where, bubbling against the sunken line of stones, it seemed to murmur in an eager undertone.

NEITH BOYCE.

COBWEBS FROM A LIBRARY CORNER

TO ALFRED AUSTIN.

AT last 't is plain, O Laureate!
The reason why the British state

Hath given thee so high a place
As poet to the Saxon race.

It lies in this: thy wretched dross
Doth emphasize the Briton's loss,

When, from his post beside the throne,
The greater Alfred, Muses' own,

Was summoned from the path he trod,
To grace the very throne of God;

Or was it that the British state
No longer wished a laureate,

And, so that this might haply be,
Filled up the void with vacancy?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MR. PODMORE MAKES A SUGGESTION

Periwinkle Podmore
Literary Journalist
Sensations a Specialty
Ideas For Sale.

New York, Dec. 15, 1897.

To the Editor of The Chap-Book:

THE chief literary event of the year about to close, it strikes me, is Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's suggestion that we have enough immortals in this country to form an academy. The only fault that I have to find with the eminent essayist's remarks is that he underestimates our supply of geniuses. We have a sufficient number of these of American extraction to form a hundred academies, and I am somewhat surprised that so astute an observer and so patriotic an individual as Mr. Warner should not have noticed and dilated upon the fact.

In comparison with other literature-producing lands it may be said without fear of contradiction that our proportion of the world's supply of geniuses is about 16 to 1. Any person who reads the publisher's announcements alone, without seeking further through the pages of the writers themselves, will be able to ascertain this truth for himself, and by a gratifying dispensation of Providence our Immortals are so generally distributed over our fair land that with the possible exception of Jersey City and Bangor, Maine, there is no metropolis in our midst that cannot with some reason lay claim to the much sought for title of "Literary Centre." Even our most insignificant hamlets have their poets. No country town however small is without its local Herrick, and in this very fecundity of inspiration alone must undoubtedly lie the chief obstacle in Mr. Warner's way when he comes to specify the immortals-in-chief. It is no easy task to select from among so many so few as forty. Editing a library of the world's best literature is child's play alongside of it. Mr. Warner has done well with his "Capsules of Thought, or Literary Warburgs for Commuters," but this Academy is another task entirely and we tremble to think of the heart-burnings the genial Addison of Hartford, Connecticut, must suffer before he can look upon his completed phalanx of the Undying.

It seems to me, sir, that it behooves the best minds of our country to come to Mr. Warner's relief. A concensus of opinion from our deepest thinkers is demanded. The task is so Herculean that Mr. Warner alone could not hope to complete it. I doubt if even Mr. Harry Thurston Peck could do it to his own satisfaction as he does everything else. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and his side partner Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, with all their remarkable aptitude for discovering genius, I believe would fail, and Mr. Edward Wiskinski Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is I fear too busy a man to scan more than his own table of contents.

Nor do I believe, sir, that a Committee on Immortality composed of all of these gentleman, with Mr. Frank A. Munsey acting ex-officio, could work so harmoniously together as to hope to complete the selection in the lifetime of the youngest of the lot.

A friend suggests dividing up the Immortals into classes and the appointment of a Commissioner-in-Chief for the selection of men from each: Mr. Gilder and Mr. Johnson to select the poets; Mr. Peck to select the humorists and writers of Glenlivet and other dialects; Mr. Warner to choose the essayists and compilers; and Mr. Bok to have charge of the Fireside Immortals and Undying Side-Talkers, giving to Mr. Munsey the power of veto over all. On the face of it this would seem to be a good suggestion, and yet it has weak points of vital import. These men are all human, and so liable to errors of judgment, prompted by the heart where the mind alone should strongly rule. It would be hardly less than human nature were Mr. Gilder to prefer his own and Mr. Johnson's poetry to the exquisite productions of Mr. Will Carleton or of Mr. Richard Mansfield, whose recent poem, printed in the theatrical columns of all the New York newspapers, wa delicately suggestive of the first-nighter's first duty. It might even be imagined how one of such strongly marked tastes as Mr. Gilder could fail of such catholicity of judgment as would admit Miss Jane Wogram Peebles to the honored list of verse writers, although Miss Peebles has been known to the readers of the Skaneateles *Times* for twenty years as a writer of poems next to which ninety per cent of the advertisers of Skaneateles wish to have their advertisements appear.

The same may be said of Professor Peck and his judgment of humor. In the line of humor Mr. Peck has certain definite and cherished ideals. What these are any reader of Professor Peck's essays in the *Bookman* can at once perceive. That they are high none can deny. That Professor Peck alone attains to them every admirer of the Columbia Joe Miller knows—but what a strain upon Mr. Peck's modesty it would be to have to say "*L'Esprit? C'est moi!* There is no second." Yet if Professor Peck did not say this, and admitted Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge or Mr. Bangs to the list, what confidence could the world have in the sincerity of his judgment? On the Glenlivet and other dialect writers Mr. Peck would suffice, since I understand he is personally addicted to neither.

With equal truth the remaining arbiters can be charged with similar weaknesses in judgment—all of the heart, be it remembered—even Mr. Bok. Yet where in the whole broad land can we find others who would be otherwise? It is patent that no better committee of selection could be formed; and as I have shown this, the best, can not be wholly relied upon.

There seems then to be but one alternative, and that lies in leaving the selection of our Immortals

to the unerring *Vox Populi*. This would ensure an approximation of success; and if the voice of the people is the voice of God the conclusions thereof would of necessity be *ex cathedra*, for it is fair to assume that with a competent Recording Angel at hand the Almighty knows a thing or two about the future of our literary lights—which ones are to burn forever, which are to be blown out by the breath of oblivion.

If each city and town in the land were to choose at its next municipal election its Board of Immortals just as it chooses its Board of Aldermen and game constables the first step would be taken. Each local Board could then select its genius at large who should meet with others similarly selected and become one of the Central Academy. By this means no local prejudices could be aroused. New York would be represented and could not cast aspersions on Chicago because of any possible exclusion, and *vice versa*. And as every State has a representation in Congress based upon its population, so might each municipality secure representation among the Immortals based upon its most recent census, so many geniuses to the thousand.

By this plan, too, might our literary capital be definitely ascertained. The Central Academy would of necessity meet somewhere. The meeting place would be decided by a vote of the Immortals themselves, and under a majority rule. Thus the literary centre would be established beyond peradventure, and for a time at least the clamor of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, and Milwaukee for exclusive recognition would cease.

I send you this suggestion, sir, for what it is worth. I am myself only a literary journalist, and have no claims to recognition as a writer, but I honor the profession of letters very highly, and to the best of my abilities would serve its leaders in an hour which bids fair to be full of bitterness for them.

I am sir, very truly yours.

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S.—You might submit this plan before publication to Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, who was, I believe, the active manager of Mr. Seth Low's recent campaign in New York. Mr. Gilder would be able to tell you if, from the point of view of a practical politician, the plan is a feasible one.

CUPID—HIS MARK

SHE had a dimple in her chin—
I read the sign like any sage,
And knew where Cupid's lips had been—
She had a dimple in her chin.
To follow suit is scarce a sin.
Who wins a kiss may laugh at rage.
She had a dimple in her chin—
Ah, Madame Grundy—turn the page!

THEODOSIA PICKERING.

THE VERSE OF 1897

A BOOK published in 1896 and a prose work are, curiously enough, the most conspicuous of all the volumes having to do with the poetry of 1897. *The Seven Seas* and the Tennyson memoirs, together, might serve as commentaries on "*Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!*" For, whatever the position to be accorded Mr. Kipling by that judgment of posterity we are so eager to anticipate, it is certain that at present he holds the place in the popular mind nearest to that given to Tennyson. No book of verses has attracted a tenth of the attention given his, and no single work, not even Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Address to the Men of Greater Britain*, has called forth more general and particular comment than some of Mr. Kipling's poems. "The Vampire," "The Recessional," the last song of the sea from his pen, and even the rhymes written for Mr. William Nicholson's "Calendar," have made such an impression as the greater poems of the late Laureate used to make, with the variance which the diversity of their accomplishments necessitates.

Lord Tennyson's biography, for all its new verses, has added rather to the affection with which he is regarded as a man than to his reputation as a poet. Its greatest value on the poetic side lies in the opportunities it gives for penetrating the secrets of his melody. Mr. Aubrey de Vere has been equally frank in permitting us to learn of the mechanics of verse from his book.

Though all Britain and the British colonies busied themselves in producing verses for the celebration of the "diamond jubilee" of Queen Victoria—the penny balladist, the professor of poetry in Oxford University, and all between joining to swell the acclaim—it chances to be Mr. Kipling's last word which will linger in the mind. Of quasi-political verses, there have been few. Mr. William Watson's *The Year of Shame*, belongs to 1896 and not to 1897, and Dr. Van Dyke's self-righteous "America's Way" goes with it. The Turco-Grecian war called forth nothing except the slender note of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's "Two Tributes to Greece." Nothing could prove the national indifference of Americans to poetry more than this—and the fact that no attempt whatever has been made to stir the country's conscience in respect of Cuba. Contrast this silence with the period of the Grecian war of independence!

Of definitive editions the year has seen no lack. Most notable of these is Mr. George Meredith's *Poems*, which are thus made easily accessible for the first time in years. Though his admirers may regret the omission of any of his verses, his self-criticism has received and deserves critical approval. Sir Lewis Morris's selection, on the other hand, is thought unhappy by those who do not regard it as

unfortunate. The publication of Christina Rossetti's girlish *Maude* has given us one simple, tender lyric, "Fade, Tender Lily," if nothing more. Such poems of George John Romanes as failed of a place in his memoirs were put forth in a little volume, entitled to distinction because of his "A Tale of the Sea," the one celebration of that noblest of all international episodes which—more's the pity!—the Bishop of Ripon could not prevail upon Tennyson to make his own, the rescue of the crew of the American ship "Cleopatra" by the men of the Liverpool steamer, "Lord Gough," after the Americans had hauled down their flag to keep the Englishmen from sharing the certain death they believed to be theirs. The works of Edward Cracroft Lefroy were given final shape, raising him above the ranks of the minor poets, as was inevitable. Walt Whitman's verses have been published most conveniently, with the addition of a concluding chapter. The practice of making collected editions of the works of living authors is growing, as may be seen in the cases of Messrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich and James Whitcomb Riley, both of whom have also put forth new volumes during the year, the former his *Judith*, and the latter the *Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers* and *The Child-World*.

Besides the present Laureate, many of the younger men and women have published books of poems within the twelvemonth, so many that these may be taken as fully representative of the best they have to offer. Francis Thompson enhanced both his reputation for masterly beauty of diction and notoriety for hopeless obscurity of thought by his *New Poems*. Mr. John Davidson's *New Ballads* sounded a note somewhat similar to that with which he had already made us acquainted. Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. Eric Mackay, Miss Nora Hopper, Miss Winifred Lucas, Miss Olive Custance, and a few others in England have given themselves as secure a position among the minor British poets as their recent slender volumes permit. Prof. Alfred Edward Housman has discovered himself as the possessor of a melody both plaintive and sweet. The Canadians, Messrs. Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Francis Sherman have maintained and increased the reputation of their country for true poetry, and Messrs. John Stuart Thomson and Walter Ratcliffe have added themselves to the company, the latter with some aspiring verses of much social import.

Among the Americans, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman proves himself to be in the full maturity of his poetic powers by a volume which contains poems not only excellent in themselves but perhaps the best he has ever written. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder sings of patriotism and the nation's heroes again, Mr. John James Piatt is heard, too briefly, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke wins permanent place by the varied excellences of his *The Builders, and Other Poems*. The late Timothy Otis Paine has had a few of his delicate fancies brought to light in a memorial volume prepared by his widow. A third series of Emily Dickinson's notable lyrics has been edited and published. The *Aphrôesse* of Mr. George Horton won the high favor in both England and America which it abundantly deserves. Miss Alice Brown, Miss Edith M. Thomas, Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, Miss Caroline Duer, and Mrs. Spofford have all spoken effectively to the tiny audiences American poets command. This is true, also, of Mr. Frederick Burton, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Mr. John Vance Cheney, Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson, Mr. Clinton Scollard, and Father Tabb, all of whom have attained the dignity of another volume of verse during the year just past. Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's first book, one of sonnets, was received with some favor, and Mr. Herbert Bates, Mr. Francis Brooks, Mr. James Buckham, and others gave hope for the future. But it must be stated that it is promise rather than fulfilment with nearly all of them.

"And some of us arrive at dawn of day,
With bounding step and singing like the lark;
And some of us arrive at fervid noon;
And some of us arrive long after dark,"

sings Mr. William Theodore Peters. As indicative of those who are in process of arriving it is pleasant to record that Mr. William Ernest Henley's *A Book of Verses* and Father Tabb's *Poems* both came to a fifth edition within the year, and Mrs. Alice Meynell's *Poems* and Mr. Norman Gale's *Cricket Songs* to a third. These are signs of encouragement; for, since both are creatures of their time, an audience has almost as much to do with the creation of a poet as a poet has with the creation of an audience.

It is curious to note that, if the people will have little serious verse, they will care less for the other kind. Mr. Owen Seaman's *Battle of the Bays* has reached its third edition within the year of its publication, but its merits are considerable. In America, Messrs. R. K. Munkittrick, Robert W. Chambers, John Langdon Heaton, and Arthur Grissom, collectively, have not done what his smaller book accomplishes in the way of satisfactory fun-making. There has, of course, been an abundance of what may be called "barnyard" verse, a fitting accompaniment for the "kailyard" prose overseas. But America, for all its love of wit, wits, and witticisms, lacks a singer imbued with a natural spirit of fun. When he comes there will be no difficulty in detecting him—here, if anywhere, the audience waits.

The year 1897 has given the manufacture of anthologies something of a check. The Bodley series came to a somewhat abrupt ending after fishing songs and wedding songs had been given to the world. The "Second Series" of *The Golden Treasury* was openly condemned; and *The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics* will probably travel the same course. Mr. Stedman's

promised book, which will serve a studious instead of a slothful purpose, is still to come. Yet Americans embarked somewhat extensively in this business of making new and incongruous books out of old ones. There were not less than three compilations of college verses, and the inhabitants of the state penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, emulated the example with a volume called *Prison Verse*. Of them all, this last was the most curious — none created enthusiasm.

In the field which Robert Louis Stevenson opened with *A Child's Garden of Verse*, the gleanings of the year have been large and of excellent quality. Mr. Hamish Hendry followed Mr. Norman Gale in England; while Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's delightful and subtle, though uneven *A Child-World*, Mr. Clinton Scollard's pleasant *A Boy's Book of Rhyme*, Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's happily conceived *Little-Folks Lyrics* and, notably, Miss Mary E. Wilkins's *Once Upon a Time*, have all given us a worthy addition to our national literature, now first made comparable with that of any other land. Yet, of all the verses wherein childhood is made duly glorious Mr. Francis Thompson's "Ex Ore Infantium" holds the highest place. He there welded the spirit which animates Rossetti's "Mary's Girlhood" and the genius of Coventry Patmore's "Regina Coeli" into a livelier and more glowing whole. It is, in all human likelihood, the greatest poem of the year.

Space, forbids the mention of innumerable volumes of rhymed charades, other than the cleverly poetic volume written by Miss Carolyn Wells. And it is not necessary to add that 1897 brought forth its full swarm of epics. It was, in fact, a normal year in poetry, indicating the approach of that time when, if the poets do not read one another's work, there will be no one left to do it. WALLACE DE GROOT RICE.

THE SILENCE OF THE POETS

I BETTER like that shadowed side of things
In which the poets wrote not, when they went
Into the fullnesss of their great content,
Like moths into the grass, with folded wings.
The silence of the poets with it brings
The other side of moons, and it is spent
In love, in sorrow, and in wonderment.
After the silence maybe a bird sings.
I have heard calls, as Summer calls the swallow,
A leisure bidding unto ways serene
To be the child of wind and the blue hazes.
Dream, quoth the dreamer — and 't is sweet to follow;
So Keats watched stars rise from his meadows green,
And Chaucer spent his hours among the daisies.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

THE WORKERS

SOME months ago a certain magazine announced the publication of a series of articles which were to be of marked character in the popular sociological line of the hour. They were to be of superior importance as human documents and to bring enlightenment in full measure.

A college-bred young man, whose associations were among the very highest circles, was to report upon two years of life spent in work with his own hands at what is known as unskilled labor.

Heralding being a part of the legitimate business of magazines no one now is often unduly excited over the usual announcements, but here was at least a chance to learn new things, possibly to get a new working hypothesis.

The attempt to live among the lowly as one of themselves is indeed no new thing. Josiah Flynt, Jacob Riis, Alvan Sanborn, and even Robert Louis Stevenson, had all made brilliant and recent successes of it. The method being among the accepted, and claiming nothing for novelty, it is to the results of such a book as Mr. Wyckoff's *Workers*, that one must look for its justification and working value. With all due deference to Mr. Wyckoff's intelligence and pluck — qualities which no one would deny him — one cannot but feel that a great opportunity has been but poorly used.

The interpreter of a man's needs — whether they are local or universal — is born, and one feels that this one is made, perforce, by motives mixed though honest. No one of his predecessors in the gentle art of spontaneous living among all sorts and conditions of men but was equipped with that peculiar spirit half tramp, half poet, and wholly human, which finds real kinship wherever there is a man alive. Mr. Wyckoff appreciates, admires, enjoys, but always from the outsider's point of view — he is always a note-taking chiel. Or one might even call it the theological attitude toward very interesting, but sure-to-be-damned sinners.

There is a chemical "theory of disassociation" by which certain atoms, under unusual stimuli, fly from their combinations to those more agreeable. Even under all the electricity of new people, new conditions, new ideas, Mr. Wyckoff remains firmly molecular. It is his chemical necessity.

If any exception to this is to be made it is in the beautifully sympathetic story of the farmer and his family, and while the concentrated essence of agricultural opinion which he puts into his mouth has little that is new, it bears in it the burden of real conditions, real hopes, and real possibilities, and can bear to be repeated again and again without losing its eloquence.

THE WORKERS. — *By Walter A. Wyckoff. 12mo. Chas. Scribners' Sons.*

The account of the worker's life in the logging-camp—if one can read between the lines—contains the chief worth of the book. Here at last is life, bounteous and tragic, and for a while the author gets into its oxidizing current. For the first time the thing gets hold and grips one hard! One feels the waste of essential manhood, and the heart and brain alike rebel at the conditions which give men only debauch for a social activity and profanity for the pure needs of human speech-exchange.

It is hard work after all for Mr. Wyckoff to get finally away from the necessities of the bath, the club, and the civilized who use them, and he returns from what was never more than a triumphant answer to the doubting, as an exile returns to his own people.

It would be manifestly unfair on this account to refuse credit to the book. If it has brought no great amplitude of view, it has contributed material sincerely got. It has imperfectly told how the unskilled workman feels, but it has fairly stated his hard conditions, the monotony, the hopelessness, the terrible inadequacy of his life-long struggle to make an inhuman or sub-human living. It has given a sharply painful idea of his resourceless, illiterate leisure, and the vast expanse of his personal wants in the line of the educated thinking citizen. To his virtues his fellow-worker does full justice; of his compensations, his wishes, his psychology, he can give no picture. He does not even know that canny mother nature has ways for the unwashed that the cleanly and the godly know not of, and he would be far from admitting that swearing might have a positive place in the world's usage.

There is a class of people—growing larger perhaps daily—who, having been protected from common contact, live their lives in a sort of comfortable blindness, being led nowhere. It is a terrible thing to be a swell; to pass one's life in the society of one's peers; never to know the shock of an entirely other conviction, the excitement of seeing from other eyes, the sound of a rough word for a smooth idea, the tang of a crude taste. To some of these Mr. Wyckoff's experiences may bring the agitating thought that, while much of a hero, he yet got something for his pains. To the big world of commonplace people who have lived simply and known the savor of hard work, his discoveries are an old story, and he must be looked on tenderly, as simply an "amoosin' cuss."

There have been better emotional statements of the downmost man than that contained in *The Workers;* it offers nothing constructive, it presents no synthesis. The author is not to blame for his intellectual limitations. Dorothea Moore.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS ART

AT different stages of Mr. Vallance's graphic account of William Morris's career the sympathetic reader will find himself at variance with his surroundings, newly found to be inartistic; ashamed that a word of the published writings of so great a man should have escaped him; and disgusted with the absence from the world of the ideal brotherliness he felt toward it and all its people. "His whole life," *The Graphic* is quoted as saying of him, "was a vivid, and, in many respects, a successful protest against the squalor of modern industrialism." And this sentence, which unifies his entire life, however multifariously he may have expressed it, is the key-note of this very long book, yet a book not too long for the carrying out of the biographer's intention or the wearying of the reader's interest.

With the private life of Mr. Morris Mr. Vallance is not concerned. From his writing here it can be learned that Mrs. Morris was drawn by Rossetti, but not what her name was; and only one of the daughters is mentioned—casually. Though the biography, as such, will challenge comparison with the memoirs of Tennyson in many respects, it lacks entirely that domestic element wherein the other was so rich. Such friendships as Morris had must have been drawn into the sphere of his external activities, or they find no mention in these pages. The title used through the work, "The Art of William Morris," is suitable to its contents.

Mr. Vallance is careful to say that his biography was authorized by Morris himself within these limits, somewhat narrower than those of the life-histories to which we are accustomed. He has had—by way of compensation for the omissions of personal detail, letters and appreciations of friends and the like—access to all the documents by which William Morris's art may be best weighed. He regrets that no history of the firm of Morris & Co is either written or projected, but his successive chapters make that want bear lightly upon us. With all due allowances for an enthusiasm which many of his readers cannot fail to share with him, for an occasional straining of idiom to the breaking point, for a number of repetitions hardly avoidable, and for a perspective that must appear most confused to those who are least at heart with Morris's social opinions, Mr. Vallance's book will stand as a dignified, complete, and well-written exposition of an important career. To call it an apology is to reverse a process: the world William Morris lived in needs explanation far more than the life he led to better it.

William Morris, His Art, His Writings, and His Public Life.—*By Aymer Vallance. 4to. George Bell & Sons. $12.50.*

The remarkable stress laid by Morris upon architecture ("I have spoken of the popular arts, but they might all be summed up in that one word") is set forth in detail as soon as the brief account of the education he obtained at Oxford is ended. Later, it is to be seen that there was nothing in his younger life to indicate any well-defined artistic bent. Yet, at a time when the learned professions were the sole outlet for a university man's powers, he is found articling himself to an architect of antiquarian tastes. Thus early, too, we are told of that wonderful capacity for concentration which enabled him to master in weeks what others required years to learn the beginnings of—the key to all understanding of his extraordinary versatility. The speedy connection with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the previous intimacy with (Sir) Edward Burne-Jones—"Their names are Morris and Jones," Rossetti writes to Ruskin when they first appear in London—the literary labors and promise of those first years, and the establishment at last of the firm of Morris & Co., "voices howling in a wilderness" of hair-cloth sofas clad in anti-macassars of Berlin wool, all this is interesting as a preliminary. Then follows, successively, the astonishing enumeration of William Morris's attainments and accomplishments. He informs an inquiring committee that his forte is originality—the word is weak. He made new and undreamt-of designs for furniture, houses, stained glass, tile, and other pottery, printing on cotton, cretonne, and velveteen, embroidery, carpets, wall-papers, linoleum, tapestry, stage-decorations, wood-engraving, type-founding, books, and book-covers, and some other things. He was a weaver, a dyer, a burner of glass and pottery, a printer, wood-engraver, a painter in many mediums, an architect, and an expert at all of them. He became such a handicraftsman as Erasmus was a scholar. He knew more of the technicalities of mediæval manufactures than any one in the world. All these things were known, to be sure, before Mr. Vallance wrote this book; but it is doubtful if the whole story of Morris's manual dexterity and mental facility was ever set forth before with such bewildering conviction.

And then William Morris was a poet, a prose romancer, and a man of letters, whose forte was still originality. No one of this age has written more of what deserves to be called pure literature. He was copiously fluent, facile here as in everything; but neither fluency nor facility worked harm to his reputation. He invented at least two entirely new forms of literary expression. He translated Virgil, Homer, and the saga-men with almost equal readiness and success. It is only a week or two since one of his posthumous prose romances was favorably reviewed in these columns. Another, *The Sundering Flood*, is yet to come.

Moreover, he was a critic of great boldness, much originality (again), and wide sympathies, so long as he could find life and art expressed together. He set forth without qualification that there is and has been from the beginning "no serious art in Japan." He reached it by a characteristic process: earthquakes forbid serious architecture in Japan, and without serious architecture there is no serious art. In the same way he established, to the edification of the age, the Kelmscott Press—to print books that should be "architecturally good." He found Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* marvellously dull, and leaves us wondering what he would have said to *Equality*. He saw in Milton only "cold classicism and puritanism," two things he always detested. He grew away from Browning and toward Tennyson with the ripening of his mind and his art. His biographer repeats of him the metaphor which Mr. Hall Caine—of all men!—contrived to mix for Rossetti: "He was too true an artist to follow art into its byways of moral significance and thereby cripple its broader arms." Calling himself "an ornamentalist, a contriver of would-be pretty things," Morris loathed the ornament which goes by the name of "appropriate." The only design of his which takes its significance from literature—outside of his books, of course—is the cretonne pattern he named "Brother Rabbit," from Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's alluring discovery.

There is not the slightest doubt that William Morris revolutionized the taste of England in a hundred ways and in almost every home, and, through England, performed the like grateful and kindly service for the world of civilization. There is no doubt regarding the permanency of his place among English poets and authors. Yet the doing of these things seemed only to stimulate him to greater and more varied activities. He personified the modern adage: "If you wish something done, have a busy man promise to do it for you." He was the chief dependence of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and there performed a work the good of which we unancient Americans can only surmise—and approve. He was, to a considerable extent, the Arts and Crafts Society, and it was to him that the Artworkers' Guild owed all its early prosperity. He was, at all times, an indefatigable lecturer on art in its relations to life. Then, in the fulness of his years and knowledge, he took upon his shoulders the burden of the Socialistic propaganda, giving of his time, his money, his strength, and his great reputation unreservedly to the cause he was so certain would help his fellow-men. Holding that "art is man's expression of his joy in labor," a principle he derived from the writings of Ruskin, he stands to-day the most rational, the most inviting, and the most original of all the exponents of his doctrine, the one Mr. Herbert Spencer calls "damnable." It is curious, however, to read that he was thoroughly convinced of the futility of individualism, even while he was writing *News from Nowhere*, a perfect exemplar of the life prophesied by believers in scientific anarchy, as a counterblast to Mr. Bellamy's brochure.

It is to be said, also, that if Socialism ever grows into anything more than a proposition for an outrageous despotism, it will be his conception of the ennobling and clarifying effects of art which will have made it possible. Those who regard these reforming ideas of his as an excrescence upon his character must be reminded again that "his whole life was a . . . protest against the squalor of modern industrialism." Nothing but the conviction that there would be no place left for book-reviewers prevents the present writer from giving full adherence to the world of the Golden Dustman.

It is to be hoped that the publishers may see fit to issue this book in cheaper and more convenient form.

The present edition is embellished with many excellent reproductions of the Morris designs. These will always be valuable. But the subject matter is still more valuable and deserves the widest circulation. "Great genius means," Mr. Marion Crawford remarks, "great and constant creative power before all things. It means wealth of resource and invention; . . . quantity as well as quality." All this, and more, William Morris possessed—he was intensely, imminently human.

REVIEWS

GLADSTONIANA

THE STORY of GLADSTONE'S LIFE. *By Justin McCarthy. 8vo. The Macmillan Co. $6.*

MR. McCARTHY has prepared a sorry disappointment for his readers in this book. One could not help expecting something fresh and authoritative from a life of the greatest Englishman who ever gave himself up to the study of statesmanship, written by his friend and political associate of many years' standing, an author, too, of considerable charm and reputation. Mr. McCarthy had it in his power to give us a final estimate of Mr. Gladstone's character and work as they appeared to his contemporaries. Had he done so we could have discounted his partiality willingly, knowing that neutrality on the subject of Gladstone is beyond the reach of the present generation. But Mr. McCarthy has allowed us practically nothing as an offset to his amiable partisanship. Of apt and telling phrases there are enough and to spare, for Mr. McCarthy knows how to handle his pen; nor is the book without a certain fascination, for Mr. Gladstone is its subject. But these virtues do not outweigh the author's garrulous superficiality or make one pardon his omissions or bear patiently with his eternal digressions and repetitions. Mr. McCarthy was obviously beset by two anxieties. He was anxious not to repeat anything he had written in his *History of Our Own Times*, and he was especially anxious not to bore anybody—both of them legitimate ambitions. At the same time he was equally convinced that the tit-bits of the *History* were worthy of a second employment. Therefore he detached them, rewrote them and incorporated them one after another in the present volume; quite forgetting that a character-sketch of Palmerston or Disraeli or Lowe or Russell, though it fits in well enough with an extensive history, looks rather like an excrescence when it appears in the biography of quite a different person. Mr. McCarthy constantly protests that he is only writing Mr. Gladstone's life; yet every few pages he stops to bring in a description of some prominent man who had only the remotest connection with Mr. Gladstone's career. This passion for wandering from the main track is destructive, of course, of all dramatic cohesion and development. The central figure is never kept clearly before our eyes, is often indeed in danger of disappearing altogether before this crowd of irrelevant characters, with the result that even of Gladstone the man we get but a blurred and indeterminate picture. As for the second of Mr. McCarthy's anxieties, there ought to be a difference between not boring one's audience and treating it as so many babes and sucklings. But in Mr. McCarthy's scheme of things no such distinction exists. To impart information is to be a bore, and a bore at any cost he will not be. He will dance a caper and be as amusing and trivial as you please, play with you by the hour, do anything but settle down to serious criticism. That is hardly the spirit by which a Gladstone can be interpreted. The problem that lay before Mr. McCarthy was to sum up Gladstone's work in politics and literature and theology, to give him his place in English history, to analyze his personality and trace its influence on his statesmanship and to show what effect England had on him and he on England. One cannot say that Mr. McCarthy has failed to grapple with this problem, for he has simply ignored it. All he attempts to give us is the obvious and external side of Mr. Gladstone's career; not his speeches, nor even quotations from them, but how the orator looked as he rose to address the House, the condition of his voice, and his hold over the audience; not an abstract of his Homeric studies, but a record of the fact that he was interested in Homer and an exclamation of wonder that such a busy man, with such multifarious occupations, should yet find time, etc., etc. All of which is no doubt entertaining and in a sense fit matter for a biography, but as trivial and uncritical as Mr. McCarthy's assumption that all Tories are unintelligent and that Radicalism alone represents beneficial progress. With a list of Mr. McCarthy's omissions one might easily fill half a column or more of this magazine; but neither they nor his perpetual digressions are so irritating as the want of a serious purpose and a thoughtful judgment. It is for the lack of these qualities that this book must be placed below those of Mr. Russell and Mr. Barnett Smith, and far below that remarka-

ble analysis of Mr. Gladstone's character that appears in Walter Bagehot's *Biographical Studies*. "Next and finally"—if we may borrow Carlyle's abrupt dismissal of Croker's edition of *Boswell*—it is our painful duty to declare, aloud if that be necessary, that Mr. McCarthy's work, as weighed against the hard money which the Booksellers demand for giving it you, is (in our judgment) very greatly the lighter. No portion, accordingly, of our small floating capital has been embarked in the business, or shall ever be; indeed were we in the market for such a thing, there is simply no Life of Gladstone to which this last would seem preferable. And now enough and more than enough!

MR. FISKE'S VIRGINIA AND HER NEIGHBORS

OLD VIRGINIA AND HER NEIGHBORS.—*By John Fiske. 12mo. Two volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.00.*

IF a student of America, quite ignorant of contemporary American book-makers, should ask of the average reading American, "Who is your writer of history?" we are inclined to think the answer would be "John Fiske." A few years ago the answer might have been "Francis Parkman;" and to-day, adherents of the so-called "laboratory" theory of historical research would doubtless hesitate before mentioning Mr. Fiske's name. But the reading public, not the scholars, have a right to give, and do give, the answer to such general queries.

In *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors*, Mr. Fiske has not given us a work of the monumental quality; neither has he given us a book fit to stand, or meant to stand, as a merely literary performance. If he had proposed to himself either of these objects he might, sooner or later, have found that his place is neither with Gibbon nor with Froude. Yet he has given us a book acceptable and valuable both as history and as literature. It is a book one reads with positive delight; and it is not a book one regrets having read. In point of style it is vigorous, agreeable, satisfying; in point of historical accuracy, judged not by the standard of a monograph but of a book that is meant to be read by many sorts of people, it has strong claims on our respect.

In fact, we are inclined to think that Mr. Fiske succeeds as a writer of history because he is not, and has never been, a writer of monographs. When Parkman died, Winsor and Mr. Fiske were chosen—and very fitly chosen—to speak his praises at a commemorative meeting at Harvard. When Mr. Winsor laid aside his pen, exclaiming that he had finished his work and was willing to rest, he was relinquishing a task of which the pen was not, perhaps, the best emblem. Preëminent as a gatherer of facts, as a cataloguer of authorities, as a tireless searcher, or a guide, he was indeed a great worker in history, but not a writer of it. It was his to prove, to disprove, to suggest, to collate; but not to tell a story. Successor to Parkman in the mastery of research, he did not fall heir to his charm.

To tell a story well is Mr. Fiske's most natural achievement; and as yet he had scarcely found a better opportunity than the beginnings and colonial growth of Virginia. He adds nothing, perhaps, to the sum total of what the scholars already know about his subject; he has not, for example, attempted to do over again the work so admirably done in his *Economic History of Virginia*, by Mr. Philip Bruce, to whom, and to that other admirable investigator of Virginian sources, President Lyon G. Tyler, he does ample honor. He does, however, bring a sane and broad judgment to bear on several points concerning which the "first-hand" investigators are not agreed. It will be pleasing to Virginians, and to most other Americans, for that matter, that he believes in the John Smith we all admired in our school-books; and that we are ever to have our Pocahontas story, albeit, according to his view, the little maiden was not called on to be heroic in saving the doughty captain, but only exercised a privilege which tribal usage gave her. He leaves us much to admire in the cavalier, too; but it was not reserved for him to reject Mr. Lodge's theory that Washington and Madison and the Lees sprang from a line of men who, like the Yanceys in *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*, had never done any work.

Mr. Fiske is at his best in his earlier chapter. His broad treatment of the Virginia enterprise as a part of English history is effective and to our mind just; while the glimpses of Shakespeare's England, which he finds it consonant with his design to give us, are very welcome indeed. His chapters on the Carolinas and Maryland necessarily have somewhat the quality of excursions; and the giving of a whole chapter to the buccaneers, entertaining as the chapter is, seems to us an error of judgment. Once or twice his downrightness of statement brings him close to the line where a historian loses dignity; but on the other hand he occasionally rises, as in the account of the Armada, to a height of eloquence which he has scarcely surpassed in any of his books. From Macaulay's glittering vice of too much emphasizing the matter in hand he is mainly, but not altogether, free. He is particularly happy in his citations from pamphlets and other sources; over some of his quaint quotations one fairly smacks one's lips.

On the whole, Mr. Fiske has clearly justified himself in undertaking to write of Virginia. If the books he promises us in the near future are as well done, he will have gone far to remove a serious reproach from American historians. It will no longer be said that the best general account of our colonial history is the work of the Englishman, Doyle, as it is also sometimes declared that the best general account of the Revolution is the work of the Englishman, Lecky.

THE NEW CRITICISM

NEW ESSAYS TOWARDS A CRITICAL METHOD.—*By John M. Robertson. 8vo. John Lane. $2.00.*

MR. ROBERTSON thinks that a universal system of criticism should supplant the individual and wayward methods hitherto in vogue; and in his opening essay he undertakes to set forth such a possible universal method, calling to his aid the resources of formal logic, psychology, and sociology. The primary object of the new critic, as Mr. Robertson conceives him, is to convince. He is to draw consistent conclusions from premises, advancing with elaborate caution and strategic skill. That there can be a reasoned science of criticism Mr. Robertson argues from the actual existence of a similar science of ethical judgment. Moreover, the new critic is to be not only increasingly systematic in his processes but more consistently thorough in his analyses and in the material of which he takes account. The critic, Mr. Robertson urges, should not only connect his estimates one with the other, he should also correlate them with his judgments on conduct and on social tendencies. He should do this not incidentally, as critics have often hitherto done, but systematically and with *malice prepense*. And he should do this, too, as a propagandist, with the view of making others share his views on the right ordering of life as well as his opinions on purely artistic matters. Lastly, Mr. Robertson maintains that progress in criticism, and the conversion of criticism into a science, depend on a more intelligent regard for consistency, alike in theory and practice. The critic must patiently consider questions of cause and effect. He must continually trace literary effects to their origin in the temperament and habits of work of the artist, and he must also watch his own literary judgments, and those of his fellow-critics, account for their variations as resulting from temperament and training, and reduce these variations to law. Critics who use these scientific methods may hope to escape from the uncertainties of the personal equation, and work together consistently for the establishment of scientific truth about literature.

Doubtless the critics who practice the art of delicate appreciation will find much to urge against Mr. Robertson's proposed innovations. In fact his great weakness lies on the side of æsthetic feeling, of which he appears at times to be totally devoid. The principle which he proposes, of limiting the appreciation of poetry to such poetry only as may be generally granted to possess metrical perfection, is at the start obviously unfair and impossible; this principle leads him, when he comes to follow it in practice, to various destructive conclusions. In his essay on Shelley, for example, he grossly underrates much of Shelley's poetry, wantonly overlooking all his ethereal loveliness and buoyancy, Shelley's longer poems, Mr. Robertson thinks, are simply "rhyming verbiage" and "cerebral excitement inadequately controlled;" while of the twenty-one short stanzas of the *Skylark* not more than four, he declares, have any perfection of metrical quality. Keats, again, is subjected to an examination which, though more favorably intended, succeeds in wholly misrepresenting his special charm. In his essay on Poe, on the other hand, Mr. Robertson indulges in undiluted eulogy, constituting himself a champion for that somewhat disparaged poet. He is fatuous enough to find all that Poe ever wrote, whether in the direction of fiction, poetry, criticism, or treatise like the *Rationale of Verse*, invariably worth while. His final estimate of Poe as a poet, founded on the basis of workmanship, is correspondingly sweeping. Even Poe's "second-best verse," he says, "has a distinction of its own."

The new method may be found working in fullest perfection in the essays on Coleridge and Clough, peculiarly to Mr. Robertson's own satisfaction, if we are to believe the Preface, in the essay on Clough. Compared with the *Appreciations* of Pater or the critical essays of Matthew Arnold, the Coleridge and Clough essays lack artistic merit. Yet in both there is a certain evident gain on the purely literary method in the clearer exposition of the sociological conditions under which these poets did their work. The Coleridge essay, which offers Mr. Robertson an opportunity to apply the kind of scientific analysis which is based on medical research, is, however, undeniably disproportionate in its severity when compared with the sympathetic estimate of Poe previously reached by the same means; and the essay on Clough is notably disproportionate through its insistence on Clough's hitherto undiscovered gift for analytical fiction as well as its implied contradiction of the generally accepted opinion that Clough's talents as a versifier did not exceed mediocrity.

These shortcomings simply show that Mr. Robertson has not achieved the degree of success which those who share his views on matters of criticism could have desired for him. Yet, by his own confession, Mr. Robertson has in part expected to fail. He has merely taken his chances like all propagandists and opinion-makers. The practical objections to the final adoption of his new method, setting aside for the time the conflict of science and æsthetics, are twofold: the method for its successful application demands more ability than it can possibly take for granted in the petty practitioners; on the other hand the great critics will probably prefer theories of their own. In short, it is really just in proportion to its ability to arouse among critics a serious regard for their art, and so extend and fortify the field of criticism, that Mr. Robertson's new method contributes to literature.

ALL TREASURIES ARE NOT GOLDEN

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF AMERICAN SONGS AND LYRICS.—*Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. 16mo. L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.*

PALGRAVE, with the assistance of Tennyson and others, made the original *Golden Treasury* an artistic and financial success—and the most mischievous happening in the whole range of English poetry. Locker-Lampson prepared the *Lyra Elegantiarum*—valuable chiefly as having called forth Mr. Swinburne's bewilderingly thorough and adverse critique. The second series of the *Golden Treasury* is a failure beyond the power of Mr. Watts-Dunton's animadversions to increase. The rule for anthologies, so far as a rule is deducible, is that they shall be hurtful in a direct ratio to their efficiency. Judged by that standard alone, this attempt of Mr. Knowles's is seen to be quite harmless.

To the love for formality which has limited his own poetic product to somewhat shop-worn French prettinesses, the editor here joins a reverence for authority amounting to obsequiousness. He includes nothing in his volume which has not received the approval of Poe, Whipple, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Stedman, or some other critical writer of reputation. If his sins of commission are few as a result, it could well be wished there were more; for the general effect is cold, formal, and academic. America, so far as this volume discloses it, is a Europe diluted to the point of homœopathy; American verse, a distant imitation of something worthier, an uninspired product of miscellaneous reading, rather than the expression of love for nature, man, and God. True as this may be, it would have been wiser for Mr. Knowles to have said so openly in a prefatory essay, rather than to expose our pretensions under the guise of concealing our faults. How often must it be said that no literature will ever come from the flattery of our national vanity?

"The numerous collections of American verse share, I think," begins Mr. Knowles in his preface, "one fault in common: they include too much." This fault he does not intend to "share in common" with his predecessors—men like Whittier, for example. He will be critical. But he cannot hope to be critical in the sense in which Palgrave was, who could find no American verse whatever worthy of inclusion in either of his collections "of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language," though an Australian, Kendall, was admitted to the second series. In fact, Mr. Knowles cannot hope to be critical in the individual sense at all, so great is his dependence upon the opinions of others, his elders. He permits Mr. Aldrich, for example, to select six of his own poems for publication—and the effect is hardly fortunate. At the latest moment he opens his pages to take in the four sonnets written by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, which Mr. Stoddard overpraised in a recent attack of enthusiasm. On the other hand, he has nothing of Jones Very's or a score of mentionable sonnetteers, early and late. Especially does he overlook the modern note in English verse and the young men and women who are voicing it. He includes some things of Mr. Bliss Carman's, while he passes over Mr. Richard Hovey's delicious "Nocturne: In Provence," Mr. C. G. D. Roberts's stirring "Laughing Sally," and Mr. Francis Sherman's "Ballad of Wet Willows," among many others. There is no line of the delicate rhymes of Timothy Otis Paine; Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, Mr. William Theodore Peters, Mr. Robert W. Chambers find no place; even the lovely lyric, "Be Thou a Bird, My Soul," from the other anthology edited by Mr. Knowles, is omitted. Nearly everything which sings itself offends his taste: Dr. Van Dyke's "Snow at Sea," Mr. James Buckham's "The Wind's Way," Miss Alice Brown's "Candlemas," all these and the others like them are wanting. Therefore, he feels compelled to admit that, "despite the excellence of the poems included, there is a notable lack of unconsciousness—of pure singing quality." This is only too true, and, considering that the book purports to be a collection of "American Songs and Lyrics," it is quite as sweeping a condemnation of the spirit behind it as the occasion demands.

THE FIASCO OF MR. ANSTEY

BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE B.A.—*By F. Anstey. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.*

THE author of *Vice Versa* and *The Tinted Venus* has stood on his head so many years, writing novels, that his view of popularity must have become foreshortened and out of focus. He should have prepared, while resting between successes, for a normal attitude in his old age, and not let it, when it had to come, appear so distorted and unnatural. *The Statement of Stella Maberly* was a cruel letting-down of Mr. Anstey's topsy-turviness. *Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A.* is far more so, and is not even original. Perhaps this is the saddest reflection to cast on one who has always been that, or nothing.

Baboo H. B. Jabberjee is a Bengali in London, studying law; and his comments on British ways, and his experiences in his own way, are related in Baboo-English. Now Baboo-English is a jargon composed of pompous "hifalutin" and slang colloquialisms abruptly mingled, and is a well-known vehicle for a certain school of thought in Anglo-India. The "educated" Baboo who reads Shakespeare and Punch at the same moment, expresses himself in this dialect. Sometimes—and always, it is needless to say, unconsciously—he is funny; more often he is just hideously tiresome. Mr. Anstey has made his hero the latter, with nearly no exceptions,

and worse than that he has stolen, or obviously paraphrased, many expressions from the celebrated *Memoir of Onocool Chundee Mookerjee*, the classic in Baboo-English, and from a pamphlet by the Honorable T. Hart-Davies on the Ilbert Bill; both extremely humorous, but of a sort of humor of which a little goes a long way.

"I now take up my 'penna' after a few months," writes the memorialist of Onocool Chundee, "but *quid agis?* if any one should put me such a query—I should be thrown into a great jeopardy and hurly-burly, and say 'A fool of myself.'"

On these lines and their variations, through two hundred and seventy-one pages, Mr. Anstey constructs his Baboo and London diary. Some of the episodes, it must be admitted, are amusing. The utter foreignness of the imported point of view, the perverted understanding and lack of humor of the Hindoo, where English ways are concerned, cannot but furnish ludicrous situations and contretemps. Occasionally, Baboo's comments are really droll. But in the long run, the dreary matter-of-factness of the Britonized Bengali pervades page after page. It is true and pitiful, but it is neither amusing nor new. Or, if it is new, it is inexplicable, and to the uninitiated must sound like the driveling of a madman.

IN PORTIA'S GARDENS

IN PORTIA'S GARDENS.—*By William Sloane Kennedy. 12mo. Bradlee Whidden. $1.50.*

THIS is a most disappointing volume. The æsthetic aspects of the country and of rural life demand and would seem to compel the most dainty treatment, and it is a positive shock to the reader, to find himself suddenly precipitated into a slough as though fallen from a punctured balloon. It is not merely that Mr. Kennedy indulges too frequently in that which is merely "newspaper English:" he does much worse than this. For example, speaking of Lowell, he says:

"I am sorry to record that it was he who boomeranged himself so badly in the eyes of posterity by omitting the Good Gray Poet's name from the list of bards to be carved on the Boston Public Library, when asked to draw up the list which now appears there. To Lowell, Walt Whitman's lines were doubtless but as long black hairs combed out of the tail of Antichrist: he was n't Orientalist enough to understand such vigintipedalian verse." One cannot feel comfortable in the presence of a writer who is unconscious of the offensiveness of such stuff as this. It is hardly necessary to go further. It is the reviewer's duty however, to caution the reader against too easy an acceptance of Mr. Kennedy's great array of "facts." Doubtless many of these are facts, but others would be best described as "important if true."

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

THE DECORATION OF HOUSES.—*By Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr. 4to. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.00.*

THE great revival of interest in household decoration is shown by the number and character of the books recently published upon the subject. Last year we had *The Art of the House*, by Mrs. Marriott-Watson; this year comes *The Decoration of Houses*, a serious discussion of the subject from the standpoint of the architect in contradistinction to that of the upholsterer. It is certainly true that modern architects invariably neglect their work upon the interior of our houses. They leave the designing of the "trim" and hardware, and the general balancing of openings and wall spaces to subalterns, devoting themselves almost exclusively to the decorative effects of the exterior. The result is that the entire interior embellishment devolves upon the decorator, in whose hands "form is sacrificed to color and composition to detail."

The most successful decorators of the past strove for "architectural proportion," those of the present are satisfied with the modern practice of superficially applied ornament. In expanding this idea the authors fall into an error which will nullify for a large number the many admirable qualities of the book. Neither the climate of North America nor the life and customs of the people can allow any practical use to be made of examples drawn from the Italy and France of the seventeenth century. Yet the advice here given is based almost exclusively upon such models. Marble walls and floors, stone stairways with cast iron balustrades, and frescoed ceilings are not applicable to our uses.

Historically, the book is very interesting in tracing the origin of various rooms and in detailing the decorations and uses to which they were formerly subjected. Epigrammatic statements of valuable truths abound, and, in reading, one is constantly surprised by the juxtaposition in succeeding sentences of the most excellent ideas and of the worst application of them.

The curious thing is that the authors do not seem to realize that we have but just emerged from a period for which the examples they so freely recommend were unknowingly the standards; wretchedly carried out it is true, but no worse than all copies of a grandiose and magnificent style are sure to be. It was not over twenty years ago that it was a common enough sight to see hall-ways with a checkerboard marble floor, walls with imitation marble paper, a nitch upon the stairway for a plaster bust, a few over-fed angels badly painted upon a blue ceiling, and the never-to-be-forgotten marble-topped table near the door. Yet these very things, or rather the genuine things of which these are merely inevitable imitations, are written of, illustrated, and commended throughout the volume.

The illustrations, with the exception of those of furniture, are open to same objection, being principally interiors of Italian and French palaces. For this supposed variance from the text the preface attempts to apologize, but the reasons given are not conclusive. In short a judgment which sees more in a Roman villa for modern application and adoption than in the houses of Tudor and Elizabethan architects is surely much perverted.

Otherwise the book is well written; in every chapter there are original ideas and sound principles. Architects and decorators can make easy use of it as a reference book; a good index is provided; and the mechanical make-up is beyond criticism.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

STORIES OF FAMOUS OPERAS.—*By H. A. Guerber. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.*

PORTRAITS AND SILHOUETTES OF MUSICIANS.—*Translated from the French of Camille Bellaigue. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.*

MARCHESI AND MUSIC.—*By Mathilde Marchesi. With an Introduction by Massenet. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $2.50.*

WHEN Mr. George Upton published his *Standard Operas* some years ago, it seemed as if he had said the last necessary word on the subject. His handbook gave all that was needed in a work of the kind—the outline of the plot and a careful study of the music in each opera, and no unnecessary details. But now in *Stories of the Famous Operas* we find Miss H. A. Guerber, encouraged, of course, "by the kindly reception accorded to my little volume," etc. . . . purposes giving "non-opera-goers a faint idea of performances which have given pleasure to thousands." Then, in her zeal to give this faint idea, Miss Guerber confuses the reader with a mass of inessential description of costumes, gestures, scenery, and so on, so that the stories are buried a good part of the time. There is no charm in the telling, and the style is stiff and uninteresting. Her technical expressions sound like the trite phrases of "press-agentry;" for almost every opera "never fails to draw crowds of enthusiastic listeners."

Inaccuracies are frequent in the narrative, as, for instance, *Aida* is mentioned as Verdi's "last and greatest work," *Otello* and *Falstaff* being quite forgotten. Many times she does not seem sure of the characters, and confuses Morales and Zuniga, in *Carmen*, very amusingly.

EVERY year the great library of musical literature is quietly increased by a number of books which make no particular stir in the world. Occasionally something rather out of the ordinary, such as the recent life of Verdi, or Gounod's Autobiography challenges attention through the eminence of the subject. But the world is full of respectable little books about Mozart, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, which are freely handed about at Christmas, but are seldom read. This book, however, is entitled to more than this casual interest, as it has many points of superiority over the rank and file. The portraits are of three old Italian masters, Palestrina, Marcello, and Pergolese, and of Charles Gounod. These are its chief claim to distinction. Your popular musical biography usually concerns itself with the names to be found on proscenium arches, only. But these brief and accurate studies of lesser known composers will unquestionably reach the right audience. The twelve "silhouettes" do not pretend to be biographical but are rather in the way of glimpses into the life or character of the men with whom they deal. They are more popular in character than the first sketches, and are in a somewhat elaborate style, probably the result of translation. The volume is not a text-book, but is unquestionably an admirable gift-book for a dilletante in music.

IN looking over Mme. Marchesi's book *Marchesi and Music*, there must come to her friends a regret that it, like certain other memoirs, was not withheld for a time by direction of a last will and testament.

As it is, Mme. Marchesi will be allowed the unique privilege of hearing everything disagreeable that could possibly be said of her after she is dead. Her position in the world of art is sufficiently known to absolve from discussion of it in connection with her book.

In supporting this position she appears, unfortunately, to have detracted from it. In placing Mme. Melba first among her pupils she ignores the fact that this singer was but ten months with her prior to her debut. Nor is it wise that, in over-zeal, she challenges comparison, a quite impossible thing, between Mme. Melba and so unapproachable an artist as Mme. Patti.

As to the book itself, it is best to dismiss certain scarcely pleasing points at the outset. It is impossible to blind one's self to the fact that Mme. Marchesi's projected coming to America imbues the situation with a tinge of the commercial spirit. Again, to live for forty years the central figure and oracle of a school-room is not the easiest method of exactly determining one's personal importance.

Beyond this the creative artist, as a rule, far exceeds the executant artist in modesty. Gounod, simplicity, frankness, and truth itself, lets the light of his soul shine from the pages of his memoirs. The executant artist is not prone to any such channels of thought.

Scaria, the great Wagnerian singer, once quite took away the breath of some one who had congratulated him on the singing of a certain rôle by replying: "Oh, you know I am a great musician."

If Mme. Marchesi sometimes recalls poor Scaria rather strongly, one has only to remember that she also was an executant. There are, too, in these recollections, certain extravagant self-appreciations born of the glamour of memory.

Once in sympathy with what we are pleased to call the artistic temperament in the book, although Philistine speech might call it something else, there grows another impression. In one sense the woman has laid bare her heart. Since the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff nothing has so nearly approached it as these memories of Mme. Marchesi. The former was intentionally, the latter, after a certain point, unintentionally candid. We do not believe that literature holds a clearer reflection of the workings of an artist's mind. All the strange combinations, self-sacrifice, selfishness, littleness, generosity—all are there. For this reason, to the thoughtful, to those familiar with the artistic temperament, much will be swept aside, and points firmly indicating nobility of character, splendid determination, and unflagging energy in her art will remain instead.

There is in the book a picture of a woman who deems mother love beyond everything else, a woman devoted to her home and children, and yet with a career. This career is of a double necessity; dictated by ambition and stress. As she herself pictures the situation: "Perhaps my greatest sacrifice to art has been this separating myself from my children. Yes, I will say that it has been *the greatest*, for nothing can compensate a mother for the joy she derives from watching the continual development of her children and their daily growing attachment to herself." She learned the lesson of separation from the living as well as from the dead. One by one her children were taken from her, until the youngest alone was left.

Of that moment she writes: "And so it was Art, the faithful companion of my life, which once more comforted me in my sorrow." There is the fullness of truth in her simplicity. Stung by the injustice of her position she left the conservatory and the city of Vienna through necessity, but the thought of leaving two little graves behind almost turned her in her purpose—the prospect of nagging care seemed easier than separation from her dead. In reviewing these and later Viennese days, she speaks plainly of Herr Hellmesberger of the conservatory, of his vacillation and unfriendliness. One need only recall the man and his art, he who said of a rival violinist that Grün was good for the eyes, but not for the ears, to fancy her position. An epigram from Hellmesberger stuck like a burr in the reputation at which it was levelled.

There is no finer stroke in the book, nor one more calculated to impress her integrity of purpose, than the moment of her refusal to accept a position at the Paris Conservatoire on terms against her artistic conscience. She tells the incident very simply, as she does, indeed, the really important ones in her life: "I could not sacrifice my artistic convictions in order to gain a position, however honorable and desirable it might be; this I explained plainly to Auber, who was somewhat surprised at my candor; then thanking him for his kind reception, we left the room."

Mme. Marchesi had at that time been in Paris only a few days. One of her children had died suddenly. The future was uncertain. She met it just as bravely "when every new pupil was welcome." This from the subsequent teacher of Melba, Calvé, Eames, Sanderson, Gerster, and Nevada. But it is the Mme. Marchesi of such moments of ordeal as these whose recollections we prefer and whom we find much more agreeable reading than at certain other times which she records as triumphs.

It is the study of an artist which must be read between the lines, with sympathy, with appreciation of the noble and obliquity to that which is less. Two distinct characters are combined in the one, just as they are with the majority of us, and in musicians most of all—the one noblest in struggle, the other weakest in success. To pierce the outwardly imposing garment of Mme. Marchesi's self-appreciation is to forget her brave fight and how staunchly she bore disaster.

A DOG OF CONSTANTINOPLE

A Dog of Constantinople.—*By Izora C. Chandler. 12mo. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.*

WHETHER Miss Izora C. Chandler wrote her book to illustrate the pictures or drew the pictures to illustrate her book, it is impossible to say with assurance, but it is safe to state at a venture that she acted unwisely. That both illustration and text are somewhat picturesque is not to be denied; indeed it would be difficult to write of Constantinople and not reflect some of the coloring of the Orient. Miss Chandler's book however is an amateurish piece of reporting. It is very real in places—so real as to convince one that parts of the dialogue were taken from life. This is not greatly to the credit of a story-writer, but it adds interest to what would otherwise be wholly trivial. The book is more suited to children than to grown-ups; yet there is no indication that it is a juvenile.

The ending is sentimentally sad—for the dog-hero dies. Yet the real interest of the book—so far as it exists—is in the love of a young American for a beautiful Greek girl. The certainty that their marriage will prove extraordinarily unhappy is the reader's chief compensation for the foolishness of the story.

MISCELLANY

In his new book, Mark Twain has the following tribute to Cecil Rhodes: "I admire him, I frankly confess it; and when his time comes I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake."

In an Australian bush town these lines are on a child's grave:—

Our Emily Frances was so fair
That the Angels envied Her
And Whispered in her Ear
We will take you Away on
Tuesday night.

M. Octave Uzanne has written an introduction to a French edition of Mr. William Nicholson's *Almanach of Twelve Sports*, which is now in press. Too much can hardly be said in praise of this book and its companion volume, the *Alphabet*, and they are issued at so cheap a price by Mr. R. H. Russell that we hope for them a large sale.

A year ago the Jewish Publication Society of America offered a prize of $1,000 for the best story relating to a Jewish subject suited to young readers. The competition was not limited to Jews, and although twenty-seven stories were submitted, the committee has decided not to award the prize, because no story of Jewish interest suited to young readers and satisfactory to the judges was found among the number.

In Colonel Hay's own room at the American Embassy in London there is a most interesting group of portraits of the diplomats who have represented the United States at the Court of St. James. The series begins with the first Minister who went over after America had won her independence, and it closes with an admirable photograph of Mr. Bayard. James Russell Lowell got the pictures together originally, and every retiring Ambassador now contributes a portrait of himself.

The first English translation of an old Italian work that ranks next in celebrity to the *Decameron* has just been published. This is the *Pecorone* of Giovanni, which has been Englished by Mr. W. G. Waters. The volume appears, with plate illustrations, as one of the series which Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have been publishing in London. Giovanni was a contemporary of Sachetti, and these two story-tellers come next to Boccaccio in order of time. It was left on record by Giovanni that he wrote his book in 1378, and it was first printed at Milan in 1558. Only a few scattered facts are really known about him.

Don José Zorilla y Moral was, perhaps, the greatest contemporary Spanish poet, but that did not prevent him from having a hard time of it, for books sell badly in Spain. However, he did not want for recognition, and not long before his death, in 1893, some of his admirers placed upon his head a laureate crown of solid gold. In the circumstances it is hardly surprising that the gift found its way to the pawnshop, and the legal period for its redemption having expired, it is now offered for sale by auction. As the poet is dead there seems to be no particular reason why the wreath should not go to the melting-pot, but another subscription is being raised by Zorilla's admirers to purchase it. The death of the poet in indigent circumstances is hardly, however, matter for national reproach, as in 1887 the Cortes voted Zorilla a pension of nearly £300 a year. In few other countries do improvident or unprosperous authors enjoy so handsome a reward.

It is gratifying to know that in some parts of the world the educational influences of a good stage performance are appreciated. The entire Lyceum theater in London was recently taken on a Saturday night by Professor Cusack's Day Training College. From orchestra to gallery it was filled with the students who had been invited by their principal to witness *Hamlet*, that being the play selected for their examination next year. It was a novel idea to seek the aid of Mr. Forbes Robertson's thoughtful and persuasive impersonation of the Prince of Denmark in making the hero's varying moods clear to the young people, and should the issue at the examination be as successful as is hoped, further developments in the same educational direction may be looked for.

The Comédie Française has just become possessed of a painting representing an incident that never took place, namely, "The flogging of Beaumarchais in the prison of St. Lazare." When *Le Mariage de Figaro* was first produced in Paris, the author was vehemently attacked by Suard, a rival writer, and he replied by saying that after he had overcome lions and tigers before getting his play on the stage, he was not going to be scared by—an insect of evil repute. Suard went off to Louis XVI, who was at the card table, and readily persuaded the simple monarch that he and Marie Antoinette were the lions and tigers referred to. A warrant was forthwith written across the seven of spades, and Beaumarchais found himself locked up in the Bridewell of Paris. The public insisted on his release at the end of four days, and he never had to submit to the indignity depicted by the artist. The picture, in fact, was a joke, but its interest lies in the circumstance that all the chief characters of the famous piece are looking on at the operation in the costumes which they wore at the first production of the play.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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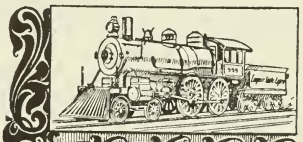

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Notes.

This department will be continued, and since it has proved unceasingly interesting to the magazine readers, it will usually be somewhat larger than it has been in the past. In political matters THE CHAP-BOOK has no affiliations and will endeavor to apply here the same standards of ordinary common sense that it hopes to use in its literary judgments. There will be the usual comment on literary matters. The dramatic notes will criticize all the really important plays in England and America, and the subscribers will be kept informed of all really notable happenings in the world of letters and art. THE CHAP-BOOK Notes can promise to be independent; they hope to be always amusing.

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THE CHAP-BOOK probably gives more space to verse than any other literary magazine.

Reviews of New Books.

This department, which was started not quite a year ago, has proved most successful. THE CHAP-BOOK does not undertake to review all the books sent to it, but any one who follows the review department will be informed as to all the books which deserve his attention or are likely to interest him. It will be the endeavor of the editors to make the reviews, which come from many hands, both sane and entertaining. THE CHAP-BOOK has no desire to "slash" books indiscriminately, but it wishes to protest against the fulsome, ill-advised, and widespread praise of mediocre and bad work which is to be found in so many critical journals. It hopes to praise the good books, and only those.

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NOTES

MR. PAUL POTTER has done something more wonderful than his stage-version of *Trilby*. He has written an original drama displaying the worst taste ever revealed by an American playwright. In this epoch of free speech it is hard to be disgusting; but Mr. Potter has succeeded. His bad taste, moreover, he has made the very pivot of his drama. In this particular, he has shown himself to be a master in dramatic construction.

It is easy enough to divine the fashion in which Mr. Potter planned *The Conquerors*, now running at the Empire Theatre, New York. He had evidently been reading the French realists; among others, Maupassant, from whom, indeed, he borrowed, justifiably enough, a portion of his plot. He said to himself: "I 'll write a play with a lot of ginger and action and color in it." So he looked about for ginger. He found that, without difficulty, in the French storehouse of literary material. What joy he must have felt in lighting upon it. "A woman also imagines that she has been outraged by a man who has really saved her." He probably rubbed his hands, "Won't that make 'em hum, on Broadway! We 'll have the press list suspended for the whole season!" Then came the working out of the plot; forward to the beginning, and backward to the end, with action, action every minute. The complications just after Sedan gave the chance for action, and there was the color, too! *Miracle!* The skeleton is united. Now to clothe it with flesh,—but that is a minor matter.

In the first act we have the group of young German officers, quartered on the noble family of Grandpré at Dinan, on the night after Sedan. Led by Eric von Rodeck, a blackguard of the worst type, they give a supper to some "dancing-girls" from Paris. Eric, after playfully biting one of the dancers on the back, proposes a toast in which he insults his foes. Yvonne de Grandpré, the beautiful daughter of the house, overhearing the words, hurls back the insult, and at the same time dashes a glass of wine into Eric's face. This, of course, made a superb climax, and, of course, Yvonne was deeply admired for her noble performance. Indeed, Eric admired her so much that he determined to break that proud spirit at once. Fortune favored him by placing Yvonne in his power at the inn,

where she had gone alone to meet her soldiering brother and to give him information about the Prussians. Then we have action with a vengeance, as Eric chases the girl madly around the room. At last, she gives up in exhaustion and hysteria, telling him to do his worst. Her words, in the beautiful language of the old romances, "move him strangely," for then and there he becomes converted, and he leaves her, with his head bowed in shame. Another villain is waiting to take his place, however—the wild-eyed, half-drunken peasant who has been watching his chance. Stealing behind her, he grasps her by the throat, but only for a moment, when he is felled by a death dealing blow from the penitent Eric. When Yvonne recovers consciousness her preserver has taken himself out of the way for fear of compromising her, and she fancies that it was he who has committed the assault. In fact, she confesses as much to her brother, who, thereupon, with true brotherly feeling and with beautiful stage morality, shrinks away in horror. For a girl with a brother like that there is only one thing to do, and Yvonne does it. But her knife inflicts only a flesh wound on poor Eric, and when he yields to the temptation to help her brother to escape from the Prussians, he is able to receive calmly the sentence of death from his superior officers. Before he goes to slaughter, however, he "explains everything," and then we learn that Yvonne loves him tenderly. It is needless to say that just as he is about to be shot he is given another chance.

The plot sounds more silly than it appears when unfolded on the stage. In this particular Mr. Potter has shown great cleverness. He creates the illusion, and, even when you laugh or twist in your seat, he keeps you interested. Everything he has tried to do he has done. He has given them ginger and action and color, and he has made them "hum" on Broadway. The piece is utterly false, and yet it produces an effect; in the hands of a man of better taste and fine literary instinct the material might have been made into a brilliant play. The work is congested, clogged with good material. It is too dramatic; there are too many stirring episodes. Think of those two assaults in the second act; the second assault, of course, weakened the effect of the first, and made both ridiculous. The introduction of the peasants, too, with their boisterous patriotism, was sheer clap-trap, and yet they give a certain superficial brilliancy to the scenes in which they figured. In the subtle work of characterization, Mr. Potter, as might have been expected, only partly succeeds. His hero, such as he was, maintained the airs of reality, but poor Yvonne was the palest of shadows. The German officers, however, were fairly well executed, though they had about them nothing distinctly national. As for the comedy, that on the whole was very feeble; at times, it reached the depths of utter tediousness.

Mr. Potter has reason to congratulate himself on the way in which his play was presented. The scenery was elaborate, and the Empire Theatre Stock Company has seldom appeared to such good advantage. As Eric, Mr. William Faversham made the hit of his career. He played with fine intelligence and vigor, and he looked the part to the life. Miss Allen had opportunities to make use of the emotional power which she possesses to an exceptional degree; but her performance of the *rôle* of Yvonne, like all her other impersonations, was seriously injured by her affectations. She has lately taken to letting one corner of her mouth droop to express great dejection, an odious habit. The other parts were well taken.

MR. JOHN DREW has always shown a consciousness of his popularity, without wantonly presuming upon it. But the success which his cautious policy as a star has brought to him, seems to have broken down the nice reserve he once maintained. In the *Marriage of Convenience*, which he played throughout his entire New York season, Mr. Drew was not only the principal actor, but the audience, too; and not an unobtrusive member of the audience, but a leader of that audience's applause. It was amazing the amount of work he took upon himself. As the "Comte de Candale," he would deliver a neat speech; as Mr. Drew, the New York pet, he would wait for the house to applaud, coaxing it with a determined ogle; if the audience failed to respond, he would then, in his capacity of a privileged spectator of his own acting, laugh at the joke himself. This always had the effect of producing a sympathetic smile and the play proceeded. The little pantomime became at last to be as recognised a signal for applause as a public speaker's diversion with a glass of water. Mr. Drew had made his joke, was evidently bent on having it thoroughly enjoyed before he went any further, and the audience had to give way and enjoy it. It was only a lengthy series of bluffs of this effective character that carried the play through. Any piece that was originally written by a Frenchman for Paris, and afterward altered by an Englishman for London, and finally revised by an American for New York, has to depend on a very careless or very forgiving audience. And in the *Marriage of Convenience* the story is singularly slight and flavorless. Miss Irving was laboriously intelligent as the "Comtesse," but hardly bewitching. Miss de Wolfe played her part with cheerfulness and good taste, but her part was a small one; there was therefore nothing left but for Mr. Drew to half bully, half wheedle New York into liking his play. This he did with persistent success by a facile display of pure "cheek." It was a great testimony to Mr. Drew's personal popularity and adroitness; but it was really nothing more.

THE CRITERION INDEPENDENT THEATER in New York, with its recent production of three short plays, by Giuseppe Giaconda, by Augustus Thomas, and by Henri Dumay, has in a measure justified its existence. Without being remarkable, the plays were all worthy of being seen, and, under present conditions, they would have had little chance of being presented by one of the established theatrical managers. Giaconda's drama, *The Rights of the Soul*, translated by J. I. C. Clarke and Charles Henry Meltzer, is probably even more impressive in the original than it proved to be in translation. The Anglo-Saxon seldom goes about discussing "souls," unless he is a crank or given to affectation, and to the American mind all such discussion borders on the ridiculous. So, when the heroine of Giaconda's play, forced by her husband to confess that, though she has remained faithful, she has really loved the man who has just shot himself in despair, and taunts him for invading "the rights of the soul," she is treading on dangerous ground. The English version would perhaps have been fairer to the author if the translators had turned the wife's long speech into less pretentious and less literal phrases. However, the drama, on the whole, exploited a strong episode in a thoroughly consistent and dramatic fashion. It was very well played, too, by E. J. Henley as the husband; by Elita Procter Otis as the wife, and by A. S. Lipman in the secondary rôle of the wife's expostulatory brother. Miss Otis, who appeared in a shocking make-up, was by no means an ideal choice for her part; yet she atoned for lack of passion by her freedom from exaggeration. Only an actress like Olga Nethersole could have brought out all that might have been made of the character. In *That Overcoat* Mr. Augustus Thomas displayed his shrewd observation and his tendency to conceive his characters cleverly, and to make them also the vehicle for his own vulgarity. He had a good theme, and he treated it farcically, giving the audience twenty minutes of genuine amusement. The touches of vulgarity seemed to add to the entertainment. Miss Carrie Keeler played charmingly the part of an affectionate young wife, separated by her mother from an indiscreet, but equally affectionate husband; Mr. Henley showed his usual facility as the repentant husband, and Mrs. Kate Denin-Wilson exaggerated painfully the qualities of the mother-in-law. *Out of a Clear Sky* introduced the editor of the *Criterion* as playwright. When it was first announced that Mr. Dumay was to produce a play of his own, cynical theatre-goers shook their heads. It certainly looked as if he wanted to elevate not only the drama, but himself, as well. So his work created a genuine surprise. A divorced wife, after her second marriage, in which she finds happiness, is suddenly confronted with her first husband, who has treated her badly but is still infatuated with her. He calls up the memories of their first years of love, and in distraction she implores him to leave. Just as he seizes her in his arms, her husband enters; the two men fight, and number two shoots number one. Then comes the great moment. The woman falls upon the prostrate figure with kisses and wild avowals of affection. It sounds cynical, but Mr. Dumay succeeded in making the situation seem serious. At any rate, the play was exceedingly clever. Miss Keeler, as the wife, deepened the good impression she had made in the previous work, and both Mr. Henley and Mr. Lipman played with fervor as husbands number one and number two.

The audience was astonishingly small. Where were all those lovers of the "literary" drama that we have heard so much about during the past few years? Can it be that they knew nothing of the performance, or that they consist chiefly of the few actors and actresses, newspaper men and newspaper women, and other small scribblers who sat about in Hoyt's Theater the other afternoon? Perhaps the *Criterion* did not do enough advertising, and yet it had received the benefit of a venomous attack from the *Sun* a day or two before. Can it be that even the *Sun's* influence is declining?

DAUDET'S FUNERAL was worthy of his beloved France. The State, the literary, the theatrical, the musical worlds joined the widow in honoring the dead author. The pall-bearers were Daudet's literary friends—MM. Drumont, Zola, Hennique, Hervieu and his secretary, M. Ebner. The President of the Republic sent his secretary to express deep sympathy, and the Ministers for Foreign Affairs and Public Instruction were present in person. The Comédie Française sent a bouquet of white pinks; Madame Réjane, who is now playing *Sapho* at the Vaudeville, brought another; the Town Council of Paris contributed a third; a fourth came from Nimes, Daudet's birthplace; and numberless wreaths were offered by literary and dramatic societies, friends and readers. Only Tarascon held its hand. The people of Provence never forgave the creator of Tartarin his exposure of their most delightful and intimate foible. Zola pronounced the funeral oration with grace and sympathy, though obviously without inspiration. He dwelt with real pathos on the intense physical agony from which death had released his friend. It is known that for the last fifteen years of his life Daudet was a sufferer from locomotor ataxia. For the past four or five years the disease at times was positively torturing. The present writer saw Daudet in 1894, during his first and last visit to London. A host of Englishmen of note were gathered round the chair in which he sat. A horribly emaciated face, looking like a skeleton model in clay of a handsome statue, two black, blazing, restless eyes, pointed with unnatural brilliancy by disease and nearsightedness, and a shock of glossy, black hair that fell upon either shoulder—such was Daudet as he turned spasmodically from one listener to another, nervously

brilliant and talkative, fighting, apparently, against physical collapse by a defensive intellectual effort. Daudet was fond of saying that the appreciation of hundreds of thousands of readers was more to him than any invitation to a seat in the French Academy could possibly be. The exact sale of his books as given out a few years ago was as follows: *Le Petit Chose*, 150,000 copies; *Jack*, 56,000; *Numa Roumestan*, 150,000; *Le Nabab*, 160,000; *Sapho*, 170,000; *L'Immortel*, 133,000; and *Tartarin de Tarascon*, 200,000. For the last twenty years, he told an interviewer, he never made less than $20,000 a year, including his plays and novels. In America he ranked second in popularity only to Zola.

THE MUSICAL PUBLIC, in spite of all the anathemas hurled against it every opera season, does more than do any other audiences to make one believe in the ultimate possibility of public good taste. The success of a great orchestra comes near being the triumph of pure music. Opera in this country is, frankly, a success of the performers, not of music as a form of entertainment. But the series of orchestral concerts which are supported in Boston, Chicago, and New York really rely very little on the attracting power of the solo performers who aid from time to time. The music played has, for the most part, been held up to a rigorous standard, and very little concession has been made to alleged "popular" demands.

This was, in the beginning, especially difficult for Mr. Thomas in Chicago. Mr. Thomas's popularity, of course, bore a good part of the load safely. And even then, as now, Chicago was more a musical centre than a literary one. But there was considerable talk in the newspapers and among the unmusical about "popular music." Our purpose is not to commend Mr. Thomas's admirable rigidity, but rather to show something of what progress has been made through it. A few times a year Mr. Thomas turns his public loose and watches the experiment. This is really what a "request programme" means, chosen according to the innumerable letters sent in before such a concert. If such is actually the method, the program for the past week is a really remarkable one:

SYMPHONIC POEM, *Edris*,	Frederic Grant Gleason
THEME AND VARIATIONS, *Quartet, D minor*,	Schubert
String Orchestra.	
AIR, *Samson and Delilah*,	Saint-Saens
SIEGFRIED'S DEATH MARCH, *Die Goetterdaemmerung*,	Wagner
TONE POEM, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*,	Richard Strauss
INTERMISSION.	
SYMPHONY No. 6, *Pastoral, op. 68*,	Beethoven
FESTIVAL MARCH AND HYMN,	Hugo Kaun

The choice is not necessarily perfection, but it is really wonderfully intelligent and catholic. Beethoven and Richard Strauss seem the salient features, classicism and ultra-modernity; and the choosing of the Pastoral Symphony and *Thus Spake Zarathustra* postulates purity of taste and keen intellectual curiosity, if nothing more. The Pastoral Symphony is a delicately popular choice; it is a graceful mingling of real worth and the less strenuous qualities which undoubtedly do delight the public. The Richard Strauss piece proves the real interest which the development of music has for the unprofessional musician. Then there is Wagner, always Wagner. No popular programme is apparently possible without him, or has been possible for some years. The compositions by Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason and Mr. Hugo Kaun stand for local, at least American, work.

It is impossible to believe that a book of popular selections, including of course something from *The Beth Book* and *The Christian*, or a request theatrical performance where Miss Julia Marlowe might be sandwiched between a "song and dance" and a "knock-about act," would be so distinguished as this program which the Chicago public wishes the orchestra to play. Now if something could only be done to the book-reading and theater-going public.

WE ARE ACCUSTOMED to have Mr. McClure reprint in his magazine something which has been or is running in newspapers all over the country, and the action, though it seems unpleasantly parsimonious, is not especially annoying. We have of late noticed a still more radical departure in the economical management of literary material. *The Housewife* is a paper whose circulation is enormous, and of which no human being has ever heard. Eight years ago this publication bought and published a story by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. Then apparently believing that no one could have read *The Housewife* continuously for eight years and survived, the editor of the magazine hunted up the old story, and without consulting its author, started *Hester's Love Story* again as a fresh serial and a strong feature of the paper. There is a question of literary ethics involved, but perhaps the strongest emotion aroused is one of envy of the editor whose work is so easy.

The whole question of publishing a story in serial form and following such publication by the issue in a book has undergone startling changes of late. Formerly the volume waited decorously until the magazine was done with the story. The assumption seemed to be that the people who read serial stories in periodicals and those who read books were identical. Now it has been discovered that the two classes have nothing to do with each other. We have not yet reached the point where we publish a book and then serialize it, but the time approaches. *The Christian*, for example, got a short running start in *Munsey's*, came out in book form and made its sensation almost at once, and then continued leisurely to its end in the magazine. This was the case in England as well. Neither Mr. Munsey nor the Messrs. Appleton objected. *The School for*

Saints is still running in the New York *World*, but the book was out nearly a month ago. Phroso's adventures in *McClure's* were by no means finished when the conclusion could have been had for $1.75 at any book stall. *Hugh Wynne* still went on in *The Century* in spite of the two neat volumes which held the whole of it. The assumption is that people read continued stories. But do they really?

WHEN IT TRANSPIRED some months ago that Mr. Horace E. Scudder had abandoned, temporarily or permanently, the editorial chair of *The Atlantic Monthly* and was off for a long vacation abroad, we asked ourselves with some misgivings what was going to happen. There is little use in denying that the magazine had been steadily losing its hold. The men who had made it the foremost literary periodical on the continent were for the most part dead, and it is no wonder that one whose training and sympathies were with them found it difficult to keep up the standard. Into the bargain, the times were changing and the public, gone mad over picture-papers, saw little to attract them in an unillustrated and somewhat abstract magazine. Those who held with affection what had been of such consequence to our literary history were dubious. Even the publishers seemed to think it hardly worth their while to push things. About this time Mr. Walter H. Page became associated in the editing, and from that moment the change in *The Atlantic* has been for the good. It is a pleasure to say, here and now, that Mr. Page was admirably qualified for his task and that to his efforts the improvements are chiefly due. The requirements were by no means slight. A proper respect for the traditions, dignity, and past attitudes of *The Atlantic*, an appreciation of the wants of the present public, a literary standard well above the ordinary run of magazines, and an eye for new people,—these were and are the features which fitted Mr. Page for his position.

Under reasonable circumstances, supported by unlimited finances and gifted with some literary judgment and business sense, any civilized and educated person could conduct a magazine like *Harper's* or *The Century* or *Scribner's*. Even more modest qualifications would answer for the editing of *Munsey's* and *The Cosmopolitan*. On the other hand, nothing could be more difficult—more delicate, let us say—than the direction of *The Atlantic Monthly*. That it has now found its editor, there can be little doubt to anyone familiar with recent issues. It is gathering about itself a number of clever young men, and while it stimulates them to be keen and clever, it prevents them from being cheap and vulgar. It is more audacious than most people realize. It has been revaluing established reputations, aud it has abstained from valuing reputations which do not exist —and this latter, at a time when almost any writer can have sixteen biographical and critical articles a month done about him is no slight achievement. If it were not so distinguished it would even be called sensational. As it is, *The Atlantic* is merely very much alive. So it is at once the most distinguished and the most readable of American magazines.

THERE IS A TOUCH OF DEVILTRY about Ohio politics that makes them different from the politics of any other State. Instead of being purely a matter of bargain and sale, they combine malice with money to a degree not known since "before the war," when even in the most corrupt political bodies there was room for the exercise of the jealousy and hatred that alone keep politicians pure. The fight on Senator Hanna was an example of the revival of ante-bellum politics. It was not very pretty. But it was war. It is somewhat curious to note that public opinion, as far as it is expressed in the newspapers, has parted so widely from the notion that politics is a game to be played with the coroner in the background, that there has been a universal chant of sorrow and sympathy for the victim of this "treachery." The motto of Senator Foraker and his men is "To thyself be true and thou canst not then be false to any man." Assuredly they have been true to themselves, for the rise of Hanna, a fierce, strong, and cunning enemy, means the death of all the shrewd fellows who have answered to the "Fire alarm." It means the muffling of the "Fire alarm" itself. Then why should they not fight for existence? Their methods have not been honorable; but is it not a little odd to hear "honor" prated of in connection with American politics? At the same time we confess that Hanna has excited admiration. He has fought like a wounded lion and acquired a certain dignity that does not come from dollars. The effort has been terribly costly to his health. He has been ill for nearly a year and his physicians commanded him not to go into the fight. But he went in, and his bearing has won reluctant praise even from political enemies, of whom he has more than any other living man.

THE LOVERS OF THE CURIOUS in our politics cannot fail to admire the easy way in which Mr. Croker, of New York, bears his heaping responsibilities. They may be able to understand from his modest steadiness why Mr. Croker has succeeded against many of the ablest lawyers and poets of Greater New York. A reformer is of fact and by necessity an emotional, nervous, rather overwrought creature. He is not always a poet but he is always akin to a poet. The mere fact that he seeks to "reform existing conditions" instead of permitting them to reform themselves while adapting his wants to what he can get, is proof of a dishevelled state of mind. If any one or ten of the gentlemen who supported Mr. Low so valiantly last fall had been called upon to decide the questions that Mr. Croker has judged without a tremor they

would have succumbed to nervous prostration. But Croker, mighty man, arranges slates and policies with the cynicism of a practiced hand. He has no idols, this experienced Croker. If he ever had any he learned long ago that their feet were clay. He has bought men in his time and he knows the market rate. He was able to bring Mr. Cleveland himself to his table to discuss party measures. So he is supremely calm when accused of corruption and makes no pretense of compromising with so-called decent sentiment. The first act of his automatic mayor is to declare against the rapid transit scheme that has been so much discussed by the newspapers, and openly to declare his allegiance to the corporations now controlling the traffic of New York City. He has thrown Colonel Waring out of office as if he were an ordinary republican ward worker instead of a demi-god with a broom. And New York sinks swiftly back to the "pool of physical and moral filth from which she was rescued by the reformers."

DR. ANGELL, who has been asked to take the mission to China, is a great improvement on Mr. Bryan, the gentleman from Du Page county, Illinois, who was appointed to the place originally. Not that mere academic learning is the best equipment for an ambassador. The British government never would have thought of sending Jowett abroad. They draw their best diplomatic talent from among the adventurous young officers and aristocrats, who may know less than nothing of the books, but are pretty well acquainted with the men of the world, and who act when a student might be subdividing the morals of the question. But Dr. Angell is an unusually alert and "business-like" man for the president of a college, and he has had considerable experience in China. No jingoism is implied in the wish to entrust the Chinese mission to competent hands, for the trade of the United States with China is enormous, and unless we have a man at Peking capable of closely watching and understanding the manœuvres of the powers, we are likely to find the door closed in our faces. Mr. Bryan, as Chinese ambassador, was a figure for laughter. He may do very well in Constantinople, which, from an American point of view, is an unimportant post. The Porte will not pay the damages due American subjects, or avenge the murder of the American bicyclist, and we have no doubt Mr. Bryan will be as successful in not bringing it to terms as any of his distinguished predecessors.

THE LOOKER-ON IN CUBA at this time is in a dangerous position. The editor of a Madrid newspaper who came over to investigate the condition of the island was notified promptly that if he visited the insurgents' camp he would be hanged. Thereupon he clung to the barracks and clubs at Santiago de Cuba till he was stoned by the officers who resented his criticisms of General Weyler. Now he is returning to Spain to announce that the war is a failure and Cuba must be abandoned. He may he shot or cut to pieces for this, but no doubt his judgment is correct. General Pando's campaign thus far would do credit to Offenbach. No one is deceived by the plan of autonomy which has a string tied to it since it is by "royal decree," and may be withdrawn at any moment. The army is in a state bordering on mutiny, and the officers freely publish their contempt for the general-in-chief. Gomez's bands are described as being ragged, dirty, and hungry. But they have been all that for two years. Meanwhile Mr. McKinley has called upon the people of the United States to send food to the island, which adds to the drollery of the situation, as if war were a thing to be carried on only between meals.

THE NEWSPAPERS, with their usual insecure information as to the land of the foreigner, speak of Count Ito "succeeding Okuma," and describe him as the "leader of the war party." Ito is in fact the most conservative of Japanese statesmen, "made in Germany" before the "gospel of his majesty's sacred person" was preached. He was turned out of office because he permitted Russia, Germany, and France to coerce him into abandoning all claim to the mainland of China. He cannot "succeed Okuma" because Okuma has been out of office for some time. At last reports he was consulting with Okuma for a coalition ministry against the present Russianized minister of foreign affairs, Baron Nishi.

CORRESPONDENCE

PATRIOTISM AND HISTORY BOOKS

London, Dec. 28, 1897.

To the Editor of The Chap-Book:

I NOTICE that in a recent issue of *Literature* Prof. Goldwin Smith bears testimony to the gradual decay of Jingoism in the history books that are used in American schools. It is, of course, astounding to an Englishman who visits the United States to find the Revolution as much a matter of personal wrong to-day as it was a hundred years ago. It shows to his mind a certain youthfulness which becomes rather ridiculous when soberly inculcated by Government. So, too, with the war of 1812. Even a well-read Englishman may be forgiven for having forgotten that there ever was such a war. To us it is the merest incident in our long and bloody history; to America, judged by the attention it receives from the writers of school histories, it is of more importance than the whole of the colonial period. But if Prof. Goldwin Smith can guarantee that some symptoms of common sense and impartiality are beginning to appear in the American version of those old-world events, I am glad to hear it. Personally, I have found but few evidences of such improvement, the school-books I

have chanced upon being absurdly unreliable as history, though doubtless stimulating enough to national vanity. Indeed, after studying the school systems of several States between New York and Minnesota, I have concluded that the object of the United States Government is not to teach history but patriotism; the first time in the world, I believe, that the subject has been officially included in a school curriculum. History books naturally are the chief feature of this branch of study; but even when they have subdued their rhetorical enthusiasm, I do not believe that the schools will therefore cease to manufacture Jingoes, or that American hostility to England will be any the less. For one thing that hostility is quite as much social as political; and for another, the Government does not rely solely on its history books for the training of the youthful patriot. It has forged a yet more stirring weapon in the form of school songs, which I understand are sung to the waving of one-cent flags. It was my good fortune when calling recently upon a New York lady to have one of these ballads shot at me by her six-year-old son, a pupil of one of the public schools in that city. He had been taught it that morning by his school teacher, and seemed anxious to have me listen to it. The first verse was a mere interlude, dealing with the opening of the Civil War; but the second, the pith of the whole song, ran as follows:

"England was going to make a great fuss,
But I think she had better not interfere with us,
For, if she does, she 'll find it no fun;
She 'll get what she got from General Washington."

Now, I should very much like to know what attitude an Englishman, who has served in the Volunteers, ought to adopt towards an American of six under the circumstances I have recorded? Still more, I should like to find out whether Americans generally have any idea that this sort of thing is taught, with variations, in nearly every public school in the country; and, if so, whether they approve of it or no. Yours truly,

ROBERT FIELDS HOWARD.

PRONOUNCING *QUO VADIS*

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., Jan. 1, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

MAY a newcomer to this country express through your columns the surprise he feels at the lack of uniformity attending the pronunciation of Latin here? You appear to have solved the question of speaking English with complete intelligibility; while the older tongue is permitted a quite impossible range. Every one I meet seems to have read Sienkiewicz's great novel and to desire discussion of its contents with me; though most of them should limit themselves to learning the proper manner of pronouncing its title. Few or none say *kwoh vaydis*, which alone is correct. I have heard *ko* for *quo* from some, in combination with *vahdis*, *vahdees*, *wahdis*, and *wahdees*, the preference being strongly for *quo* (*kwoh*), with the English upsilonized *o*, and *vadis* (*vahdis*), with an Italian *a* and shortened English *i*, which is hopelessly and inconsistently wrong, and devoid of all excuse except that of pure ignorance.

I am told that this hodge-podge is due in part to the fact that the American schools and universities have generally adopted the so-called Roman method in their Latin instruction, and partly to the great and growing influence of the Church of Rome, which uses, indifferently, the commonly accepted "continental" pronunciation, or that especial variety of it in vogue in Italy—there are few accents so suggestive of many things as that (or those) used by an English-speaking cleric of Irish extraction while singing Latin with this Italian pronunciation.

May I not be permitted to suggest that in English you do as the English do, *i. e.*, use the English method of sounding the Latin vowels and consonants? This has been the custom in the language for many hundreds of years; and, furthermore, every nation which has a literary language adapts Latin to it in ordinary speech. Were I in Paris I should pronounce *Quo Vadis* as the French do, in Berlin as the Germans do, in London, assuredly, after the English manner, and so on of the other capitals of civilization—always assuming that I am speaking with a native of the country in his own tongue. What reason can Americans urge for departing from this universal rule? To do so is to leave all possible authority. Unless it is generally understood that, whatever the method used in the college, the English is the one used in the world; that if a man has but one pronunciation of Latin, that one must be the English, or, if two, that one of them must be the English,—confusion will reign, even as it does now amongst you. I live in momentary fear of hearing some one call Mr. Anstey's amusing tale *Veesay Vayrsah* or *Weekay Wayrsah*, while the bare suggestion of Cæsar's best known despatch makes me apprehensive. Americans, in the broadest sense, are so much more uniformly correct in their accent and enunciation than my own countryfolk that it comes to me as a double pity, this desire of theirs to drop such bad Latin into the well of English from which they slake their literary thirst.

Your obedient servant,

ERCONWALD WARDOUR.

THE NEW EDUCATION

Mary, Mary, quite contrary; how does your learning grow?
No "must" that teases
All "wont you please's,"
And pedagogs all in a row.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

THE PRIMROSE DAME

NO, my little monsieur, the dragons and the giants were all slain before my time, and I confess that none of the Elfin race ever passed my way. My cousin, who set out on the high seas when young, once saw a mermaid, and for this reason, so the seamen say, he never again touched land. No, I have never seen a mermaid, but I have seen a creature no less wonderful—a witch from France.

In your sweet land, monsieur, they tell me you still have witches that do much mischief among beasts and men. Ah, I remember, you call them sorceresses. Well, you may call them what you please, but the prettiest of them are little better than devils. Such at least was the one I knew of long years ago, when I, like you, had ringlets about my ears and ruffles on my sleeves, and fine teeth for bonbons.

In those days, my father kept in his house two lads that were older than I—a lackey of his and a cousin of mine. They were wild brats. We lived on the road coming up from Chippendale, and on the same road lived Tony Peplin, whom everybody praised. He was the maker of the best shoes in our end of the world. He was fat as a capon and merry as a monkey, but he had when needed so civil a tongue in his head and such cunning at trade that he got himself a very fair name and thrived.

Indeed, he was a rather good, thrifty soul. Yes, and he showed his wit as he aged somewhat by taking the tanner's daughter for his wife. She was neither too old nor yet too young. She was tawny and slim, but spruce, quick with the needle, and nimble at all work. They wedded, and side by side they chattered and toiled, and saved up what they made, and so lived happily.

And all went well till the coming of the primrose dame. She came from over the seas—from France, and settled in the red mansion across from us at the forks of the road. I can tell you, she was one whom few could rival: she was the wiliest dame that ever spun webs about the heart of man. She had silky, kittenish, subtle ways. She had the eyes of an angel and a marvel of a smile. Her hands, too, were delicate and fair, and the nails were as bright as new corn and keener than briars.

I know what I say in saying this: for once, when my father's lackey was stealing grapes from the lady's garden—he being mounted on a stone and clinging to the wall—she came up unseen on the other side and caught his hand. It was something of a touch, the caress of a claw, a terrible scratch. It was far worse than the sting of a hornet. And how his knuckles burned and swelled! Long afterwards, when he was full grown in fact, you could have seen the mark of the nails on the back of his fingers.

The lady certainly had no love for lads—no, and none for the neighbors or for the good people of Chippendale. But truly it may be said she lived well enough without their company. She feasted on the best of the land; she was always clothed in costly apparel; she sat in her balcony by day, or in her garden; and night by night she entertained numbers of unknown folk and strangers who looked to be very gallant and noble.

The lady had two maids, and these served her with great zeal. One was mute and black. The other was brown and comely, but prattlesome, and full of tricks—like a magpie. At the mansion, when the neighbors called, it was she who met them and made excuses, saying that her mistress was in town at the chapel praying, though nobody ever saw her there, or at the priest's house, though the priest shook his head when questioned, or else she told lies much of the same kind. For you must bear in mind that we lived across the way, and kept an eye on the place, and, while we watched, we saw the black and the brown maids often on the road, and the strange guests riding there, and riding away at all times by night; but never, never did we see the beautiful dame go out from home.

The brown maid was also just as smart at other games, as you shall see by what my cousin told me. One evening at dusk he was on the road, and the maid came up from town with a basket of almonds and figs. She smiled in passing, and seemed very brisk and sportive, and the lad, being as full of pranks as she, they were soon good friends, tripping along together, eating figs and chatting and making themselves exceedingly gay. It was a charming gambol, a jolly stroll; but, after he got indoors at home and searched his jacket, he found there was nothing left of all he had saved for the half-year past! That night my cousin had bad dreams. On the next day, when he met the hussy and taunted her with fleecing him, she tossed her curls in his face and laughed, and said that if a lad goes dallying he should have strings for his purse or wings for his heels. Is it not always so?—they pluck us clean, and laugh us down, these creatures!

But, monsieur, let me tell you how Tony Peplin came to be lost. It is true, indeed, that he lost himself in a very uncommon way. And where was he? Bah, he was here and there. He was at the red mansion taking measure of the strange lady's feet, or at home night and day fashioning no less than twelve pairs of shoes. Twelve pairs, mark you! Did you ever hear of so cruel a snare or a task so droll? Now nobody could fancy what the dame might be thinking of in setting him to work on twelve pairs of shoes, when one pair such as Peplin made would serve for a year or more; and he, of all fools, knowing this better than others, why was it that he worked, and worked too in all hurry and hot haste? Briefly, if you please, it was by reason of the spell the dame cast and the charm of her voice. She had spoken softly, and said:

"They tell me, my man, there is none who

makes such shoes as you do: spare no cost then, and make mine good and easy and well, for I go many leagues each day, and must needs have fine shoes and exceedingly strong ones."

You will observe, monsieur, that the lady was like the maid. She scrupled not at what she said, whether false or fair; or perhaps it may be she went abroad while the world was sleeping.

After the first visit, the mad fool chatted of nothing but the things he had seen and the phrases he had heard. He spoke of the beauty of the quaint dame, of the chamber, rose-scented and hued like the hollow of a shell, of the trimmings of the bed in braided gold, and of the lady's brave array of jewels and mantles and gowns. He told us also how she aired her wisdom and graces, and smiled, and how he knelt and almost swooned as he stroked her little feet, these being naked and daintier than flowers, and how at last she tapped him with her fingers on his hair, and said:

"My rosy man, I could swear you have never seen sweeter feet in all your life, and therefore, I beg you, let the shoes be sweet for my feet and softer than a glove for the hand."

More than three times he all but touched the pretty feet with his lips, so ravished he was by the sight of these and by the lady's whims and sayings, and, when he found himself on the road again, he was swearing like a fox and swaggering like a creature that had put both wit and soul in pawn.

For two long days, he labored away at his task and tattled incessantly, but on the third day he grew more shy in matters of speech. In fact, he kept counsel and curbed his tongue, but he hummed or whistled or otherwise betrayed that the same humor was in him. Nor even at the close of the week did he appear in the least saddened. On the contrary, though he ate barely anything at all and fell off curiously in flesh and lost color, he was ever in the flush of high spirits, as shown by the glimmer in his eyes and his smirking lips, and still busy lingering over the dainty shoes one by one and adding touches that would give comfort and delight to the feet of the beautiful dame.

In the meanwhile, the brown maid came now and again for the purpose of seeing how the work went on, but, believe me, that was not her only purpose. She meant mischief. She sat there and chatted, made easy and free, she and the cobbler, ogling one another, speaking low between them and laughing in their sleeves. All this, of course, nettled the good wife and put her in a snarling mood; and so matters grew worse until one day, thinking herself no longer mistress at home, she set off suddenly for her father's lodgings by the river on the far side of Chippendale, and there she wept and moaned and told of the many wrongs she had suffered.

Accordingly, the tanner with black looks drove up in the evening, and he had hot words with Peplin. He wrangled fiercely and fumed, but fumed in vain, and ended by snapping his fingers in the fool's face and swearing roundly that he was cursed and bewitched as never a knave was since the world began. My cousin and the jockey who lived near by, knowing what a storm was brewing and hoping to see fine sights, watched the scene through a chink in the garden-door, and, after the tanner left, they saw the sly brown maid slip from under the table and sit on the cobbler's knee and ape the tanner's wrath in sport and shamefully, with the cunning of a stage-wench.

By chance on another day my cousin saw the brown maid there again with Peplin. They were eating and drinking and playing at dice. And on the table they had sweetmeats and glasses of red wine and much coin in silver and gold. They drank and played and jested, and after a time they sang together a tuneful faint song of odd rhymes, a brief sweet song. The melody quickened the humor of my cousin and he put his ear against the door so that he could hear what was sung, but nothing could then be heard. And when he looked again, the brown maid had vanished, and there in the maid's place sat the fair primrose dame, lolling at ease and eyeing the cobbler amorously, while he was bowing down in the fashion of a lover and kissing her white small feet.

Ah, what perils, what follies! You must know that every evening he now came dancing along the road to the lady's mansion. The unknown folk and strangers, riding on their swift steeds, came also and feasted and revelled in the halls or the garden, and, in company with these and the gay dame, the cobbler, plumed like a prince and beribboned, here capered and made merry and drank deeply.

So time passed and people talked of these wild doings, and, even while they talked, it happened that Peplin disappeared as if by some rare miracle. Now this being brought to the knowledge of my uncle, the squire, he and his friend, the captain of the night-guards in Chippendale, ordering their horses, betook themselves to the cobbler's house, where in the quiet of midnoon they rapped soundly at all the doors. They rapped and called, but no one answered. The captain, more nimble than the squire, then climbed a tree which grew by the side of the door, and from his perch among the leaves he peeped into the chamber window. In a moment, however, he was down again, and, beckoning the squire, he whispered in his ear:

"'T is as I told you—just as I told you."

"How? Is he there?"

"There indeed! I tell you I could plainly see him bunched up in bed, pale as the whites of your eyes . . . and, moreover, the dame's black jade sits at his pillow and mixes him broth."

"Ha, there 's evil in the air surely!" said my uncle.

And both looked grave.

Few words passed between them. They mounted their horses and forthwith rode to the tanner's lodgings, where they spoke with the wife of Peplin, and she, alarmed at the fate of her husband, at once whipped home in her father's chaise, with her father beside her, followed in a cloud of dust by the squire and the captain on their galloping nags.

Here at the house the light, lusty captain broke down the door and all four entered. They found everything in a jumble below stairs, and in the chamber above there was the cobbler, alone and forlorn, lying in bed, mumbling to himself and frightful to behold. They could easily tell that his wits were now quite gone, and he was so twisted and withered and ghastly that it seemed unlikely he would ever again get on his legs. But there was life, monsieur —and was there hope? You may believe that the good wife did what best could be done with such cordials and balms as good wives use so knowingly; she labored unceasingly, but labored in vain. The tanner therefore took counsel with his comrades and sent for the doctor in Chippendale, and he brought the barber with his leeches, and the poor fellow, well rubbed afresh and bled freely, only grew worse at their hands. Then the barber, being left alone, hinted for the priest, and he came, but the priest, with prayer and lighted candles and holy water, fared no whit better than the doctor or the barber.

By this time the neighbors had gathered, and, growing familiar with the strange matters and viewing the unhappy plight of Tony Peplin, they agreed that nothing could be more horrible, and that none could cure the evil but the devil himself, in the person of a little gypsy-wizard, known everywhere in those parts and famed for the nipping of charms. So, after the priest was gone, he too was summoned. And in great haste he came bestraddling his lean donkey and alighted at the door with a jingle of sounds. This creature, black but dapper, in turban and short robe and slippers, with a necklace and girdle of beads and coin, with rings in his ears and rings on his fingers, strutted into the chamber airily and dipped courtesies right and left. Here he soon pried into the affairs; he fumbled with the cobbler and purred with the gossips. Then, sitting on one of the pillows of the bed, he drew the gossips about him, opened the sick man's gown and showed them a swelling in his throat formed like an apple—a curious lump slipping softly under the fingers when pressed, and spinning round in his breast, down in his paunch, across his back, or along his flanks. And while so doing the little blackamoor prattled in a beldam's shrill voice.

Ah, monsieur, monsieur! and what a story he told—a story of dire enchantment, of the mystical, strange dame, the weaver of spells and certain sorceries, the witch of three colors and three shapes, and no less than nine lives! And he told how in one shape she had cast her net and entangled the good man, and how again she had shaken him free from his wife and filched his savings, and how under the third form she had passed into the cobbler's very skin, so that he had become truly possessed, and how you could here see the sure mark of it all in the nugget that shifted from point to point in the poor man's body.

This much and much more he related in many dark words, and with many gestures. And thereupon he arose. He drew from the fob at his girdle a pinch of pink dust, mixed it with the moisture of his palm, and set it on the cobbler's tongue.

"A magic drug, a soothing drug!" said he. "My good man will sleep now—he will sleep till I am with you again at night-fall. Meanwhile, there's more to be done than you reckon of. I shall speed home and ply my skill. I shall bring to pass strange things—I promise you I shall do marvels!" And so saying he took his leave, and after him went the captain and the squire.

There was magic in the drug, I dare say, and nevertheless it soothed in nowise. The cobbler slept only for a time, and when he awoke he seemed still to be dreaming. He sat upright in bed, looking into the distance and listening like one who hears sounds and far voices. He made signs and called and answered; he saluted the shadows in the air and nodded and smiled at them, and even caressed these warm phantoms of his fancy. Then the mood changed. He waxed strong, stirred feverishly, tossed off the coverlets, and leaped suddenly into the midst of the neighbors. For the rest of the evening he gave himself no pause; he played a thousand pranks, a thousand mad gambols. Grown thin as a reed, he was light as the wind, but at every turn his joints snapped louder than a coachman's whip. His brows darkened—his eyes flamed. He buffeted his companions, who sought to bind him in some manner, mocking them and slipping through their hands, and once, when his wife got him fairly in her arms, he spat and foamed and barked like a wolf. At last he flung himself into the hall and tumbling down stairs, with his wife at his heels, he rolled out of the house and over and over along the whole surface of the garden. The gossips witnessed these many droll antics, and afterwards, when he sank at the well and made ready to dip over the brink of it, they aided the wife in seizing and saving him, and bearing him in a swoon upstairs into his chamber.

This happened an hour after sundown, and the gypsy conjurer, coming about the same time and passing into the chamber, saw that the poor fool had gone the way of all flesh, and he said so bluntly, and thus caused a great hubbub and wailing and quite a sad scene. It was then that a clatter and noise also arose in the hall below, and in a moment appeared the captain and the squire, much besmirched, grey with the dust of the road and panting hard. The captain, as soon as he could breathe freely and get himself heard, related the adventure that had just befallen them.

That evening it seems, in seeking for new discoveries, the two friends made sly way into the lady's garden and hid themselves at first in the brushwood and tall grass, moving as softly as lizards, though there was no need of so much care. All was still. They heard the birds' chirp and the hum of bees and nothing more, neither the breaking of a twig nor the turn of a pebble. As dusk came on they grew more bold, going along the path as far as the end of the mansion and climbing the thick vines into a balcony under one of the windows. In spite of peril they resolved to enter, but they soon found that the window was somehow locked or barred inwardly, and that hence they could merely peer through the slatted blinds. What they saw, however, was well worth their pains. Indeed, there in full view was the lady's chamber, gilded like a sanctuary, hung with silk trappings and lighted with many tapers. They looked again, and on the low couch in the middle of the room rested the dame's long fair body, white and bare as a figure in marble. Under her head was a folded mantle of blue brocade, and at her feet in a vase burned incense that curled upwards in clouds, but close by the side of her there lay, as huge twin blooms plucked from a stem, two heads that seemed to be human, and one was black and the other was brown. At the sight of these the captain set his hand against his heart, as if to still its beating, and he and the squire kept mute and listened. There was no movement or sound in the chamber, however, and so they heard nothing. They watched. And by and by the air grew heavier with mist, and the lights dimmed and flickered. Then at last the pale body of the lady shivered, and the lady slowly arose as one newly awakened and bewildered. But in the moment while they gazed and wondered darkness fell before them like a veil. And now because they could see no more they harkened for any murmur that might arise, and after a time they heard flutterings in the chamber and voices, and such lamentable cries that they crouched low, smitten with fear. Then with a great noise the window flew open and out streamed smoke and flames and a stifling wind, and on the blast rode forth something, the like of which had never been seen, something hideous, something in the image of a beast, horned and monstrous, that went vanishing into the air. The foul odor filled the nostrils of the brave comrades, and the fire fell thick about their ears, and so they leaped from the balcony, touched ground, and fled.

The captain told all this in a way that chilled the blood in the veins, affrighting and amazing everybody save the little black wizard, who looked wise and wagged his head and rubbed his ringed hands and ended by robbing the captain of half his laurels, saying he well knew how it would happen since he had labored with sweat and pain in bringing it about after that same manner during all the forepart of the evening. He arose then and added:

"Be calm, my friends; be not in the least alarmed," said he, "and I will show you how happily I have hit upon the prime root of the trouble."

As he ceased speaking, he stepped back a space and, leaning over the bed, he parted the cobbler's gown, ran the keen blade of his knife through the lump in the dead man's throat and immediately drew therefrom a bright green snake as slim as a tailor's tape and long as a bell-rope. The snake, held aloof by the tail, coiled swiftly, and then being thrust under the heel, it crackled and sparkled into so many stars and so faded. The men turned pale, you may be sure, and the gossips grew faint. And the roguish black sorcerer—how his eyes twinkled in triumph!

"If I had been called in time," said he, wiping the knife on the edge of his sleeve, "I could have cured the good man,—ay, my good people, I could have saved him—if I had been sent for but in time."

. . . . . .

Now, my little monsieur,—said the old priest to his young friend nestling at his knees—now, what do you think they found in the red mansion on the very next day? Why, nothing—there was nothing at all, nothing indeed but dust on the floor and motes in the sunbeams and the odor of roses in the air. Yet, so it happened, none lived there in after years. The weeds ran wild in the garden, the roof fell, the walls crumbled. At last the tanner died leaving his daughter rich, and she, the worthy dame, bought the land and built there—built a seemly chapel there in honor of Our Blessed Lady, against whom, as everyone knows, no craft or evil ever prevails.

JOHN REGNAULT.

A STREET VIGIL

HERE is the street
Made holy by the passing of her feet,—
The little tender feet, more sweet than myrrh,
Which I have washed with tears for love of her.

Here she has gone
Until the very stones have taken on
A glory from her passing, and the place
Is tremulous with memory of her face.

Here is the room
That holds the light to lighten all my gloom.
Beyond that blank white window she is sleeping
Who hath my hope, my health, my fame in keeping.

A little peace
Here for a little ere my vigil cease,
And I turn homeward, shaken with the strife
Of hope that struggles hopeless, sick for life.

Surely the power
That lifted me from darkness that one hour
To a dear heaven whereof no word can tell
Not wantonly will thrust me back to hell.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE COLLEGE STORY

THE publication of a new volume of college stories leads one very naturally to challenge the title by which such works would take rank as a legitimate branch of current literature. Surely the young author, be the A. B. on his shield never so bright, would not venture to enter the lists as one of the makers of Fiction. And if he did, his temerity could avail him little, for while his brothers-in-arms can range the wide world, he is cabined, cribbed, confined within the fence of his college Lilliput. Could contest be more unfair—the chained against the free? Yet it is not that he is cramped for space alone. Half a hundred villages might furnish forth the theme of as noble a story as was ever penned; but the young imagination of the college author is prisoned helplessly like a caged bird. His comedy must be some boyish joke or youthful extravaganza; his tragedy is three months' "suspension," or a police court fine. Within these petty limits every emotion is on a toy scale: jealousy, hope, fear, pride, love—all, except perhaps conceit, a most precocious, sophomoric passion, which gets its growth before it comes of age. Against such odds, the fight is hopeless. His rivals would ride rough shod over him and his degree. This squire of fiction must win his spurs elsewhere.

Luckily for our young author, however, he has another string to his bow. All things that have to do with college have a fascination of their own. Fathers look back upon it with a pleasure that increases as the years slip by; mothers listen to tales thereof with anxiety and hope; daughters chatter concerning its delights, or go to colleges of their own, and fondly imagine that they are getting the same thing. Here, then, is a public ready made for the book. Where many will buy, many will print, so publishers are not far to seek. It is not then as stories, but as pictures, that the volume is essayed, and the youthful graduate lightly turns from themes to print. It is but fair to meet him on his own ground and measure blades with the foils which he provides, so, for a moment, let us consider as pictures these stories that he dubs with his college name and binds in his college colors.

That the usefulness of such pictures may fairly be measured by their truthfulness seems scarcely open to question. Who cares to read some fanciful description of college as it never was nor will be a whit more than he does a romance founded on some undergraduate escapade? A true picture might serve a modest purpose. It would stir a few old memories, give inquiring parents some inkling of the world in which their sons are seeking civilization, and put on record a few oddities which are perhaps worth keeping for a very little while.

Two volumes have been written on undergraduate life at Harvard during the past few years. The first, published, I believe, in 1892, is called *Harvard Stories*, and narrates with capital spirits and some humor a number of tales mostly bordering on the farcical, wherein time-honored jokes are furbished up and gallantly supported by a few quips and cranks of the passing college generation. It is a book to read on a journey, to laugh over, and then to throw away. In it are such tales as one hears at Harvard, but of Harvard as Harvard is, not the vaguest conjecture can be conjured from between its lines. The book did not aim to be a faithful picture: it was scarcely meant to be taken seriously, and perhaps it is ungracious to take it so.

Another volume published a month or two ago is very different in its purpose. "Harvard Episodes" would give us half a dozen sketches of the Harvard of real life. Unfortunately the author of this book too, though in a less degree, aspires to fiction. There never was a novel within the college yard; very seldom has there been a short story; and desultory as these episodes are there is more plot in them than you can find if you rake all Cambridge from Beck Hall to College House. In this, however, they sin but as stories; it is when they sin against a great university that we protest. It is true that they are feebly sheltered from attack by the dedication which declares (in rather fine print) that they are descriptive of "a very little corner of a very great place," but their blazoned title, their crimson boards, their college coats of arms (N. B. abest "veritas," adest omen) all proclaim that they deal with Harvard University. Not one reader in a hundred would think otherwise when he takes up the volume; we trust he may when he has laid it down.

For a review of the book with all its wasted cleverness, we have no space. A more serious thought is the injury it works. Half truth is worse than none, and here is less than half. The Harvard of the *Episodes* is a rare collection of well dressed, addle-pated youth, generally intoxicated and never (unless in the most exceptional cases) capable of intelligent thought or dignified behavior. A stranger to the name of Harvard might read the book and never surmise that a liberal education was one of the attractions of the place. The book is a caricature of some dozen or "sixteen at least" of fools; but of Harvard University with its diversified interests, its vast opportunities, its solid good, there is not a word.

Unfair alike to the author, the public and the University, college stories occupy an anomalous and unfortunate position. There is ample room and verge enough within the limits of college papers for these young authors to work their will. There, if they write with a goose quil —no matter. When they come into the larger world there is a man's work for each of them to do. That each should do it like a man is becoming not only to himself but to his university.

E. S.

THE FIGHT AT THE SAN JACINTO

"NOW for a brisk and cheerful fight!"
Said Harman, big and droll,
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,
And puffed at his cold clay bowl;
"For we are a skulking lot," says he,
"Of land-thieves hereabout,
And these bold señores, two to one,
Have come to smoke us out."

Santa Anna and Castillon,
Almonte brave and gay,
Portilla red from Goliad;
And Cos with his smart array.
Dulces and cigaritos,
And the light guitar, ting-tum!
Sant' Anna courts siesta—
And Sam Houston taps his drum.

The buck stands still in the timber—
"Is it patter of nuts that fall?"
The foal of the wild mare whinnies—
Did he hear the Comanche call?
In the brake by the crawling bayou
The slinking she-wolves howl;
And the mustang's snort in the river sedge
Has startled the paddling fowl.

A soft, low tap, and a muffled tap,
And a roll not loud nor long—
We would not break Sant' Anna's nap,
Nor spoil Almonte's song.
Saddles and knives and rifles!
Lord! but the men were glad
When Deaf Smith muttered "Alamo!"
And Karnes hissed "Goliad!"

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt,
And the fifer gripped his gun.
Oh, for one free, wild, Texan yell,
As we took the slope in a run!
But never a shout nor a shot we spent,
Nor an oath nor a prayer, that day,
Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye,
And then we blazed away.

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,
And the glory that Travis made,
With Bowie's lunge, and Crockett's shot,
And Fannin's dancing blade;
And the heart of the fighter, bounding free
In his joy so hot and mad—
When Millard charged for Alamo,
Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur,
Into the shock and rout:
"I 've hacked and burned the bayou bridge;
There 's no sneak's back-way out!"
Muzzle or butt for Goliad,
Pistol and blade and fist!
Oh, for the knife that never glanced,
And the gun that never missed!

Dulces and cigaritos,
Song and the mandolin!
That gory swamp is a gruesome grove
To dance fandangos in.
We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd
That fell in that frantic rout;
We slew and slew till the sun set red,
And the Texan star flashed out.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

THE PODMORE LETTERS—II

ON AUTHORS' READINGS

Periwinkle Podmore
Literary-Journalist
Sensations a Specialty
Ideas for Sale

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

THE recent visit of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins to this country on a reading tour it seems to me calls attention to a peculiar habit—or is it a disease?—of the American public. In no other country that I know of—and I have visited Canada—is there evidenced so marked a desire on the part of the public to see an author trying to read his own works. The French do not do it, nor do the Germans or the Russians. English investors—in Wall street parlance the easiest in the world—would not part with ten pounds to see the Rev. Mr. Ian Maclaren dislocating his vocal apparatus in an effort to read extracts from "Beside the Bonny Briar Pipe;" Scotland would begrudge a sixpence to Anthony Hope as an elocutionist; and I doubt if Mr. Hall Caine would dare to ask a single Manxman to part with a shilling for the bliss of hearing him read from his most mirthful tales of the happy life. Yet all of these men, and Conan Doyle into the bargain, the manliest men we have had as yet from the other side of the water, have braved the perils of the deep to visit us, to let us hear them speak, permit us to gaze upon their "liniments," and have one and all gone home again with their trunks bursting with the certified checks of the valorous Major Pond, who should rather be known as Brigadier-General Pond, of the Lyceum Sharpshooters. Yet we Americans part with thousands of dollars for like privileges. We cannot blame any of these gentlemen—none of whom, by the way, can read much better than the average graduate of Harvard; it is unfortunate, but true—for taking advantage of our weakness to provide themselves with the wherewithal to sup-

port a safe-deposit box in style. Even I, I must admit, would read one of own quatrains aloud before an audience of Zulus if by so doing I might lay up enough treasures upon earth to enable me to place a balance to my credit in heaven—for if one is poor it is difficult to be good. So, let it be understood that I am not criticizing Mr. Hawkins, or Dr. Watson, or Colonel Caine, or my dear athletic friend Doyle for making the best of us. But I do criticise the American people for being so easily led astray.

Should an English critic, like Sir Lepel Griffin, for instance, refer to us as a "circus circumscribed community," what a howl would go up to heaven! How the Boston *Pilot*, edited by the genial Roche, who is more of a man than editor, would writhe in agony over this insult to Greater Ireland! What maledictions would Chauncey M. Depew utter at public dinners upon Britons everywhere, with the applause of his hearers, duly noted in the *Tribune*, in bracketed "laughters!" And yet, would the truth be changed? Would all our denials successfully deny that we have revelled in the joyousness of Caine? That we have rejoiced in listening to Zenda as performed by its inventor? That we have thrown ourselves prostrate before the brilliant feet of Doyle, and have sent the Rev. Mr. Ian Maclaren back to his loch-bound home at Liverpool with the balance of trade simply bulging in his pockets?

I do not know how true it is, but there is a story prevalent in the humble circle in which I move, that when Dr. Watson was here, having to ride on a New York cable-car, he handed the conductor a hundred-dollar bill, and declined to receive any change because he had acquired so much American money during his eighteen weeks stay here that it absolutely nauseated him!

Now, sir, what I contend is this: Dr. Doyle is a man of the world, Dr. Watson is as intelligent as an English clergyman can be—more so I think, but he is diplomatic—and Mr. Hawkins knows several things. I have met Mr. Hawkins, and he has told me things I did n't dream of. Mr. Caine, I am inclined to think, really believes in himself in any capacity—but barring Mr. Caine, these English, Scotch and Manx readers who cannot read, know as well as we Americans do that it is the circus business all over again—with this difference: they are severally—leaving Mr. Caine out—honest enough to be willing to confess it, that is I think so, and if they do not laugh quietly in their sleeves at us I am very much mistaken. We Americans, on the other hand, are not honest enough to discourage their coming, and yet in the silent hours which have blissfully followed after the readings through which we have sat, how many of us have prided ourselves upon our sincerity when we have said to the person who sat next to us "How charming it was," "What a delight to hear the author interpret his works," "What a splendid evening it has been," and so on! I have done this, sir. Let me admit it. I once told a young woman that I considered Hall Caine a beautiful dream, and *that* after having seen and heard him. May the recording angel be too busy to note it! But in what absurd light does all this place us! Why cannot we join in that quiet laugh? Why can we not say to Doyle, who cannot read: "Sir, we welcome you because you are a good fellow, and if by coming here we can send you back with a hundred pounds in your pocket we are glad to do it." Why can we not say to Dr. Watson that we really do love him for his writings, not because they are literature, which they are not, but because they are human nature, which they are? "Furthermore, sir, as a modest, sweet, unassuming man we rejoice to have met you personally, and you are welcome to our thousands because it is worth it all to see so modest, sweet, and unassuming a man among the successful writers of the day. As a reader you won't stand comparison at Bradstreets with thirty cents!" And to Mr. Hawkins why not honestly say that we are willing to contribute to his every need simply out of gratitude for his manliness and his wholesomeness in his books if he will only spare us the necessity of seeing and hearing him do something which we know as well as he does that he is not fitted for. These men would one and all respect us for this. There would be no Side-Laughs with Sleeves, as Mr. Bok might say, if we did so. With Mr. Caine it would, of course, be different. As I have said, Mr. Caine takes himself seriously, and is therefore unique. The truth told to Mr. Caine would be an insult to any man, and so, whenever he comes we must endure him, but if the Almighty listens to sincere prayers, and has any influence with Major Pond, this is not a contingency to be feared.

As a humble citizen of this Republic I appeal to my fellows to be more careful of their hard-earned wealth. I ask them not to part with it too readily to any Englishman who has written a book. Yet if the love of the circus is still so strong with us, perhaps another solution of the problem may not be without value. If it so be that we must see these people, and must listen to their voices, and must grasp their hands, why may we not take a leaf out of the note-book of the lamented Barnum, who never did anything by halves? Let us choose a literary Hagenbeck who will concentrate our energies, and, if we must have a literary circus, let us have it all at once. Deprecating the tendency as I do, I still should find even myself interested in an exhibition in which Mr. Caine, Mr. Le Gallienne, and Sarah Grand, were performing in three rings simultaneously. To know that Dr. Doyle would read a Sherlock Holmes story in competition with Dr. Watson and Anthony Hope, reading respectively a Bonny Briar Pipe sketch and a Princess Osra narrative, of equal length, for a pink flag, to be presented to the reader who finished first,

would fill me with a joy for which I would be willing to pay liberally, not only because I admire tests of endurance, but also for the reason that I love an author who moves rapidly.

If Major Pond will import his foreign geniuses, who cannot read, all at once, and make himself a father of an International Literary Greatest Show On Earth, he will make of himself the most popular man in our American community. He may not become sufficiently popular to warrant his nomination for the presidency as against Mr. Hagenbeck, who deals in purely feathered birds, but I will guarantee that his name will become a household word, if he will only listen to my prayer, and go easy with us who are merely consumers, not promoters, of genius.

I am actuated, sir, in writing this note by but one purpose. I understand that certain American authors, encouraged by the success of the Englishmen, are giving public readings. I saw a statement somewhere only last week that Mr. Hopkinson Smith had read a story of his own somewhere—Elmira, N. Y., I think it was. I do not believe it is true, but it may have been, and I should very much regret to learn that our home-made authors were endeavoring to emulate their English brethren in trying to obtain money for doing things that ninety per cent of our population could do better for themselves. To try to stop this is my motive in writing to you. The necessity may not exist. If in your judgment it does not, pray cast this letter into your waste-basket, and send me a check for the postage only. I shall be content with any sum, for as a literary journalist no sum of money, however small, is unwelcome. Very truly yours,

Periwinkle Podmore.

P. S.—Do you happen to know what Mr. Edgar Fawcett would charge to read one of his own novels through before witnesses to decide a bet?

OVER THE ROSE-LEAVES, UNDER THE ROSE

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.
Omar Khayyám.

WHY did you say you loved me then,
If this must be the end?
Can so much more than lover be
So far much less than friend?
You say "Suppose we had not met"
Beneath this Provence rose:
Suppose we had not loved at all!
Suppose, dear heart, *suppose?*

Suppose beside some common road
There bloomed a common rose,
As this one crimsons all the air
Within the garden close.

Suppose you plucked it, passing by,
And spread its petals wide,
Until the sweetness of its heart
Filled all the country-side.

Suppose you wore it on your breast
One careless summer day;
Suppose you kissed it once—or twice—
To pass the time away,
Then tore it slowly leaf from leaf,
As I have torn this rose,
Until you bared its very soul.
You would not? Well, *suppose!*

Suppose you stripped its very soul
Down to life's golden core,
Till heart and life and soul were yours,
And there was nothing more
A rose could give to please your sense
Or win a passing smile;
Then dropped it in the pathway—thus—
No longer worth your while.

And then—suppose those scattered leaves
Were days we two have shared—
You need not say you counted them;
You need not say you cared—
Could all the counting, all the care,
Or all my foolish pain
Put that one rose together, dear,
Or make it bloom again?

John Bennett.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED AUDUBON JOURNALS

SINCE Audubon's day times have changed, and ornithology has progressed to such a distance from his point of view that to read his books is like a long journey in a primeval wilderness; yet the great student of birds died at the middle of the present century. The journals and sketches contained in the two superb volumes under review are deeply interesting. They give an excellent light by which to read not only Audubon's character, but the character of our people as it was sincerely and unpretentiously depicted by one of the keenest and soundest observers that ever lived. Audubon was quite a different man from Alexander Wilson, and pursued his natural history studies with far greater facilities at command; but like Wilson he gradually sank into the depths of his favorite subject, and was at length wholly lost in it. His artistic gifts were considerable, his enthusiasm enor-

Audubon and His Journals.—*By Maria R. Audubon, with Zoölogical and Other Notes by Elliott Coues. Illustrated. 2 Vols. $7.50.*

mous, and his activity almost incredible. We can therefore feel no surprise at the discovery of all this literary treasure left by him, and now first offered to the public.

The journals and notes cover a wide field in both Europe and America. They are crowded with incidents, anecdotes, and observations racy for the most part of out-door life under conditions almost impossible anywhere in the world to-day. They take the reader back to the very beginnings of American science, in the best sense of the word, and cover a period whose history has never yet been adequately written. They seem to have been rapidly set down, although many of them are almost gorgeously rhetorical in their descriptive parts.

It was rather a romantic bit of good fortune that led to the discovery in August, 1896, of the MSS. of Audubon's *The Missouri River Journal*, by two of his granddaughters. The bundle had lain in the back of an old secretary for more than fifty years, and even Audubon's wife did not know of its existence in her lifetime. The journals of this journey cover a most interesting part of Audubon's labors. He was then collecting the materials for the great work *The Quadrupeds of North America*, and had for his associates Dr. Bachman, who was joint-author with him of the book, the two Audubons, Edward Harris, John G. Bell, the taxidermist; Isaac Sprague, the artist; and Lewis Squires.

It is fitting that a descendant of Audubon has found herself able to compile and edit what, if it is not the final biography of the great naturalist, is certainly an invaluable collection of materials for such a work. Here, mostly from Audubon's own hand, we have everything that we could wish to know about him as artist, bird-lover, traveler, writer, man, excepting the date of his birth, which he never himself found out. The journals of his sojourns in England and Scotland are very interesting. He met most of the distinguished people of the time, and made vivid word-sketches of them. Sir Walter Scott and Bewick pleased him greatly. His bird drawings attracted much attention, and he was able to make many influential friends, who helped him to secure subscribers for his great ornithological work. But it is his voice from the woods that captivates. He was not a man of science, he was not really a great artist, even in his bird-sketching; his strength lay in the free-hand word-painting of what he brought out of the wilderness. Nature loved him as he loved her; his imagination kept him in close poetic touch with the beautiful, wild, free life of wood, field, and flood, and it fell to the hand of MacGillivray to make his literary work something more than a dashing description of birds and their doings. And from the same sturdy Scotch source the drawings doubtless received, through sound advice to the artist, many a valuable correction. Audubon speaks freely and entertainingly of his work, going into details that lend to almost every page, especially in the *Missouri River Journals*, the effect of most intimate talk. Indeed these journals are of absorbing interest to the reader who cares at all for what may be called the fragrant crude materials of history. Wild men and wild animals share alike in the account. Almost every paragraph has its incident, and from page to page the record gathers into itself the very life of the frontier and the wild freedom of the savage.

Audubon was in search of quadrupeds; but his preference for birds flashes out like a smile, making his diction glow whenever he sees the twinkle of a gay wing or hears the twitter of an oscine's voice. He had much of Buffon's enthusiastic, glowing power of description, with very little of his fine literary style. What he saw or heard—and very little escaped his active senses—he could describe effectively; but he did not make literature after the manner now so well known to our followers of Gilbert White and Thoreau. He was eloquent, at times a trifle florid, and always vivacious and entertaining.

Upon the whole these volumes cannot fail to reach the permanent shelf in all of our libraries. They will take their place among the books which we must read before we can know history or write it. Audubon may not be classed among great men; but yet he did a great work and exerted a great influence. Men have been more skillful than he in picturing birds, more accurate in observation and description; some have made better literature about natural history and out-door life; but not one has done so large a work, under difficulties so discouraging, with a success so even, so uniform, and so brilliant. This is shown more clearly than ever before in the remarkable journals and sketches brought together in these volumes.

THE ETERNITY OF LOVE

THOUGH Time runs fast away
And brings no rest
To longing hearts alway
With love distrest,

We may not stay the sands
That mark his ways,
Nor gather to our hands
Love's yesterdays.

Spring calls to following spring
Ere summer dies,
While yet the roses cling
About love's skies;

And lips that in love's hold
Were kissed to red,
Breathless shall grow and cold
Ere June has fled.

Perchance Time shall be dead
Ere violets bloom
To fill love's pallid bed
With their perfume;

Yet love shall still live on
Though we go hence
To gardens lily-strewn—
Love's frankincense.

The hours run into days,
The days to years,
And these, for love's delays,
To countless tears.

So runs my love to thee
Insatiate,
Through an eternity
Impassionate.

LYNDWODE PEREIRA.

REVIEWS

SHORT STORIES

AN English critic has said that in *Bye-ways* is to be found the unused material which Mr. Hichens gathered at the time he was writing *Flames*. So far as the critic went, which was apparently about two-thirds through the book, this is a sufficient description. But there are in the volume examples of all Mr. Hichens's manners, and one may mark his way from *The Green Carnation* through *An Imaginative Man* and *The Folly of Eustace* to *Flames*. For at the end of the book there are some frothy little satires, and before them some tales of the effects of overstrained nerves. The bulk of the volume is, however, Mr. Hichens's own special field of "souls," their transferrence, their sale, and the general malign influence which they may exert. The stories are exactly what might have been predicted. They are extremely brilliant and extremely wrong in feeling. The color is bewildering, a good deal of it oriental; the mise-en-scène is always well done (in the mere matter of descriptive writing Mr. Hichens is rarely equaled). The prolixity of the writer is something marvellous; he enlarges upon things in a way ordinarily only to be found in the "descriptive programmes" furnished at orchestral concerts. The matter of the stories is undeniably unhealthy. Mr. Hichens's world is a strange one, where English Bernhardts discover they have the souls of snakes, and pale youths conjure up the devil from the mists of Scottish burns. His snake-charmers of Morocco are no more unreal than his strange young men of fashion discussing life and their souls at their rooms in London. Mr. Hichens, as well as his characters, is hyper-sensitive; his imagination is always "on edge," if one may venture the phrase. There is also here his curiously morbid asceticism, his insistence on the one sin of the flesh as the great, almost the only, sin. He is a kind of perverted moralist. The book is, however, one to compel attention. It interests, and it suggests all kinds of possibilities for its author's future.

BYE-WAYS.—*By Robert Hichens. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.*

A BOOK OF TRUE LOVERS—*By Octave Thanet. 16mo. Way & Williams. $1.25.*

SEVEN ON THE HIGHWAY.—*By Blanche Willis Howard. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.*

MRS. KNOLLYS AND OTHER STORIES.—*By F. J. Stimson. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.*

QUEEN OF THE JESTERS.—*By Max Pemberton. 12mo. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.*

TALES OF THE REAL GYPSY.—*By Paul Kester. 16mo. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.00.*

PIPPINS AND CHEESE.—*By Elia W. Peattie. 16mo. Way & Williams, $1.25.*

A NIGHT IN ACADIE.—*By Kate Chopin. 16mo. Way & Williams. $1.25.*

A FOREST ORCHID AND OTHER STORIES.—*By Ella Higginson. 12mo. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.*

THE SKIPPER'S WOOING.—*By W. W. Jacobs. 12mo. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.00.*

TALES FROM MCCLURE'S—THE WEST.—*18mo. Doubleday & McClure Co. $0.25.*

JIMTY AND OTHERS.—*By Margaret Suttou Briscoe. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.*

SHANTYTOWN SKETCHES.—*By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. 12mo. Drexel Biddle. $0.35.*

DAUGHTERS OF ÆSCULAPIUS.—*16mo. G. W. Jacobs & Co. $0.75.*

ONE is as sure that Octave Thanet's stories will be correct in feeling as one is that Mr. Hichens's will be feverish. Miss French is absolutely sure of herself, and she is able to mingle humor with pathos in a way that would wreck the career of most writers of simple stories. In "Why Abbylonia Surrendered" she sends her heroine to church full of the bitterest plans of suicide, and she changes the current of the woman's thought by a wildly farcical device,—the congregation is literally stuck to the pews by fresh varnish not yet dry. In any other hands this would be absolutely impossible, but here it does not grate on one.

The volume is, with one exception, composed of stories of Iowa and Arkansas, by turns humorous or pathetic, and always of faithful love, either in spinsterhood or marriage. The note is never forced, the effect is inevitably strong. In one story, that of "Sir Guy the Neuter," Miss French experiments with English historical fiction, and although the attempt is not entirely successful it shows what a habit of restraint and conscientious writing may do to give distinction to any task. "The Dilemma of

Sir Guy the Neuter" makes one realize how cheap most of our historical fiction is.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD has also the merit of correct feeling. She never offends the taste. Using the word in no invidious sense her stories are very pretty stories. They are very graceful, very pleasantly conceived, and picturesque without resorting to the time-worn artifice of being historical. This picturesqueness comes in part from the fact that she has been living in Germany for some time, and has wisely chosen her subjects there, finding in them some of the grace of Erckmann-Chatrian. At times she is graver, and her tenderness is very wistful and very touching. The last story might be silly if it were not redeemed by a clever title, "All Sails Spread for Monkeyland."

THERE is in current fiction a well known variety known as "the magazine short story," and of the class no better examples can be found than the tales in Mr. Stimson's latest volume. They satisfy exactly the demands of a periodical having a large circulation among family groups. They are always fairly readable, they are always comfortably diffuse and protracted, they are always mildly ingenious, they are always safe and respectable. We were going to add that they are always in good taste. The statement would be no violation of truth, for Mr. Stimson's tales are, indeed, quite refined. But it comes upon us that, perhaps, the subtle taint of vulgarity is the one thing lacking, and that if they possessed this quality they would in absolute completeness satisfy the taste of the greatest number.

The inclusion of the story entitled "Mrs. Knollys," is proof of the permanent popularity of Mr. Stimson's writing. Originally appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, it did duty in one of the yellow covered volumes of Scribner's series of *Stories by American Authors*. Its reappearance now should entitle it to a pension and honorable retirement. It is, however, even on the fourth or fifth reading, a sufficiently rare combination of novelty of plot and simplicity of pathos. The other stories are not so striking, though they show Mr. Stimson's diligent efforts to give variety by placing his characters in South Africa, Old Newport, and Western Ireland. There is one rather curious thing about the volume. In every instance the theme of the tale is unrequited or thwarted love, and yet the volume would never be called either sad or depressing. This is exactly where the "magazine" quality comes in. A kind of dull cheeriness is forced upon Mr. Stimson by the needs of editors, and we believe that in no instance has he written as good a story as he honestly meant to. Yet, as magazine stories go, the volume under discussion is a good one, and doubtless it will innocently divert many readers.

QUEEN OF THE JESTERS is the kind of book about which it is usually said that "it will serve to pass away an idle hour or so." It will indeed do thus,—it is as good hack reading as it is hack writing. It is a quite unimportant production, but it is done in good spirits and pleasantly written. The Queen of the Jesters is Corinne de Montesson, who was a favorite figure in Paris during the reign of Louis XV. She established herself in a gloomy old house in the Rue St. Paul, where she surrounded herself with wits, scientists, rogues, and adventurers. She knew all the thieves' haunts, and she played many tricks on the police and rescued many a poor man from the gibbet. Her adventures were quite worthy Mr. Max Pemberton's pen.

VAGABONDS abound also in Mr. Paul Kester's *Tales of the Real Gypsy*. For those for whom *Lavengro* is too long or too antiquated and who have not time to read Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland *in extenso* this book may do a real service in imparting some information about the modern gypsy. At the first plunge the reader will probably think that picturesqueness is mainly secured by a continual and somewhat irritating use of words in the Romany "jib." The stories all have a "McClurized" look, as though all the roughness of the gypsy had been polished off for magazine use. Mr. Kester's wanderers are really the most refined characters we have met in fiction for some time. But making allowances for all that, the reader is finally convinced that the author does know something about his subject. And he has a charming feeling about children, of whom he writes most pleasantly.

MRS. ELIA PEATTIE, having a good title, *Pippins and Cheese*, and one very readable story taken from the memoirs of Sanson, conceived the idea of grouping with this tale others having less or more to do with dining. The other tales are not especially good, neither strong nor witty. After *A Mountain Woman*, such a book is a disappointment.

MRS. KATE CHOPIN, in the Acadians of Louisiana, finds a subject about which it would be difficult to write unpleasantly. She knows her subject thoroughly, and she has the rare good sense to make stories out of slight themes. (The dialect writer too often feels that in writing ot a simple people one's stories should have the crude triteness of a music hall sentimental ballad.) Mrs. Chopin avoids the obvious. Her writing is very graceful, and—one must use that much-abused word—delightful.

MRS. HIGGINSON'S stories are as surely "Women's Journal" stories as Mr. Stimson's are "magazine" tales. She writes of common people and in dialect. She seeks the most obvious and the tritest motives, she is just sentimental, and just unobtrusively vulgar enough. It is true that if the reader will patiently splash half way through he will find one simple and telling piece of writing. But the way to the end of the volume is quite as sloppy as the beginning and the central gem is scarcely worth all the trouble. It is to be said in justice, however, that the majority of readers will not mind the triteness of her themes, nor perceive the intrinsic vulgarity of her method. *A Forest Orchid* can actually be recommended to most who wish simple tales of western life.

THE *SKIPPER'S WOOING*, by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, has exactly the qualities which made his previous volume, *Many Cargoes*, worthy of attention. He has made an unobtrusive entrance as a very genuine humorist. The new volume is, of course, a tale of the English river and coasting trade, and the fun quiet and delightful. We have read somewhere that Mr. Jacobs intends to give up writing sea stories. If it is to turn his attention to the grewsome, as shown in the second story of this volume, "The Brown Man's Servant," we hope he will continue afloat.

THE four very excellent and honest stories which form the first half of *Tales of the West*, chosen from *McClure's Magazine*, are quite worth the small price charged for the neat little volume. The remaining three fulfill the required task of bringing the book up to 195 pages. Octave Thanet, Mrs. E. V. Wilson, Mr. William Allen White, and Mrs. Ella Higginson faithfully give the coloring of the West—the boom in real estate, the home-longing for Ohio felt by the Kansas settler, and the simple dramas of household life. The main reflection induced by a comparison with the other volumes of this series is that pathos is easier to manage than humor, romance, or adventure, which provided titles for previous issues. All the successful stories in this book are pathetic. The sadness and the simplicity seem to come easily when a writer chooses rural themes. This, perhaps, is the reason Mr. McClure has believed in "Western Fiction."

THE characteristic of Margaret Sutton Briscoe's work at its best is a freshness of spirit which is really lovely. *Jimty*, which opens her volume, is a story with the bloom still on. By a kind of intangible charm its hero, a Virginia boy in New York, has stuck in our memory since his appearance in magazine pages some time back. But Mrs. Hopkins writes too much. She is somewhat laboriously inventive, and although one can rarely accuse her of positive faults, her merits are sometimes unobtrusive. Still, a magazine editor might always count on her for something safe and fairly readable.

MR. ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE is a young Philadelphia gentleman who owns a modest publishing establishment which devotes itself largely to publishing his works. The books, to do them justice, give the author no unfair advantage by beauty of "format;" for, indeed, they are in execrable taste, especially as to binding. *Shantytown Sketches* consists of a number of dialect pieces. Written with greater care the sketches might fittingly appear in the comic column of a popular newspaper, or might serve the purposes of a variety "sketch artist." There is no possible objection to Mr. Biddle's having written them, but their appearance in book form is unconvincing.

DAUGHTERS OF ÆSCULAPIUS demands attention in its preface by the claim, undoubtedly correct, of being the "first book of stories by medical women." The authors are the alumnæ and students of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Viewed merely as fiction the volume would scarcely repay reading. But it is rather interesting to see how the writers avoid the spirit of revolt and insist on femininity and other "marriageable" qualities. It is also curious to note how absolutely inadequate the ordinary photograph is as an illustration. Half-tone reproductions of photographs give this book a humorous look which is quite unintentional.

SIXTY YEARS OF BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

VICTORIAN LITERATURE: SIXTY YEARS OF BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.—*By Clement K. Shorter. 16mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.*

SPEAKING of Mr. R. H. Hutton's editorship of the *Spectator*, Mr. Shorter observes that he "maintained for thirty-five years the high-water mark of dignified and independent criticism in an age in which the extensive intercourse of authors and critics, the constant communication between the writers of books and the writers for newspapers, had made independent criticism a difficult, and, indeed, almost impossible achievement." This, true as it is in the broadest sense, finds disproof in the pages of *Victorian Literature*. Mr. Shorter's constant communication with the writers of books, he being a writer for and editor of a number of journals, has merely added a personal element of considerable charm to his work, without in the least detracting

from its merit as a handbook of "dignified and independent criticism."

The work is one of the "diamond jubilee" volumes in name and date—nothing more. Ten years ago, during Britain's former decennial attack—what, by the way, becomes of all the fun once poked at America's centennial habit?—Mr. Shorter prepared a pleasant little "History of Victorian Literature." This is the basis of the present work with the experience and reading of the ten most profitable years of a man's life added to give it roundness and literary value. The book will be found to serve an admirable purpose either as a review or as a work of reference. It begins with a consideration of the poets, takes in the novelists and historians, and ends with the critics and journalists, given a place in the fold at last. Everywhere it shows signs of original study and observation. It is, therefore, one of the best possible examples of the critical work of which it so largely treats.

Among the judgments passed upon men and books are several which so commend themselves for sanity and common-sense that the wonder is they were not said authoritatively long ago. "It is true that half of Browning's sixteen volumes are flatly incomprehensible to the majority of us," he says of a vexed question; "but the other half is equal in bulk to the whole of Lord Tennyson's writings and quite free from any suspicion of obscurity." Wordsworth he hits off in a shorter sentence. After speaking of the Society which bears his name and his influence upon a passing generation, he adds: "Students of to-day, however, will be well content to read Wordsworth only in Matthew Arnold's 'Selection.'" Southey, he remarks, is a memory, aided by one or two lyrics and a life of Nelson which has been doubly superseded—indeed it seems incredible that he was poet-laureate when Victoria ascended the throne. No judgment is passed upon Tennyson except the inevitable one that his "language was dainty, simple, full of grace; his characters monotonous, lacking in vigor." Landor is given high place as the author of the *Imaginary Conversations*, rather than as a poet; though "imaginative literature of our era has produced no one comparable to Landor, save only Algernon Charles Swinburne." It is worth while to find it said of this great poet that "he is a critic of almost unequalled learning and distinction"—a fact so insufficiently recognized that it is doing a lasting damage to contemporaneous literature.

Recalling Mr. Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, it speaks volumes for his self-restraint that he has compressed his intimate knowledge of the Brontë family, in the face of the growing cult, into two pages and a half. "If Dickens is still beloved by the multitude, the name of Thackeray has entirely eclipsed his in the minds of a certain literary section of the community," is a neat way out of a controversial morass. "Lytton was one of the cleverest men of his age — using the word in no friendly sense;" "George Eliot's many gifts . . . give her an assured place;" "Charles Kingsley's influence . . . has been very great;" Stevenson's is called "a remarkable literary achievement;" — these may be made to serve as hints of his treatment of the novelists; and, though his determination not to discuss living writers at any length is well carried out, it is not permitted to interfere with the thoroughness of his treatment of those following all the walks of *belles-lettres*.

There is one other sentence in Mr. Shorter's book which deserves quotation in full. He speaks thus in his "Introductory": "It was my intention at first to devote a chapter to 'Sixty Years of American Literature.' But for that an Englishman who has paid but one short visit to the United States has no qualification. He can write of American literature only as seen through English eyes." Will Mr. Shorter accept our assurance that there is no better qualification—nor a rarer—for such an undertaking than that possessed by an Englishman who has learned that his eyes are English? It is so plentifully shown in his comments on American writers and writings in this book that we hope for such a summary from his pen at an early day.

MR. DAVIS MONTH BY MONTH

A YEAR FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.—*By Richard Harding Davis. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.*

IT is because Mr. Davis is so emphatically Mr. Davis that he makes an excellent reporter. Were he a man of letters or knowledge, or given to quiet reflection, his writings would probably be merely commonplace; but being Mr. Davis he can approach each new ceremonial without bias, frankly prepared to disregard its associations and set it down just as it probably happened. But that is not all. Mr. Davis can not only see but select. He has the true reporter's instinct for picturesque and telling details and knows how to build up an impression by the artful choice and handling of small points. Add, further, a touch of popular sentiment and a free use of cheap effects—mainly geographical in Mr. Davis's case—and the result is really very agreeable. We are therefore ready to pronounce this book extremely readable and give it as our opinion that of all the many thousand columns that have been written and printed about the Czar's Coronation, President McKinley's Inauguration, and the Queen's Jubilee, Mr. Davis's accounts are by far the brightest and most entertaining. Other men may see a little deeper, may even be a trifle more accurate, may certainly without difficulty write better English, but for a lively and quite thoughtless portrait of externals, Mr. Davis is the man for our money.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S PROSE

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD, WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION.—*By Lewis E. Gates. 16mo. Henry Holt & Co.*

PROF. BARRETT WENDELL has already gone somewhat out of his way to state that "the introduction to these selections is probably the best critical essay on Arnold which has been written anywhere." He must have lost sight of the fact that the introduction pretends to be nothing more than preliminary to a study of the prose writings of an author whose chief claim to immortality, as Mr. Swinburne has pointed out, lies in quite another field, his poetry. Perhaps, because of the too evident desire to say something rather kindly than critical of his colleague, he has been willing to overlook this. Professor Gates has said what we may assume to be the final word on Newman for this generation under similar circumstances; but he fails in his judgment upon Arnold—for two reasons: first, he attempts to give it without involving in it such a consideration of his verse as must be given it in order to understand his character as a man, relying instead upon his letters; and, secondly, he takes no account of the fact noted by Mr. Shorter, "It is strange to some of us to note how largely the bulk of his prose work has dropped out of the memory of the younger generation," worded differently in the *Corrected Impressions*, where Professor Saintsbury says, "The Young Ass has begun to kick at Mr. Arnold now." In other words, nothing written about Arnold's prose can take very high rank which does not practically take for its text Mr. Swinburne's criticism, already referred to: "Students . . . with all esteem and enjoyment of his essays, . . . retained the opinion that if justly judged he must be judged by his verse and not by his prose; certainly not by this alone; that future students would cleave to that with more of care and of love; that the most memorable quality about him is the quality of the poet." And all this is summed up happily in the sentence following: "Not that they liked the prose less, but that they liked the verse more."

This last, it will be observed, goes straight to the heart both of Professor Wendell's praise and Professor Gates's performance. That the essayist does not dwell upon Arnold's poetry seems to us an almost fatal weakness in attempting to deal with his prose. Certainly he cannot object that the same right inheres to the critic to dismiss the poetry in a discussion of the prose that Mr. Hutton, among others, exercises when he reviews the poetry and leaves the prose wholly unconsidered. The fact is that the poetry is the greater and includes the prose as the less; while Professor Gates appears to proceed on the assumption that a part may be equal to the whole. In just so far he falls short of the standard he himself set for us in his Introduction to the *Selections from Newman*.

Within these limits, let us hasten to add, the essay is certainly a notable one. It is an admirable preparation for all who desire to comprehend the prose writings of the man, rather than the man himself. It is an essay, both upon and in criticism, quite as profound, succinct, and clear as anything Arnold himself has done, and quite without those ill-understood pleasantries and affectations for which Professor Gates does not conceal his distaste. He is discriminating, acute, and convincing, and, it must be confessed when all is said, that there is a distinct impression left that Arnold the poet was superior to Arnold the critic—not due so much to what Mr. Gates has said, as to what we all know he might have said, and does not. "Arnold," he sums up, " . . . takes life as it offers itself and does his best with it. He sees and feels its crudeness and disorderliness; but he has the faith in the instincts that civilized men have developed in common, and finds in the working of these instincts the continuous, if irregular, realization of the ideal."

For the critical apparatus of the book, as for the *Selections* themselves, too much praise can hardly be given. The "Notes," particularly, are suggestive and satisfying with diffuseness—all that notes should be.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING; FIRST LOVE; MUMU.—*By Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett. 12mo. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.*

THE reader of these three short stories of Turgenev ought to have ever in mind Turgenev's picture. The proper comment on the stories is the deep pathos of Turgenev's eyes and the tender humanity of his heavy, mobile Slav face. Stories more human and more replete with life, it would be hard to find,—more intensely and searchingly individualized in every detail. Each sentence belongs body and soul in the story in which it stands; in meaning, implication, color, and mood it is irretrievably a part of the piece of life Turgenev uses it to illustrate. Each story is an inevitable growth, something that has formed itself in obedience to the laws of the cosmos and has merely accidentally revealed itself through Turgenev's words. You have no irritating consciousness of the uneasy, directive intelligence of "an author" mixing in the game. This is a matter that goes much deeper than the mere presence or absence of the personal pronoun. A novelist, —a thoroughly able novelist,—may be as conscientious as Herod about washing his hands ostensibly of his story, and yet all the time have the blood thereof on his head, and reek with guilt in the nostrils of every critical reader. Mr. Henry

James with all his recollected artistry, indeed partly because of it, offends time and again in this way. His very cleverness in shifting responsibility becomes an irritating challenge. Not so with Turgenev. His work has the blessed, naive unconsciousness and undirectness of a natural process. This inevitableness characterizes the general form of the story as well as its substance. A recent English critic has somewhere in his essays happily noted the fact that art approaches perfection precisely in proportion as there is a complete fusion of form and matter, and that in the highest art there is a fusion so absolute that the matter cannot be conceived apart from the form through which it reveals itself. To assert the presence of this absolute fusion in any short story would be an excess of statement. Yet there is something like such a fusion in these stories of Turgenev. The practical analyst of effects and methods in fiction finds his categories seeming astonishly futile, when he dusts them off and briskly sets them in order for the measurement and estimate of Turgenev's work. Point of view, tone, effect, plot, characterization, dialogue,—talk of such things seems as empty in the presence of these beautifully natural revelations of life as chatter about the qualities of calcareous stone under the gaze of the Venus of Milo. Heaven be praised, we exclaim, for pieces of art that can still rout the pedant and formalist; and we throw down our pen with the proud consciousness that despite long years of academic subjection to words and rules, we are still human at core and able to enjoy irresponsibly. Miss Garnett's translation of Turgenev's writings is too well known to need comment; she is to all intents and purposes impeccable.

THE WOOING OF MALKATOON

THE WOOING OF MALKATOON. COMMODUS.—*By Lew Wallace. 8vo. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.*

THE two works that comprise this book, the first a narrative poem in blank verse and the second a drama in like form, deserve at least the praise of high ambition, as serious and careful productions. Too labored and unimaginative to be called poetry they may still be described as well-written verse, not destitute of fancy or diversity of rhythm. The lines flow evenly along, with only an occasional stumble and weak ending, not stirring one by any particular beauty of thought or phrase, by any vital gleam of feeling, but sufficiently graceful and correct to reward attentive reading. There is nothing slipshod about General Wallace's workmanship, nothing ridiculous in the treatment of his themes; but he wants the intellectual force as well as the imagination to rise into true poetry. His book impresses one as the steadfast attempt of a clever and conscientious litterateur, not naturally a poet, to write poetry. Of the two pieces *The Wooing of Malkatoon* is less successful, a certain triteness of metaphor and simile tending to make an unexciting narrative unduly monotonous; while the convincing touch that gives life and reality to a writer's characters is obliterated by General Wallace's eternal devotion to sentiment. *Commodus* stands out as a far more vigorous and vital creation. Here there are human beings instead of effervescent phonographs. Commodus, Maternus, Marcia, and Cleander are all firmly and distinctively drawn, not without some skill in dramatic conception; and the play may fairly be said to give an impressive and unexaggerated picture of later Rome. Both pieces are painstaking and meritorious works on the hither side of literature, and only want a little more ozone infused into them to be accepted as really valuable protests against the petty prettiness of the average American poet.

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS

THE POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.—*Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Dowden. 12mo. Ginn & Heath.*

NATURE, hardly less than study, has made Professor Dowden an ideal Wordsworthian. Even before the establishment of the Wordsworth Society in London drew from Matthew Arnold the sage remark that Wordsworth would be chiefly valuable if it could be shown that he made his appeal to disinterested lovers of poetry, Mr. Dowden was writing things like this: "The study of Wordsworth's text is of interest not through any lack of superintendence on the poet's part, but because it received from him the studious superintendence of a lifetime."

"It" has also received from Professor Dowden the studious superintendence of a lifetime, manifested in long, painstaking, and somewhat uninteresting essays upon Wordsworth's poetry, Wordsworth's prose, and Wordsworth's art, the whole culminating in the monumental labor he expended upon the Aldine edition of the poet's works. It has left him a most inveterate Wordsworthian, so addicted to the habit of praise that you may search this book through in vain for examples of that "other" manner of Wordsworth—that which made James Kenneth Stephen exclaim:

> "Good Lord! I'd rather be
> Quite unacquainted with the A B C
> Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst."

It was, of course, inevitable that when Professors G. L. Kittredge and C. T. Winchester undertook the general editorship of the "Athenæum Press Series," Professor Dowden should be chosen to

select and edit Wordsworth's poems, to write a copious biographical and critical introduction, to prepare explanatory and variorum notes, and, in general, to provide the studious with all the apparatus they should require. "The Athenæum Press Series," be it remarked, "is intended to furnish a library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time in a form adapted to the needs of both the student and the general reader." Now the form which this volume of it assumes is discouragingly tasteless and ugly without, while within it fairly illustrates the dangers as well as the advantages of all short cuts to literary knowledge. Professor Dowden, of course, recommends the complete works of the poet to the reader, even while he directs his entire attention toward making all reference to these unnecessary. He avoids mentioning, however, the admirable edition in one volume with an introduction by Mr. John Morley, though it contains as an appendix the important prefaces to the poetical works, which give the student a far more comprehensive grasp of Wordsworth's methods than can ever be imparted by Professor Dowden with all his acumen. And, as has been said, there is nothing here to show that, however great Wordsworth is at his best, he bleats excruciatingly at his worst. And only less important an omission in such a case as this is the failure to give cross-references by pages between the text and the notes.

THE PROMISE OF FAME

THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT.—*By Edwin Arlington Robinson. 16mo. Richard G. Badger & Co. $1.25.*

LATE in 1896, Mr. Robinson sent out a slender little pamphlet which he had caused to be privately printed, with the title, *The Torrent and the Night Before*, dedicating it "To any man, woman, or critic who will cut the edges of it," and adding, "I have done the top." The author has probably changed his mind about the place of critics in the physical world, since most of them had kindly things to say of a modest little book which deserved them. For this, his second volume, he has taken all the poems in the former book, with one exception, and has added a very few more numbers.

The most characteristic thing in Mr. Robinson's verse is his complete appreciation of the music in a proper name—and not the music merely, but its general poetic value. He has poems to John Evereldown, to Fleming Helphenstine—which is a mere misspelling of the German *helfenstein*, or stone of succor,—to Aaron Stark, a miser, to Reuben Bright, an amiable butcher, and to others, the character he assigns each fitting the name like a glove. One may see how it works out in such a complete poem as this, which he calls a "Romance":

"We never half believed the stuff
They told about James Wetherell;
We always liked him well enough,
And always tried to use him well;
But now some things have come to light,
And James has vanished from our view,—
There is n't very much to write,
There is n't very much to do."

This simplicity of treatment runs through all of the lines except those on classical topics, and it is a welcome note. Here is another instance of this recondite knowledge of proper names:

"At first I thought there was a superfine
Persuasion in his face; but the free glow
That filled it when he stopped and cried, 'Hollo!'
Shone joyously, and so I let it shine.
He said his name was Fleming Helphenstine,
But be that as it may;—I only know
He talked of this and that and So-and-So,
And laughed and chaffed like any friend of mine.

"But soon, with a queer, quick frown he looked at me,
And I looked hard at him; and there we gazed;
With a strained shame that made us cringe and wince:
Then, with a wordless clogged apology
That sounded half confused and half amazed,
He dodged,—and I have never seen him since."

The situation there is Maeterlinckian.

Though we have dwelt upon one salient point, and trusted to quotation to bring other beauties of Mr. Robinson's verses into view, we are not to be understood as having more than hinted at the contents of a very worthy book, filled with varied promise.

BUDDHISTIC FICTION

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MISCELLANY

Mr. Justin McCarthy has been going over the recent volume of his history and making some alterations for a third edition of it. He is now in much better health, and, indeed, he has also been able to tackle his autobiography. His reminiscences should be of great interest, for he has known many notable people and watched public affairs from the inside. There is no saying when they will be ready, but Mr. McCarthy probably has next autumn as an objective.

M. Stanislas de Guaita, the universally accepted Grand Master of the "Rose Croix" Society, whose death is announced, rejected the eccentric effusions and enterprises of the Sâr Péladan and the Satan worship described by M. Jules Bois and M. Huysmans. His works chiefly consist of poems and erudite and highly interesting researches into the inner life and symbolism of flowers. The author adopted certain Kabbalist theories, but his psychology aims at practical guidance after the manner of certain devotional writers.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, the writer of a nautical story, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* is an interesting man. He went to sea when he was sixteen, and worked his way up from the forecastle to the bridge. For some years he has commanded sailing-ships engaged in the Australian trade. During the leisure hours of long voyages he took to writing sea fiction, and so gradually drifted into authorship. His first stories and novels met with such success that he was induced to give up sailoring for the pen. Now he has settled in a little home down the river Thames, and from his study-window can watch the ships come home.

It is well known that the early editions of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works, in the original pictorial wrappers and published at about a shilling each by Wheeler & Co., of Allahabad, have considerably increased in commercial value during the past two or three years. Recently at Sotheby's in London sixteen lots comprised that number of works so issued, there being four copies each of *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *In Black and White*, and *Under the Deodars*. These found eager purchasers at prices which varied from $2.25 to $5.00 each. Very good prices indeed for books which were common on nearly every second-hand bookstall till quite recently.

Richard Burton, the poet, tells the following story of his father, the late Dr. N. J. Burton, pastor of the Park Church, Hartford:

"Among my father's effects was found an old check, yellowed by age and torn across, the date 1870 or thereabouts. It had been sent by the editor of *The Independent*, with an urgent request for a contribution, the amount of the honorarium to be written in according to the contributor's judgment and pleasure—a rather dangerous liberty to allow some of the literati. But the check remained, never filled out, in his pocket-book. The incident is typical. It was fairly pathetic to see how distrustful he was of his own accomplishment, how self-depreciating. Yet at rare intervals, in moments of sudden creative enjoyment, he realized he had done something not ordinary, and then, in fitting privacy and with a beautiful frankness, would say so."

In an address before the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club, Mr. A. J. Balfour, after a passing eulogy of Scott, said it was hard to believe there was a time when the world did without novels. Like tobacco and the daily press they had now become a necessity.

It was impossible to conceive the time when the reading world would be content to be deprived of its annual supply of narrative literature.

Coming to the future of the novel, if there were any sign of decadence it might perhaps be looked for in the difficulty in getting hold of appropriate subjects.

But there was one aspect of human nature which had been sparingly dealt with, and that was the development of character, extending through the life of the individual; and this, too, at a time when the historical aspect of everything formed a large portion of the subject matter of science.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been the recipient of a graceful compliment from the Antipodes. A Dr. Nicholls, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the works of the Anglo-Indian writer, recently died at Port Germain, South Australia, and his friends inscribed on his tombstone the last verse of Kipling's "L'Envoi." A photograph sent to Mr. Kipling elicited the following letter:

"Dear Sir—I cannot tell you how touched and proud I am to think that you found any verses of mine worthy to put on a good man's grave. You must be a brotherly set of folk at Port Germain to do what you have done for the doctor's memory, and here in England I take off my hat to the lot of you. There is nothing a man's people value more than the knowledge that one of their kin has been decently buried when he has gone under in a far country, and some day or other Port Germain will get its reward. Will you send me a copy of a local paper so that I may know something more about your part of the world. What do you do? What do you expect? What back country do you serve? And how many are there of you? I want to learn 'further particulars,' as the papers say. Thanking you again for your courtesy, believe me, very sincerely yours, RUDYARD KIPLING."

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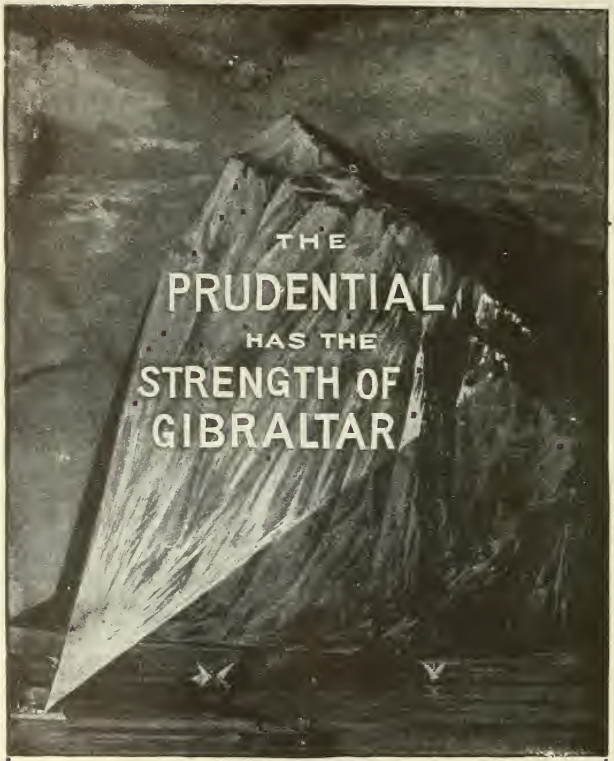

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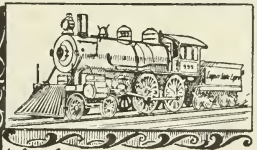

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This series of fully illustrated articles on "Successful Houses," which has been such a prominent feature during the past year, will be continued. For those anticipating furnishing, or who are interested in gradually improving their interior decorations, this series is peculiarly helpful, exhibiting, as it does, the most successful arrangements already achieved by others. These houses are selected with great care from various parts of the country, and will present specimens of both expensive and inexpensive furnishings.

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This is a new department which the magazine will greatly enlarge during the coming year. A subscriber may write and request information or advice upon any subject within the province of the magazine, and the inquiry will be promptly answered at no expense. With this end in view, the publishers have made arrangements with an experienced and trained decorator to furnish the most authoritative advice upon all questions pertaining to color schemes and furnishings. No trouble or expense will be spared to make this department of real benefit to subscribers, and the editors will welcome questions of every character.

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THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY

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NOTES

THE DEATH OF LEWIS CARROLL should not be passed over in silence. The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, to give him his proper name, was born in 1832, graduated from Christ Church, Oxford, in 1854, with a first class in mathematics, and settled down in the university for the next twenty-six years as a mathematical lecturer. In 1881 he resigned and spent the remainder of his life in the charming village of Guildford in Surrey, doing some mildly clerical work. He wrote and published several mathematical treatises of great value, but it is of course by his nonsense verses that he will be best remembered. *Alice in Wonderland* appeared in 1865, and was followed seven years later by its continuation, *Through the Looking Glass*. Then came the *Hunting of the Snark*—to mention only his best known works—and after that, in 1883, *Rhyme? and Reason?* Of these the two first were easily the most popular. They were translated into every European language, and reached all over the English-speaking world. Lewis Carroll had a command over rhythm as complete and a turn for phraseology as happy as either Calverley or Praed; but his chief virtue lay in his unique sympathy with childhood, and his power of rendering it with all its simplicity, incoherence, extravagance, and imaginativeness.

THE CONQUERORS has undoubtedly stirred New York as no other play has for many years. Letters have poured into the newspapers in condemnation of its flagrant taste, and a lively interchange of insults between Mr. Frohman and his critics has resulted. The play is merely a collection of highly wrought situations, too violently concocted to be probable and too gross to be artistic. Mr. Potter had at one time the reputation of being able to handle a dubious subject with an almost Parisian delicacy. If he ever really had the ability he seems to have lost it now. The main situation in his play, from whatever standpoint one views it, except Mr. Frohman's standpoint of the box office, is excessively offensive. It is simply a piece of brutality coarsely and clumsily treated, and the play itself, though crudely effective at times, has no detailed connection with sobriety or even probability. Such as it is, however, New York has been pressing to see it, the same New York that refused in horror to

sit through *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Paris would have thrown it out at once as barbarously vulgar, but nothing offends New York's æsthetic sense. The first fruits of the theatrical trust have begun to show themselves.

AT THE FAMOUS BARRIE FESTIVAL in the Aldine Club, Dr. Robertson Nicoll in his easy, after-dinner style remarked that "There are two kinds of criticism, each necessary and useful in its way. There is the criticism which guards the doors of fame, which applies catholic and permanent standards, which refuses to be carried away by the clamor of the hour. We need such criticism and are prepared to honor it. One great English journal, in the course of its long and honorable career, has steadily pursued this policy of scrutiny. It has discouraged many young writers who deserved to be discouraged and many who did not deserve to be discouraged; but so far as I know it has never, in all its history, brought prominently and generously before the public any new writer who could afterward look back and say that the paper had been the making of him." The journal to which Dr. Nicoll referred so cavalierly was, of course, the *Athenæum* and the *Athenæum* has just been celebrating its seventieth birthday, an almost phenomenal age for a purely literary paper. Looking back on the literature of England since 1828, the *Athenæum* claims that it slew the dragon of Trade Criticism; that it has preserved a singular "unity and continuity of tradition," thinking pretty much the same to-day of Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Moore, Wordsworth, and Tennyson as it did when these poets were first reviewed in its pages; and that it has persistently kept itself aloof from the "insolent and vulgar slashing which the half-educated amateur thinks so clever." In unconscious refutation of Dr. Nicoll's charge the editor declares that the *Athenæum* "has never mistaken any one of these luminaries for a meteor, though not being infallible, it may occasionally have gazed through its amiable glass at a meteor like Alexander Smith and hailed him for a new 'unfolding star.'" That, we believe, is literally true. It is at any rate certain that the *Athenæum* has always been a remarkably dignified and scholarly journal, has always ranged itself on the side of literature as against the Nicolls of this world, and by exact and independent criticism has made itself the most valued and authoritative literary organ in the English language.

THE CASE OF CRITICISM in America is far worse than anything the *Athenæum* had to encounter. We have at least three dragons to its one. Trade criticism flourishes among us to-day more openly and viciously than it dared to even in the England of the early thirties. Far more insidious, and, in the long run, far more baneful is that other form of criticism which Dr. Robertson Nicoll has made so enthusiastically his own—the perpetual detection of "promise," the slapping on the back of wearisome novelists who write morally, the ingenious forcing of the young plant till it blossoms in opulent mediocrity. With what endless frippery and gossipy twaddle this literary paternalism is bound up, we all know to our cost. The most popular literary journal in the United States spends most of its time making "discoveries," and booming third-rate writers who appeal to its unfathomable love of mawkishness. And side by side with Nicollism comes its twin-brother, Log-Rolling. This disease, too, has fastened upon us with a virulence hardly exceeded by London itself. You cannot pick up an American critical journal, with the exception of the *Dial*, and not find in it one popular novelist throwing bouquets at another popular novelist or minor poet—A. expressing his opinion that his dear friend, minor poet B. is the sweetest songster since Shelley. And if you care to wait a few days you will see that B. always finds an opportunity of saying that A. is a second Browning. We need not one *Athenæum*, but several, to encounter this three-headed monster, for, young as we are, we have skimmed the cream of the literary vices of all ages.

THE *ACADEMY* has carried out the only part of the plan for forming an English Academy that was feasible, and even welcome. It has "crowned" one book with an award of one hundred guineas and another with just half that sum. It would be well for the future peace of the literary world if all Academy-builders were compelled to deposit a similar amount. An English or American Academy of Letters is, and always has been, and we hope always will be, nothing more than an editorial joke. A fine of one hundred and fifty guineas for each repetition of it would soon send journalistic enterprise scurrying off into other directions, and put a stop to what has become almost a triennial nuisance. The *Academy* was prepared to pay for its pastime, and asked the assistance of several literary men in awarding the prizes. It proposed to honor the two best books produced in 1897. The gentlemen appealed to sent in the most bewildering diverse answers, eleven of them naming twenty-five different authors. *Admirals All*, a volume of patriotic verse by Henry Newbolt, was suggested by Andrew Lang, Hugh Chisholm (the editor of the *St. James' Gazette*), and Davenport Adams. *The School for Saints*, John Oliver Hobbes's new novel, received the votes of W. L. Courtney and Davenport Adams. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Zangwill were in favor of *What Maisie Knew*. Henley's edition of Burns, W. B. Yeats's *The Secret Rose*, and Joseph Conrad's *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus,'* likewise numbered two supporters apiece. Single mention was also made of

Bryce's *Impressions of South Africa* and Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*. Otherwise poetry and fiction ruled the selections. In the face of this expert confusion the *Academy* wisely resolved to decide for itself, and in the end awarded the first prize to Mr. Stephen Phillipps for his new volume of verse, and the second to Mr. Henley for his masterly edition of Burns.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY would do dramatic art in this country a great service if he would rise and explain why he decided to put *The Merry Wives of Windsor* on again, and he would do another service by explaining why, after reaching this decision, he deliberately passed over the best Falstaff of recent years, Mr. William F. Owen, now a member of his company, and gave the part to Mr. George Clarke. It would be a mistake for him to try to explain why, in the body of the comedy, he interpolated a duet from Nicolai's opera. No manager could explain that. The best he could do would be to live the memory of it down. That is more than those who have heard the duet sung by the two youngsters in Mr. Daly's company will be able to do. But let us not blame them. When Miss Lucette Fairfax came from England she thought she was going to act for Mr. Daly, not, with her delicate little pipe, to assist in a musical burlesque. And as for her companion — well, he was probably engaged to sing ballads, and it would be a pity to blight any ambitions he may have for a future at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Of course, it is sacrilegious to speak disrespectfully of the Shakespearean comedies, yet the fact remains that much of their humor is sheer ribaldry, and long ago ceased to amuse. Mr. Daly, however, will not allow his patrons to be shocked; so he has fumigated old Falstaff. Mr. Clarke has gone a step farther and taken all the unction and juice out of him. The result is that the Falstaff of the Daly revival is a dead thing. Miss Rehan would perhaps not be wise to resent this, for it throws into relief her own performance as Mrs. Ford, which was, in her very best manner, deliciously spontaneous and free from Rehanisms of speech and style. Of late, Miss Rehan has shown that she can really speak the English language; she used to speak a jargon of her own, with the combined accents of Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and London cockney. As Slender, a character that any actor of sense must hate to play, Mr. Wilfred Clarke made a hit; he played it with relish, as if he liked it. Mr. Joseph Herbert, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Catherine Lewis, and Mrs. Varrey distinguished themselves, but in the thankless part of Ford poor Mr. Richman was utterly extinguished. Little Miss Fairfax made a genuinely sweet Anne Page, but, if Mr. Daly ever asks her to sing again, the best thing for her to do will be to ask Mr. Charles Frohman for an engagement.

TEN YEARS AGO JULIA MARLOWE made her first appearance in New York City as an actress. Some of the critics praised her enthusiastically, but she won only a success of compliment. When she went to Boston, however, she was received with acclaim. Philadelphia also made a pet of her. In these, and in a few other cities, she has continued to hold popularity. Nevertheless, throughout the country she has never been a favorite. She has stood among those actresses that a small number of theater-goers appreciate but the great public refuses to take seriously. Until *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* was produced last year, Minnie Maddern Fiske was one of the melancholy band. And yet, even more strenuously than Mrs. Fiske, though of course without her genius, has Julia Marlowe labored in her devotion to the best in the drama. She has not only adhered to the standard Shakesperean *rôles*, but she has also striven to find and to produce modern plays of merit; she has kept herself surrounded with good actors, and her productions have shown painstaking intelligence and a nice taste. Think of the courage she displayed in producing *Colombe's Birthday* before a public that knows the name of Browning chiefly through its association with a stale joke on Bostonian "culture."

At last Julia Marlowe has "scored" in the most Philistine of American cities! Three years ago, the New York playgoers, after emphatically rejecting her, consented to receive her with half-apologetic favor. Now they are crowding the Knickerbocker Theater, where she is playing *The Countess Valeska*. How she must exult as she stands in the wings every night before going on! A month ago it looked as if her youth would pass in the bitterness of disappointment. Her new play, from the German of Rudolf Straltz, has saved her. It is one of the very few romantic dramas of merit that we have had in this country since the craze for romance took possession of the English-speaking world. Unlike most pieces of its kind, it does not insult your intelligence every other minute. And yet throughout it is intensely dramatic. Straltz has treated his heroine with very great respect; he has ignored the story of that little affair with Napoleon, and presented Valeska as a great-hearted woman, who, in devotion to her country, goes farther than any woman is ever expected to go in the drama, speaking the word that is sufficient to send her lover to death. This supreme moment is reached by steps that make a natural and an absorbingly interesting progression. On the very day when Valeska is to receive as her guest the great Napoleon, whom she looks upon as the preserver of her country, she is forced to give shelter to her lover, known as "the tall Prussian." As soon as she discovers, however, that the Prussian has become involved in a plot to assassinate the Emperor, the inevitable conflict takes place. Straltz has handled it superbly, making most effective use of the woman's

terror and hesitation, of the lover's reckless security and defiance, and finally of the wild burst of patriotism that rouses the whole castle! He has, moreover, succeeded in letting his drama down in the last act, without the least suggestion of weakness. Indeed, in the handling of the essentials of the plot there is no sign of the faltering land. This is shown only in the treatment of the meager comedy which has almost nothing to do with the real business of the piece, and which the author himself is probably ashamed of. Miss Marlowe deserves credit for giving an ungrateful public so neat and so effective a piece of dramatic craftsmanship. The swift action afforded opportunities, which were skilfully realized, for pictorial display and varied movement, and the dramatic situations enabled the actors to show what they could do out of Shakespeare. Miss Marlowe herself has done better work in New York, but her performance displayed her capacity for expressing emotion with sincerity, if not with great power, and her usual discretion in never undertaking more than she can accomplish. The company had evidently been thoroughly drilled, and two members gave particularly fine performances, Mr. Bassett Roe and Mr. Alfred Kendrick.

THAT IT IS ONE OF THE EASIEST THINGS in the world to write a successful play has assumed the dimensions of a popular superstition. To cast doubts upon it is to fly in the face of experience. Does not Mr. Lincoln J. Carter, with a host of his fellows, live and thrive in its disproof? He, like the others, neither has nor pretends to have knowledge of national or personal character, of theatrical tradition or history, of unities or consistencies. Given a somewhat complicated piece of machinery large enough to jeopard a human life—a saw-mill, say, or an ore-crusher, or a locomotive, or some atmospheric calamity like a cyclone—and a play follows, as the night the day. Nor does there appear any possibility of making an end to his productions, until the entire genre of mechanical devices and meteorological phenomena is exhausted. And if Mr. Carter can keep a score of companies traveling from place to place, everywhere "enthusing the people," in a favorite phrase of his, why not Tom, Dick, and Harry, or Bess, Mame, and Ethelinda? Why not, indeed?

Some of the results of this reasoning are sufficiently curious to deserve comment. There is nothing in the world more amusing than these queer plays. If unexpected turns of thought, delivered with unctuous gravity, have anything of wit, nothing wittier than they can be written. Moreover the opportunities are so great as to possess the element of grandeur. The verse produced by a poetaster is often funny, though he have only distortions of the rules of prosody to bring him to ridicule. By as much as the drama is more complex than common metre, by so much does the 'prentice playwright win honors from the poeticule. Imagine the state of mind of the Chicago man who published a play last winter with six hundred speaking parts and instructions for putting five thousand persons on the stage at once. His means were so limited that he was obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing his *dramatis personæ* in print. Another, a woman in Michigan, wise enough to ask for anonymity, distributes so many scenes through the five acts of her melodrama—there are five in the second act alone—that its presentation would assume Chinese dimensions. Then comes Mr. Willard Douglas Coxey, who finds it in him to indite *Zenobia, A Tragedy*, and to preface it with this "Note. —Although the battle of Marathon has been utilized as the background for the play, no effort has been made to be historically correct, either in the characters or the action. The critical student of history will also discover some very apparent anachronisms, which can only be excused on the ground of dramatic license. W. D. C."

All these implied promises the author keeps—to the foot of the letter. But anachronisms are of no consequence beside the lyrics with which, following the most august models, the play is interspersed. Here is a specimen:

"Six months wedded are Draco and Zenobia.
Draco loves the lady—the lady loves not 'he.'
Theodosia, Draco's niece, despised, is filled with jealousy,
And e'en a witless slave can tell that trouble 's sure to be."

This was sung just before the battle of Marathon:

"Oh, tender the heart that loves, itself—
It judges others kindly;
Old age and youth are wed in vain
When lovers go it blindly."

Miss Julia Terry Hammond is the author of *A Close Shave;* A Drama in Four Acts; Written for the Negro by a Negro. The rising curtain discovers the parlor of the home of Phillip Mainwright, a person of color, and a barber. In it, during the first act, he gives his wife a cottage at the Beach, for which he has recently paid $15,000 "cash," arranges to have his "young lady daughter" spend the winter in Italy with Bertha Clay—inspiring name!—and asks his adopted son to accept a yacht at his hands. Nor is there anything to show that this was an unusual evening in that sunny southern home. But the second act comes on apace; trouble in its train. Courtney, "a young white man," tells Phillip in his own shop that he is "only a monkey." Then

"Phil. (pausing.) Sir, do you intend that for a jest, or are you in earnest?

"Court. Of course I am in earnest.

"Phil. Sir, I would not deserve the name of man if I did not seek to assert myself in this instance."

Such language as this can have but one outcome, and in the fight which ensues Courtney is cut by

something which the probabilities point out as being a razor. Phillip's person is extricated from the melee by the adopted son, who thenceforth takes up the saving of the life of one parent or the other as a serious occupation. During the third act he does nothing else, Courtney finding him uninterrupted employment. There is a noteworthy touch during one of these episodes. "What was your father, your grandfather before you?" demands Mrs. Mainwright of Courtney, as he is about to put her to the torture. "Stop, woman, you are going too far," he replies. "They were only embezzlers." In the concluding act Courtney, ill and injured, staggers to the gate of the man he has so lately set fire to, among many other things, and the curtain falls upon the rendition of "Home, Sweet Home," by the full force of the company.

Chihuahua: A Social Drama, Mr. Chester Gore Miller's title page sets forth as his "Dramatic Work, the First." "The few typographical and other errors that may be found in the book," he hastens to add, "will be corrected in the next edition." Fond hopes, frail as fond! Yet Mr. Miller has talent and it lies in the direction of sententiousness: "I would say that of him who can dissemble successfully, Nature has conferred a priceless gift," is one of the three mottos of the play. The Dedication is short, but striking:

> "To one of the dark agencies of life;
> I inscribe this epitome of much."

The Prologue has for its principal sentiment what Mr. Miller calls "that triumvirate of words," *e pluribus unum*, to-wit, concluding with an Advice to the Players, as follows:

> "Now, leading man, do not swagger
> When you characterize Mr. Sumner. Neither
> Weary your audience with long speeches
> And lengthy, tiresome discourse;
> For much herein was writ to cut."

Without stopping to detail a plot which is, indeed, the "epitome of much," an extract may be given to indicate the style.

The whole concludes with an *Epilogue*, from which the following is snatched:

> "I am good, generous at times; in the
> Countless ways, that generosity and forbearance
> Is loved to be received by him or her or brute. . .
> "How many sympathize with me? a great many;
> How many dare tell others of this sympathy?
> A very few."——

a matter that this publication, it may be, will go far to remedy.

But all this is the merest preliminary to the climax afforded by the published works of Mr. Jesse P. Tillson, poet, telegrapher, and playwright. These, in one volume, bear the proud title of *Literature* upon their front and, in this special instance, an autograph motto from the author's indelible pencil—which, we like to think, is the same with which he wrote that glowing line, "What could have been had we only knew,"—saying, "Recognition and public interest makes *Literature* what it is." Impossible as it is, and always must be, to do anything else in a lifetime, and even the scantiest justice to Mr. Tillson's ineffable abilities, the reader's gratitude makes it worth the trial. What can be placed by genius between a single pair of book-covers, let his title page disclose:

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>
> Poetry, Verse, Prose, Moral, Immoral, Characteristics, Humor, Satire, Philosophy, Loyalty.

Of the five plays the first and last stand alone, while the others form a trilogy. The prime intention of these may be gained by their careful perusal, or by mastery of the general preface—which Mr. Tillson prefers to call *Considerations*. There the author explains:

"Having laid aside all established rules for the greater part of governing to results of inspirations leading destinies in whate'er paths it chooses lodgement, the fruits thereof are alike in spirit to all precedences." Familiarity with Mr. Tillson's prose style is certain to provoke comment, so reminiscent is it of the manner displayed in the more recent essays of Mr. Henry James. When the Telegrapher writes "particularly that which appeals to the sinews constituting patriotism and the encouragement of all upbuilding arts to artself," you cannot but feel he has caught the true swing of the master, even to the delicately unexpected climax. And that he feels the spirit of literary brotherhood between himself and his fellow-American, let this characteristic sentiment bring proof: "Therefore, though results will never gratify a whole people, the burden can only be borne in part by a single individual, much less can that influence be whilst the authors with like instincts remain obscure."

Mr. Tillson writes his plays for the most part in a species of verse for which the term "blank" seems ineffectual. But this, too, brings to mind another resident of the British Isles, that other laureate of whom it is to be said, if he, also, "lisped in numbers," they were decimals. Prose or verse, laureate or essayist, however, Mr. Tillson stands alone in this: There are no weak places, no Homeric nods, no indications of unevenness in his inspiration, no

single page of which it can be said in comparison with any other of the 135 closely printed pages, "This is the better." Such uniformity of genius is as convincing as it is rare, and its statement here is the best apology possible for the failure which is certain to follow when this specimen or that is wrenched from its context for exposition. There are about 150,000 words in his book, and fewer than they will not suffice for adequate comment.

Dramatically considered, the Tillsonian plays are filled with innovations. Mr. Tillson sets himself against that tendency of other modern playwrights in seeking to accustom their audiences to celerity of action, by bringing from six to twelve characters on the stage at once, and standing them in a row while each delivers himself of a five-minute speech. There is also a shifting of scenes which, coming without warning of any kind, produces some mighty effects. *Passion's Tempest*, for example, opens in a private park. The second act takes place in a gentleman's parlor. But the direction for the third act reads: "Scene opens with views of the interior of the cave and of the Pacific Ocean."

Don Seiglemon, the first of the cyclus, opens with an extraordinary sentence which holds in little compass the whole of the dramatic matter. "To thoroughly appreciate this play," its author writes, "the essential points for consideration are, in the first place, to know that the object has been to give the individuality of the characters experiencing a phase of circumstances that have been the true experiences found to exist with humanity to a great extent the whole world over." After that one feels that Mr. Tillson is justified in his omission of all reference to any "second place." And this statement of purpose must be accepted in lieu of any analysis of the trilogy. This it successfully defies.

It is only to be expected that a man who has heretofore devised a new species of poetic license for his lyrical poems must, in his plays, exhibit a similar or greater ingenuity. This will be found true. Mr. Tillson invents a kind of stage direction which serves for something more than instruction—it is an entertainment in itself. The jejune sentences of all his forerunners in this regard are by him enlivened, now with quips and now with action, until nothing dull or lifeless intervenes to detract from the vigor of his lines. Observe the note he strikes in *Charles Wengleigh, the Duke.* "Enter Mrs. W. with cardboard and cards, also with Mr. Wibbert." This attains its height in *Don Seiglemon*, where the reader comes upon Jack Sewald, who "Walks about the edge of gulch, and suddenly the supposed magnetism of the vein of gold as is given in the song, holds him fast in one position, then gradually drawing his body over in position to place his ear to the earth and have the spirit of the fable owner of the mine reveal the hidden treasures. Jacob appears and is witness to the strange actions of Jack, and having a touch of superstition, remembering the story how the wealth of the mine was to be found, Jacob goes into a paroxysm of actions." And with this an end must be made, the feeling being fixed that henceforth his rivals must feel, in Mr. Tillson's apt phrase, "covered with the yolks of an egg's smeared contempt."

THE UNIVERSALITY of the comments on the death of Alphonse Daudet, and the real intelligence of most of the casual newspaper and magazine writing on the subject, are worthy of notice. It was taken for granted that Daudet had been read by everyone, quite as might have been the case had the loss been of Mr. Hardy or of Mr. Howells. In a way, the deeper in the intellectual backwoods you are, the wider the range of reading which you impose on yourself. The average American woman feels it her duty to be familiar, for example, with the novelists of her own country, with those of England, and with the greater names in France. The French woman might by chance know the works of a few English writers. She would by no chance have heard an American author's name; while the English woman is familiar with a few of us, at best. We think it improbable that there is a single American writer whose death would bring forth six articles in the French press.

This cannot be explained entirely by the fact, which we are perfectly willing to admit, that the quantity of good writing is immeasurably greater both in the British Isles and in France than it is here. The attitude of the reader is different. Catholicity does undoubtedly vary something as the distance from acknowledged centers of learning. We in America, in spite of the many literary jingoes among us, are spared the provincialism of self-centered, metropolitan cultivation.

THE DESERTION OF ROMANTICISM by the reading public is being masked in a rather curious way. The retreat is by a bypath, and the realistic novel has as yet seen no enthusiastic rallying around it. The greedy army is engaged in devouring memoirs, autobiographies, biographies, letters, secret archives; in short, anything which is at once personal and authentic. Tired of the trickiness of Romanticism and the dullness of Realism, it thinks it has found the compromise.

Novel-reading goes on, it is true, but the most marked feature of the last few publishing seasons has been the growing evidence to the fact that novels were not the only things read. It is not merely that such books as the Tennyson memoirs and Lord Roberts's volume on his career in India have sold as popular novels do, but that a great mass of lesser volumes has filled the market. The increase on the booksellers' lists has been great, the interest as shown by newspaper writing has increased, and it is undoubtedly to be seen by the quiet observer that these books actually litter library tables, and are not only bought, but read. Any well-known person at the

present moment can sell an edition of his reminiscences.

We have been led to this in part, no doubt, by modern journalism. The interview, the character sketch, and the "human document" have taught us the picturesqueness of real life. This is the good side of yellow journalism. The bad side, the sensationalism, the indecent prying into decent men's lives, all this has its part in the success of many of these dignified octavo volumes. But taking the good with the bad, these books are really about the only things which for the moment are worth reading. The public will be refreshed and in a short time will have a new appetite for fiction. It will want form and imagination. We shall then be in the full current of a new realistic movement. As we have said before, let the critics say a good word for the sword and the slashed doublet before the novel fits itself again with a serge suit.

CORRESPONDENCE

PATRIOTISM AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS

New York, Jan. 18, 1897.

To the Editor of The Chap Book:

As an Englishman who has spent the last two years in America, I was naturally interested in Mr. Howard's letter in your issue of January 15th. My own experience as an outside observer of the American school system more than confirms what Mr. Howard says of the extent to which jingoism is taught as a regular school subject. It is, indeed, one of the greatest and most successful of America's manufactures. I will give an instance. In every one of the public schools in New York City—and for all I know, in New York State—the first act of the pupils on reaching their class-room is to salute the Stars and Stripes. They then repeat in chorus this neat and pithy vow: "I pledge my allegiance to this flag and to the country for which it stands, one country, indivisible, with justice and liberty for all." In the year 1898 one hardly knows how to criticise such a government regulation. There is something in it suggestive of Hannibal's youthful dedication on the altar; something, too, that recalls the religious conversion of Charlemagne's army by platoons. Anyway, its effect on the American character is peculiar and noticeable. The patriotism of the ordinary citizen of the United States is notoriously aggressive. The eagle must be continually screaming lest we should suspect it had lost its voice. Now, personally, I am ready, and always have been, to admit America's greatness as one of the settled facts of the world, as an international axiom about which there need be no argument. Why cannot Americans do the same? Why are they so nervously anxious to force its manifold virtues down the throat of a foreigner? Partly, I suppose, because America is still young; partly, also, because they are taught to do so in its schools. The Londoner who sees, as I have seen, an American girl walking down Regent Street with the Stars and Stripes decorating the front of her blouse, stands blankly amazed. But then he does n't understand the American school system. I remember once coaching through one of the prettiest parts of Devonshire. The company began to praise the scenery and compare it with parts of Scotland and Europe. Suddenly, from the mouth of a solitary gentleman in the corner, came the letters in a rasping twang, "A-M-E-R-I-C-A; America." None of the people present had visited the United States and knew not what to make of this outburst. I leant over to the lonely patriot and said: "My dear sir, I know just how you feel; you were educated in one of the New England public schools;" and we shook hands. More recently, I was talking to a New York militia officer in the presence of a lady whom I knew slightly, and some strangers, to whom I had just been introduced. I said, "I wonder you do n't go in more for army manœuvers. You have splendid fighting country between here and Yonkers." "Yes," said the lady, "we found it so." Now that, if I may use an Americanism in The Chap Book, was "one on me." I admitted it frankly, and took the number of the school in which she was educated. To take two more instances, mere matters of yesterday. Do you remember that capital squabble about the christening of the "Kentucky?" If so, you must also remember that Miss Richardson, the rejected claimant, informed Mr. Secretary Herbert, in a public letter, that he was not dealing with a minor official, but with a *free-born American girl!* Now, why did Miss Richardson take so much trouble to state she was not born a slave? Even in this land of perpetual explanations, where it is unsafe to take anything for granted, it struck me as a little odd. But when you consider the minuteness of patriotism which the government teaches, you find it is quite possible for an American girl to feel a real pride in being "free-born." The other example of school-boy jingoism affected a man of some position, and is therefore worth thinking about. An English actor was tried the other day in New York for beating his wife. The Judge, in passing sentence, remarked that wife-beating was not popular in America, *whatever it might be in other countries!* You see how youthful habits cling to us! The good man had been taught that sort of thing in his school-days, and had simply failed to grow out of it. And the papers took it all as a matter of course. No one thought of criticising the Judge's dictum, or of questioning its rather youthful taste. It was apparently accepted as a proper display of Americanism under trying circumstances. And unless I am greatly mistaken, the assiduous patriotism inculcated by the public schools must be held largely responsible for it.

Yours truly, Sydney Brooks.

THE UNSULLIED BROW OF THE VICEROY

THE Most Excellent, Don Carlos Francisco de Croix, Marquis de Croix, Viceroy of New Spain, was obviously in a quandary. In his eyes there was troubled hesitancy. His chief cook stood before him, resigned and corpulent.

"I am still undecided," muttered de Croix.

"Prompt decisions, your Excellency," urged the *chef* in his oleaginous voice, "in momentous occasions have ere this saved battles and dishes. In the noble art of cooking, my lord, as in the noble science of war, every plan must be fully and earnestly pre-considered, that when the time for action arrives—"

"You are right, as usual, my good Tomas. I have thought of the sauce these seven hours. And now at this critical juncture, I cross the Rubicon boldly. *Jacta est alea.* Use Madeira!"

The *chef* bowed. "The wisdom of his Excellency is great. May he administer the affairs of the State with equal felicity."

"That is our sleepless endeavor, Tomas. And let the fire be slow. They should preserve their exquisite and angelical tenderness and withal thoroughly absorb the only good thing that comes from the Portuguese kingdom—that wine of wines. The Lord aid thee in thy most commendable efforts this day," he finished as the chief of the kitchen left his presence.

The Marquis lifted a brow from which care had vanished and looked out of the palace window. The wonderful firmament of Old Mexico smiled very bluely. A cloudlet or two made the sky perfect, the silvery glimmer against the clear turquoise supplying the necessary artistic contrast. He indulged in day-dreams at times, did the affable Viceroy whose exquisite gastronomy was the admiration of Tomas and whose energy and iron will had corrected so many abuses in the administration of the King's affairs. Whether inventing a new dish or carrying out the policy of Charles III he was ever calm and pleasant in manner.

A lackey entered.

"Your Excellency," he said, obsequiously.

"Yes?"

"Don Juan waits without."

"Let him enter. Ah, Don Juan," as his chief secretary appeared, "what in the world is that black mark on your brow, and what trouble do I see in your eyes?"

"My lord, the—"

"What? Not Tomas? Don't tell me Tomas has burnt it?" He looked alarmed.

"A canonical delegation has come to wait upon your Excellency."

"Ah, you relieve me. I feared the cook had inconceivably forgotten himself. They eat well, sometimes," he went on, musingly, "these fat and holy servants of the Lord. What is their errand now?"

"It is Ash Wednesday, my lord."

"Dear me, so it is. Well, and what of it?"

"It is customary to—".

"Surely, my dear Don Juan, they cannot expect me to fast? I have a special dispensation from His Holiness Clement XIII to eat anything at any time, provided it is worthy of a sapient palate, such as the good Lord has in His thrice-blessed kindness given me. Eh, Don Juan?"

"Not having observed your Excellency at Mass this morning, they come to place the holy cross of ashes upon your forehead."

"H'm," said the Marquis, affably, but his eyes sparkled a bit more brightly, "these priests are making me lose patience. They will end by making me lose my appetite. We de Croix have always had unsullied foreheads, which we have ever carried high in the world. It is scarcely meet that what is natural on the bottom of a cooking-pot should decorate the noblest portion of the human anatomy. Don Juan, graciously ascertain when Tomas will have the dish of cock's crests and mushrooms ready, and then have the kindness to express our sense of honor to their worthy reverences—the priests, I mean—and beg them to wait for us in the antechamber. We are engaged on affairs of the gravest moment, and will see them in the course of an hour or so. But tell Tomas he is not to hurry."

"But, in the antechamber?" said the secretary, dubiously. The Church was still powerful in Mexico, the Marquis not yet having banished the Jesuits from the kingdom. He decreed their expulsion a few months later.

"Yes, the antechamber. The matter is not of sufficient importance to justify a ceremonial audience, in our very humble opinion, Don Juan."

The secretary returned in a few minutes.

"My Lord," he reported, "their reverences have gone. I may add that they seemed greatly perturbed. It has been the custom of the Church since the days of Hernan Cortez to print upon the viceregal brow the ashen cross. Not a man, woman, or child in all Mexico but is sooted this day, and their reverences the Canons had the appearance of resenting—er—"

"What? Out with it, Don Juan."

"Your command to wait in the antechamber, which they construed as intentional disrespect to the Cloth."

"And—?"

"And they went off in high dudgeon."

"And—?"

"I do not understand."

"*Hombre!* and what said Tomas of the dish?"

"He said it would be worthy of the immortal gods and of the illustrious Marquis de Croix."

"All is well. *Lucullus cum Lucullus.* We break-

fast alone to-day and on no account must be disturbed. We shall ring when we need aught. Ah, that Tomas is a rare jewel, Don Juan! Apicius would have embraced him and Aristoxenus would have blessed him for suggestions concerning the cooking of hams; Archestratus would have written an ode in his honor. I tell you, Don Juan, the cook that deceived the King of Bithynia with a turnip which he had so condimented that it savored of a fine fish, was an unskillful novice beside my Tomas. Montanus was not more discriminating nor Lucullus so fastidious. And the great Philoxenus, the king of the Poet Epicures—think of the dithyrambs he would have composed had he known my wonder of a cook! Sometimes," he went on gloomily, "I feel that I am on the eve of a great catastrophe." The secretary looked serious. "I fear that he may die one of these days. Doubtless, the presentiment is the work of the Evil One, designed to embitter my mind and disturb my appetite."

"My Lord," said a lackey.

"Yes."

"His reverence, Friar Antonio, of the Dominicans, begs an audience from your Excellency. He comes from the Holy Inquisition on a matter of exceeding importance."

"Let him enter. Nay, Don Juan, stay you with us."

The monk entered. The sight of his ascetic ill-fed face was a sore trial to the Marquis. And now there was a black frown on the priest's brow, and in his eyes there was unsuppressed menace. The Viceroy's countenance was as usual calmly benignant. His jaw was square and firm, but concealed by a pointed beard. The most astute of the Church were beginning to perceive the iron nature of the man under the delightful enamel of bonhomie. The full realization of it did not come until later.

"Sir——," began the monk.

"His Excellency, the Marquis de Croix," corrected Don Carlos, mildly, "hopes that you are well this morning."

"Your Excellency," said the priest, flushing angrily at the rebuke, "the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition command you——"

"*Request me*, Friar Antonio. As the unworthy representative of the King I can scarcely be *commanded* by anyone in this New Spain."

"They, as representatives of the King of Kings, *command* you to appear before them without pretext or delay," said the priest, haughtily.

"A true son of the Church obeys all commands from that sapient and reverend body. We go, without pretext or delay." He still smiled affably, did the jovial-faced Viceroy.

"It is concerning the matter of the ash-cross which——"

"It would be impertinence to ask the representative of the King of Kings what it is about. I go forthwith, Father."

The monk turned on his heel and walked away without another word.

The Marquis stared meditatively after the retreating Dominican.

"His reverence," he observed at length to his secretary, "evidently eats poorly, for which there is no excuse, he being a priest. His manners are like his appetite. Don Juan, be so good as to tell the Captain of the Guard to order one regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery in readiness at once. Also, ask my cook when he will be ready for me."

"Your Excellency, the regiment is ready, and Tomas says he will do himself the honor to submit his work for your Excellency's approval in one hour's time," said the secretary a few minutes later.

"Let me see. Twenty minutes to go to the House of the Inquisition; twenty to return; fifteen of ante-prandial rest and meditation; it leaves me five minutes to listen to the Inquisition. Very well."

He rang for the lackey. "Tell my chief cook that I shall be pleased to eat in exactly an hour."

He rose and went down stairs. The clarions gave the vice-regal salute. And in his carriage, at the head of half a thousand soldiers, Don Carlos Francisco de Croix, Marquis of Croix and Viceroy of New Spain, rode to the Inquisition.

They halted before the edifice where so many dark tragedies had been enacted.

The Marquis summoned the Captain of the battery.

"Captain," he said, "you will place your piece before this house. If I have not returned in exactly five minutes you will open fire until the entire edifice is razed to the ground. And you, sir," to the Commander of the foot-soldiers, "will see that no one leaves the building while I am within it. Keep back the mob, and follow my instructions to the letter."

The officers saluted and the Viceroy disappeared in the gloomy palace.

Curious thousands were gathered behind the soldiers, for the news that the Marquis had slighted the dread Inquisition and had been summoned before it had spread throughout the city. Upon the foreheads of every man, woman, and Indian in the crowd there was the black cross of holy ashes. Was the vice-regal brow to be similarly ornamented? That query was in every mind. But opinions and wagers were evenly divided on the subject. The discussions were caloric; the result was eagerly awaited. At least three hundred wagers were made. Thousands of *pesos* backed the Church, and the de Croixites asked odds.

Seated on arm-chairs, the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition awaited the Viceroy. In their faces one might have read pride, bigotry, haughtiness, dyspepsia, and other ills of the ecclesiastical flesh of the

period. The face of de Croix was full of the easy affability that for months deceived everybody in Mexico, except his cook. Withal, his manner, calm and dignified, betokened the custom of command.

The Inquisition had determined to demand, not only a full and abject apology for the discourtesy of the Viceroy to the Church in refusing to receive the priestly delegation, but also to make clear its authority over the political and military powers at one fell swoop. Well might the Marquis tremble; he stood before men who revered Torquemada.

De Croix nodded ever so slightly to the presiding Inquisitor; then, pulling out his watch, gazed meditatively at the dial, and, without waiting to be addressed, observed, in a pleasant, conversational tone: "We are ever circumscribed in this mundane world by the limitations of earthly life, which, we are assured by wise philosophers, is all too short for the complete gratification of even the most praiseworthy of our desires. We are ever the slaves of time, your reverences; high and low, noble and villain, epicure and anchorite, time pauses for none, but proceeds inexorably, and centuries are as mere ripples in the ocean of Eternity. Before entering into discussions of any nature whatsoever, it is well to know the limitations that surround us. Without, in the street, a loaded cannon is pointed in our direction, and you will perceive a gunner with a lighted match beside it—a most excellent soldier, who has learned in the King's service that obedience is the first law of the military code. I have instructed him to open fire upon this reverend edifice, if I do not countermand the order in person within five minutes—or, to be exact, in three and one-quarter sixtieth-parts of an hour. You will, I doubt not, perceive the admirable advantages of brevity."

The president had seen the gray-whiskered gunner, fuse in hand, intently peering into his watch. He saw, with equal celerity, the great beauty of succinctness. He even forgot to be angry. His colleagues' faces had turned from a normal Inquisitorial pallor to the plain jaundice of fear.

"Your Excellency is right. He always is. Good-morning," said the president, hastily.

"Ten thousand and one thanks, your Lordship. And now we can proceed to the discussion of the affairs," said the Viceroy, pleasantly.

"We need proceed no further, your Excellency. The matter is ended. We hope you are well."

"You overwhelm me. Yes, my appetite is good and my cook still lives, the Lord be praised. But you wished to say something to me?"

"No—yes; er—the affairs of our royal master doubtless require your presence in the palace. Don't let us interfere with—"

"We still have two minutes. This affair—"

"Is most felicitiously ended, my lord Marquis. If you will only deign to withdraw, a slight oversight on your part, any unnecessary delay might—"

"Result fatally to us. Your solicitude touches me deeply. But calm and dispassionate discussion of weighty matters is ever conducive to their proper understanding. We still have eighty-two seconds before us."

"Your Excellency, we have concluded. We agree with you in every particular." He rose from his chair. "Your wisdom has solved the problem. You are a Solomon. My lord, you are ten Solomons, each wiser than the other. Kindly notify the gunner that—you are still so young; it would be a pity—we should be obliged—My lord, *please* go!"

"Since your reverence so politely consents to my departure it would be unpardonable on my part to allow a selfish desire of enjoying the exquisite pleasure of your company to make me forget my good manners. I am ever at the service of your very reverend selves, to whom may the Lord grant wisdom and long life." And with a slight bow to the agitated Inquisitors, a benignant smile on his lips and an uncrossed brow, he left the room, with that calm dignity which was his characteristic trait and had sent chills down the priestly spines.

"To the palace," he told the coachman, as he entered the stately carriage. His voice was pleasant. He had for the first time in its history checkmated the Mexican Inquisition, and his wonderful dish of cock's crests stewed in Madeira was almost ready.

The waiting populace cheered hoarsely, or grumbled or crossed themselves devoutly, according to the fervor of their religious convictions and the size of the wagers which they had won or lost. And the Captain of Artillery, as he gave the command to his men to follow the vice-regal carriage, said: "Before the King, silence; and before canons, cannon." Which being a corruption of an old saw became a new proverb.

On the 25th of June, 1767, the Marquis banished all members of the Society of Jesus from Mexico. On the 26th he directed the preparation of a ragout of pigeons' breast with chile. And Charles III, two months later, heard of both and felicitated his Viceroy.

Edwin Lefévre.

CRITICISM

THE critic eyed the sunset as the umbe
turned to grey,
Slow fading in the somewhat foggy
west;
To the color-cultured critic 'twas a very dull display;
"'Tis n't half so good a sunset as was offered yesterday—
I wonder why," he murmured, as he sadly turned
away,
"The sunsets can't be always at their best!"

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

LETTERS IN PARIS

PARIS, JANUARY, 1898.

THE literary event here, for the year's end we have just got rid of, is to be sought undoubtedly on the stage, although M. Catulle Mendès is the only critic who found it out. M. Octave Mirbeau's *Les Mauvais Bergers* will in all likelihood not prove a paying play. That much the majority has not been slow to discover. But the minority has gone a snail's pace in recognising that the play, though it may not pay, will live. There ought to be no suspicion of a bias on the side of opinions that have nothing to do with the drama, for M. Mirbeau's play is a problem-play in the only right sense that it puts a question and gives no answer. As a play, and nothing but a play, *Les Mauvais Bergers* is a great play. The action moves swiftly to the end, retarded by no irrelevancy, and never misses its mark. The dialogue is as unerring as the action, and never lags for a word too much. It is written in true, living language, with that added intensity which the artist divines in life, while on the other hand the many pitfalls to which the literary spirit leads are avoided.

The characters are the final moulds, cast in lasting bronze, of types the modern drama long sought to create with uncertain hand. Jean Roule is the prophet of modern times, with the seer's steadfastness and wholeheartedness, leading men on to their death in the fight for freedom, rather than compromise with conscience and fall short of ideals, suffering the modern martyrdom of jail and the life of a miner or a tramp; Hargand, as staunch and as stern as Jean Roule, a master with a hand of iron, but upright and unflinching to do what he thinks his duty, Jean's enemy, but a man in his eyes for all that, whom he respects while he mistrusts his son Robert, though Robert, the son of the master, is with the men against his father; Madeleine, whom Jean Roule took, a tender-hearted, shrinking girl, as his wife and made a heroic woman of, who faces the crowd that turns with cowardly ingratitude upon Jean, and wins it over, faces, too, the soldiery on the barricades, and is shot down, to live on, however, and give birth to dead Jean's child, that shall fight again the old battle. There are also Hargand's fellows, socially, not morally, in drawing whom Octave Mirbeau gives the rein to his fiercest satire; and Hargand's daughter, at whose ruthless portrayal many a well-meaning person must have shuddered, the young lady who dabbles in art, has had a medal at the Salon, chooses for her model an old woman in tatters, and while she is sitting, during strike time, bids her—mother to one, wife to another of the strikers—put on a sad expression, as if she felt unhappy.

From the opening scene, the death of Madeline's mother in the squalid cottage, on through the tragic interview between Hargand and his son, and the public meeting in the wood where Jean, at the foot of the cross by the roadside, holds at bay, and Madeleine then conquers, the ignorant, wretched crowd of strikers, down to the last, hardly more than one fearful picture, where Hargand and his men forget their rivalry, at least while their grief lasts, for Jean Roule is dead and Hargand is looking for his son's body,—these men and women move on to their fate inevitably. The tragedy points no moral, solves no problem, it is only a living work of art, a creation of the poet's terribly prophetic brain.

While *Les Mauvais Bergers* is listened to in painful silence, at least in the stalls (and I fear the gallery does not always understand what it applauds), *Cyrano de Bergerac*, next door, fills the house with enthusiasts. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is by a very fortunate man, who is wealthy, popular, and a knight of the Legion of Honor at twenty-nine, though to be sure he had hoped to be one at twenty-five. His play is a clever move in literary politics. The weathercock was due towards that creation of romanticism, a story "de cape et d' epée," and M. Rostand went with the wind. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a quainter writer than his portrayer, for the *Voyage dans la Lune* is a novel better worth reading than the new play, was a dashing and eccentric fellow enough to satisfy the hungriest of Romantic audiences. By dint of much swashbuckling and more buffoonery, including monstrous false noses, thrown in, M. Rostand made the sort of mark he wanted to make. The play, of course, is clever in its way, just as the *Prisoner of Zenda* was, but from the literary point of view it is fraught with peril because it aims at literature.

M. Georges de Portoriche, who once studied woman in love, and drew a painful portrait in *Amoureuse*, studies, in *Le Passé*, man when he is not in love, but thinks or pretends he is. Having ruined a score of women, and amongst others Dominique, who still loves him, François Prieur meets Dominique again, is again enamored (so to speak), and Dominique, in spite of herself, is all but taken in by him once more. But he lies to her again and deceives her, in the nick of time, for she rebels and turns her back upon him forever—at least so one hopes. The character of the heroine, who is original enough, for a Parisienne, to want all not to be fair in love and war, is interesting, but the character is the whole play, and the five acts, in spite of minor personæ who try to be clever and do not invariably succeed, are somewhat long drawn out.

The novel of last year—of this, too, it may be hoped—will be judged to be Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d' Osier*. It would not be easy to overrate the importance of Anatole France's position among the French novelists of to-day. His style is the perfection of French, with all the crispness and flexibility, the grace and clearness, that belongs to

the language when it is well written. His insight into men is of the keenest; he reads the men of his day with the acutest of judgments, draws them with subtle and gentle irony. In *Le Mannequin d' Osier* (Mme. Bergeret's wicker dress-stand, kept in M. Bergeret's study) the characters *L' Orme du Mail* had made us familiar with reappear,—M. Bergeret, saddened, but still a humorous and wise philosopher, M. Worms-Clavelin, the Jewish prefect, and his wife, the clergy also and the nobility of the place, who must wince as they recognize each other. Possibly they do not, however; though all who know the provincial society of France to-day will agree that Anatole France pictures it as truly as Balzac, but in a different spirit.

Among the younger generation of novelists, Paul Adam gives possibly the highest promise. But the besetting sin of novelists is his, and he may not fulfill expectation. He turns out novels at the rate sometimes of four or five a year, and no style will stand the strain. *Lettres de Malaisie*, however, is no disappointment. The book appears to have been a labor of love in the writing, and only the bad workman finds fault with his tools. Paul Adam, in letters written from a fictitious commonwealth in the South Seas, embodies his wildest dreams, his strangest fancies, working them out with evident delight. From social problems they range over to the problems of the heart, and Paul Adam finds a loophole for airing his pet theory on love, from which he would purge all the fury of passion, refining,—or impoverishing,—it into some sort of subtle pleasure, a relationship of a moment, a charm added to social intercourse, neither paradise nor purgatory. *Lettres de Malaisie* is no novel like *L' Année de Clarisse*, where the same theory was worked out in woman's life, alive with character and incident; but novels that are not novels are occasionally a relief.

Maurice Barrès's *Les Déracinés* is a novel with a purpose, — and, what is worse, a political purpose. M. Barrès, it must be known, stands for decentralization and the individuality of races. His *Déracinés* are a party of young men uprooted from their native Nancy and transplanted to Paris, where, in the poisoned soil of political and financial corruption, they wither and decay. It is not made apparent, however, by M. Barrès, although he also is from Nancy, that they would have flourished any the more lustily had they never left the home of their race, supposing the Lorraines to constitute a race.

In the world of poets a new poet has not been proclaimed but has proclaimed himself. M. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier aims at Walt Whitman's egoism, and feels no qualms of modesty at throwing open the door and announcing, The Poet, come to regenerate the world. In reality, *Eglé, ou les Concerts champêtres*, a bulky volume that might advisedly have been reduced by three quarters, contains much that is poetic in earnest. M. de Bouhélier babbles of green fields in accents that ring true, and his inspiration is often simple and sincere. Something more will be required, however, than his *Concerts champêtres*, when we come to re-making the world. M. Maurice de Faramond, on the other hand, makes no boast, but his *Livres des Odes* is charming, and, what is more, original. These lines from the Farewell of Æneas to Dido are worth quoting:

> Princesse (puis-je encore te nommer autrement?)
> Cesse de retenir aux remparts de Carthage
> Les orageuses nefs de ton amant.
> Ce n'est pas qu'il soit si barbare et ne partage
> La douceur d'aimer et puis le tourment,
> Mais c'en est trop que tant de larmes
> Et si quelqu'un doit pleurer
> C'est celui-la qui revêtant ses armes
> S'en retourne à des mers inhumaines, errer.

M. Paterne Berrichon's admirable biography of Jean Arthur Rimbaud will, or ought, to quash many a current fallacy, willful or otherwise, respecting the wonderful poet who wrote "Le Bateau Ivre" and the extraordinary man whose only friend was Paul Verlaine. Rimbaud's wild spirit of adventure would have been appreciated in a more adventurous age than ours,—the era of respectability could hardly be expected to look kindly on such fearless independence of opinion as his. Yet M. Berrichon does well to make the best of a bad job and annihilate a great deal of the gossip about Rimbaud that was mere slander. For the rest, M. Berrichon has his facts at first hand,—Mlle. Isabelle Rimbaud's account in the *Mercure de France* (October last) of Rimbaud's last journey, a terrible ordeal, six months before he died, and the last letters of Rimbaud himself, written at the same time (June and July, 1891) and published in the *Revue Blanche* three months ago, ought also to be read. LAURENCE JERROLD.

TWILIGHT

STILL in the west a berry-colored bar
Of sunset glooms: against it one lone fir
Darkens deep boughs; above it, courier
Of dew and dreams, burns dusk's appointed star.
Like fairy bombs, exploding in a war
'Twixt elves and gnomes, the fire-flies flame; the chirr
Of crickets wakes, and each green choirister
Of marsh and creek lifts a vague voice afar.
And now, withdrawn behind the woodland belts,
A whippoorwill; where, with attendant states
Of purple and silver, slow the great moon melts
Into the night—to show me where she waits—
There at the lane's end, by the old beech-tree,
Who keeps her lips, sweet as a flower, for me.

MADISON CAWEIN.

THE PODMORE LETTERS

III

ON THE NEED OF HELPFUL CRITICISM

Podmore
Literary-Journalist
Ideas on Draught

New York, Jan. 15, 1898.

To the Editor of The Chap-Book:

OUTSIDE of your own columns will you kindly tell me where I may look for such literary criticism as will help an aspiring young author? I assume, sir, that you give it, although I am by no means certain that you do, because I am kept so busy reading the daily newspapers that I have little time to read other things, and even The Chap-Book frequently escapes me. And it is this reading of the newspapers that convinces me that in this connection there is a long felt want, second only in importance to New York's need of a political science. The literary criticisms of the daily newspapers read to me as if they were written by base-ball reporters in their leisure hours; and they are surprisingly well written too, considering that this is probably the fact. But can a base-ball reporter tell a literary beginner just where his game is bad and point out to him the methods whereby he may sometime hope to score a three-bagger with his intellectual bat? And if he can, why does n't he?

I have watched the attitude of the press toward literature with some care for two or three years past, and the number of critics helpful to beginners to be found on the daily papers throughout the land may be counted upon the fingers of one hand of an armless soldier. The man who has arrived receives many a useful hint from these talented sporting gentlemen; but of what avail is assistance to a man who has got there? He does n't need it. He does n't want it; and it would be bad business for him to change his style at the very moment when fame and fortune have crowned him King because of his literary idiosyncracies. There is no practical sense in trying to mould a figure out of a kiln-dried brick, but something of value might be licked into shape out of putty.

There have been notable instances of late years of young writing persons who might become personages if somebody capable of the task were to take them in hand. At the risk of seeming to indulge in personalities I shall name three of them, not because I wish to be unpleasant to them, but because I wish to prove my point. And they are all of sufficient prominence to be considered representative. From childhood I have admired putty for its possibilities, and now in the larger responsibilities of life, seeing much good putty going to waste, I want to do something to make it useful.

First, then, let us consider what the newspapers have told the author of *Gallegher* and *Van Bibber*. As far as I have been able to make out, the dissecting process through which the critics have gone in discussing Mr. Davis has been confined largely to a keen analysis of his personality. He has been told that he wears a yellow coat with large pearl buttons at the Horse Show, and that these have made him a feature of the exhibition. If I remember rightly, this comment was made apropos of the talented young author's brochure on Cuba, and in further praise of the book the critic added that Mr. Davis was a tender-hearted young person who had been known to go to his club on a bitterly cold December morning to get his breakfast rather than compel his man to get up before sunrise to begin the boiling of his matutinal egg. Now this I admit makes interesting reading, and I have no doubt that there are scattered throughout our broad and beautiful land countless young women, between fifteen and fifty-eight years of age, net, who have rushed to the book-shops to get Mr. Davis's book on Cuba because of this beautiful anecdote, and of course this benefits Mr. Davis from a financial standpoint. But does it help him in his art? Does the tasteful allusion to a garment which is mythical help him to see the absolute banality of his book which is unfortunately real? Would a seven-column eulogy of his attitude toward his valet point out to Mr. Davis that the kind of reporting which may satisfy the difficult taste of the New York Morning *Journal* is not necessarily literature, and that a man may be good to his man and still grieve his friends with slipshod stuff which is unfortunately always published in journals of large circulation? I know Mr. Davis personally, and I may say intimately. I once helped him on with his overcoat, and he was so gracious that I should like to help him on with his literature. I should like to tell him that while spontaneousness is a splendid thing a first draft of a story is not so magnificent. I should like to ask him if he had heard that even the Old Testament had been revised, although I confess he might retort by saying that the revision was not made by the original authors. I should like to tell him that I love him for his wholesomeness, for his manliness; that I do not object to his having a man, and rather admire him for choosing to walk in good society rather than become a latter-day newspaper Bohemian who confounds inebriety with genius. Chiefest of all should I like to say to him that even with his enormous and well-deserved popularity he is not *there* yet, that he is merely a Klondike, that the gold within him has as yet merely manifested itself, and that unless he has a care his hour will be brief.

Then there is Mr. Clinton Ross—the Anthony Hope of America he has been called, which gave to that arch-wit Mr. Oliver Herford his opportunity to allude to Mr. Hawkins as the Clinton Ross of Europe. Why must critics praise Mr. Ross or condemn him,

both unreservedly? Why may not these baseball players see that Mr. Ross writes 10,000 words well, and 20,000 execrably? Why may they not say to him, "Sir, you have the right idea. You are studying the possibilities of romance in your own country, and we hope you realize your responsibility and are trying to do your best; but, Mr. Ross, your best as yet is not what it should be, for even though you are a graduate of Yale your English is suburban." Mr. Ross would be the first to appreciate the value of the criticism; yet, Mr. Editor, where does he find it? He does his best always—what author does not?—he is a hard and conscientious worker, but I doubt if to-day he has been told of his limitations. Sometimes in reading Ross—and I have read and I treasure all that he has penned to my knowledge—I wonder whether his course at Yale was in belles-lettres or foot-ball. His vigor suggests foot-ball.

Finally, sir, comes another young writer, a very young writer in his writing, though I have no conception as to his real age. He may be 7,605 years of age for aught I know, but he has possibilities, and I admire him greatly. This young—or ancient—person is Mr. Harry Thurston Peck, who professes one of the dead languages at Columbia University, and experiments with one of the live ones for a monthly magazine, published in the interests of our latter day Glenlivetiana.

Now what Professor Peck amounts to in a dead language I only learn from those who employ him and those who consume him. I presume he knows his business, else Columbia would not have retained his services—although there was evidence last autumn, before election day in New York, that the University had secured a president who was somewhat undecided as to his vocation. It is not as a professor that this young person appeals to me, nor, let me confess it, as an editor, either. It does not require great genius, or even talent, to accept one's own poems. It is as a literary person that I introduce Mr. Peck as an exhibit in evidence, and in him I find the greatest indictment against the critics of the daily press.

Never, sir, in all my time have I known a daily paper to mention the name of Peck, much less point out his errors, which are sensational enough for Mr. Hearst! Yet, what a vast amount of raw material lies dormant in the dashing young editor of the *Bookman!* There are latent within him the germs of an Addison, lacking the grace, experience, and genial qualities of the master. Has anybody yet suggested to Mr. Peck that he should cultivate grace of diction and that mellowness of disposition between the lines which is the *sine qua non* of the truest kind of an essayist? No, sir, the baseball reporter contents himself by saying that Mr. Peck has a mole on the back of his neck and drinks milk at public dinners. Again there lie within Mr. Peck the microbes of a second Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He lacks only Mr. Aldrich's technique and inspiration. Who has told Mr. Peck this? As yet no one; yet, in speaking of his verses, the bicycle editor of the *Boston Whirligig* will doubtless say, in his review of Mr. Peck's monthly issue of his own verse, that as a poet he bids fair to rival Tennyson in his later days, and that the public will be interested to know that the author is a professor of Latin at Columbia College and invariably delivers his lectures to the students seated on a Christy saddle!

How all this is to help the striving young humorist up Parnassus it is difficult to see. If some one were to warn him against vulgarity in his essays and maudlin sentiment in his verse, and to tell him that his humor, while very humorous, leaves the reader wondering why he has suddenly become a sort of center of lassitude, some good thing might be developed from this wonderful mass of wonderful raw material — or to revert to our earlier metaphor, putty. I have based my indictment of the critic, sir, upon that which I have seen in the daily—particularly the Sunday—papers. I have seen nothing that seemed an improvement in the weeklies, monthlies, or annuals. Undeserved abuse or injudicious praise has been the rule. The abstract merits or demerits of an author's work have given place in the discussion to personality.

Cannot this state of affairs be remedied? Cannot the base-ball reporter on the dailies be assigned to some other work while the base-ball players are hibernating? — rather than be set to work in the "literary" department? Is there not some means by which the idea may be conveyed to our journals of literary criticism that literary criticism is an art which must be studied and may not be practiced with good results offhand by any woman who chances to have three names and no children, or by any man with the gift of verbosity and a press agent's scent for personal anecdote?

If literary criticism, Mr. Editor, is designed merely to advertise books, by all means let us have it so understood. If, on the other hand, it is to be the mirror into which he who writes may look to discover his faults, and if so be he is sincere in his pursuit of the literary art, correct them, then let us have a very decided reform. We have a great fund of genius in this land, but it is for the most part raw, very raw, and if it comes to naught in the end it will be the fault of the base-ball idea in criticism.

I am sir, yours very truly,

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S.—I have just heard it rumored that Mr. Peck intends to subject himself and his work to the keenest analysis in future numbers of his diverting monthly, the *Bookman.* Therefore, if you think best you might omit from my letter those portions of it which refer to the professor's need of a drubbing at the hands of the truly competent. If he will be as vivaciously drastic with his own work as he is with that of others, there is hope that he may get along without any boosting from outside sources.

A PLEA FOR THE SEMICOLON

NOTHING is more characteristic of the age than the immense mass of writing annually put forth by those who have not served any apprenticeship to the vocation of letters. This arises partly from the growth of egotism and self-consciousness, which impels every man to tell his own story; partly from the public desire to know the opinion of men of action on matters about which they are necessarily authorities; and partly from the insatiable appetite of readers, as a whole, for the portrayal of such human experiences as are weird, strange, or uncommon. One result of this vast incursion of non-professional writers has been the gradual breaking down of many of the old canons of literary criticism, so that it would appear nowadays almost a breach of good manners to call attention to any particular writer's obvious ignorance of the rules of grammar, or to reproach him with a lack of acquaintance with the best usage of idiom as exemplified by the recognized masters of English literature. If, as Buffon said, "the style is the man," we may feel it our duty to accept the crudities of the average writer of to-day as the price we must pay him for his originality, though we cannot but sigh as we count the cost.

The general decline of the art of good punctuation, to deal with one specific shortcoming of the average modern writer of the second and lower classes, is a subject which is at least as worthy of the scrutinizing attention of our literary *dilettanti*—granting that the critics, for reasons aforesaid, are unable to accomplish anything—as the backs of books, the size of their margins, or even the intricacies of the chapter tail-pieces. It seems paradoxical to assert that the simplest method of isolating the masters of modern English literature is carefully to observe the frequency and propriety of their semicolons; and yet, like the Oxford college where the fellows were chosen by the grace with which they were able to dispose of the stones from the plum tart, the semicolon test may prove the final one to determine the author's fitness to rank with august society.

A joint product of modern haste and modern superficiality is to be seen in the fact that a good part of our professional writers leave punctuation, other than periods, to the overworked editor (if they have one) or to the usual mechanical proofreader. Another set follow the careless practice of the daily press, and stick in commas at intervals, without overmuch regard for sense and none at all for rhythm. Still another class, in the supposed interests of lucidity, make full sentences of every possible clause, so that the reading of their lucubrations is apt to feel like a hard gallop which not infrequently begets mental shortness of breath. One distinguished writer, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in some of his earlier works, developed the aggravating habit of what is known as close punctuation. But in his later works he came to see the disadvantages of jerkiness. None of the classes of writers just referred to have ever advanced far enough in the art of good writing to conceive the varied functions of the semicolon in condensing, classifying, and illuminating the printed thought; for them, the semicolon, when used at all, is a stop-gap in an awkward sentence or an almost obsolete sign to be resorted to only in a case of dire necessity.

It is a pleasure to turn from the contemplation of the performances of an awkward squad to those of the true masters of modern English. And, foremost of these, in the sense in which we are now speaking, comes Sir Henry Sumner Maine, whose lucidity of thought was accompanied by a glorious command of sound, flexible, and idomatic English. In his *History of Ancient Law*, Sir Henry Maine has used the art of punctuation with such consummate precision and grace as to make that work not only a text-book for beginners, but a standard for masters like himself. Among other usages in punctuation, he employs one, entailing the use of the semicolon, so often and with so much power, as to make it almost a characteristic of his writings. This consists of a clause containing a general statement followed by a semicolon, and succeeded by two or more clauses illustrating or defining the original proposition, followed by commas. To take a concrete example at random, we find on page 289 of his lectures, *On the Early History of Institutions*, the following sentence:

"The simple explanation is that the natural impulse [to quarrel] is gratified in a new way; hasty appeals to a judge succeed hurried quarrels, and hereditary law suits take the place of ancestral blood-feuds."

Matthew Arnold, who loved to be didactic, but disliked to be thought disputatious, everywhere in his writings uses elegant punctuation to bring out or to emphasize his meaning. In the following example, taken from his essay on "Democracy," we see him first using the semicolon to produce a reflective pause in the mind of the reader, and then, in the latter part of his sentence, using a comma in place of "but" following the "not only," because he wished to reinforce his point without resorting to antithesis:

"It is true that the advance of all classes in culture and refinement may make the culture of one class, which, isolated, appeared remarkable, appear so no longer; but exquisite culture and great dignity are always something rare and striking, and it is the distinction of the English aristocracy, in the eighteenth century, that not only was their culture something rare by comparison with the rawness of the masses, it was something rare and admirable in itself."

Ruskin affords numberless instances of good punctuation; his artistic sense of the fitness of things and his poetic gift of condensation enabling him to make effective use of the despised parenthesis succeeded by a disjunctive semicolon in the following sentence, taken from *The Crown of Wild Olives:*

"It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins (if it fight for treasure or land); neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of a nation's work."

Walter Pater, an artist in things great and small, studied so to balance his sentences by punctuation that the train of thought, while still continued in its natural mental order, was slowed down by semicolons at natural resting places before a new phase of the same idea was presented to the reader's consideration. Who but Pater would have used the dash, without upsetting his material, in the following long sentence, taken from *Marius the Epicurean:*

"To keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to his dwelling place; to discriminate, ever more and more fastidiously, select form and color in things from what was less select; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects, on objects, more especially, connected with the period of youth—on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring, on young animals, on the fashions and amusements of young men; to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal, or sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealously, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to sight; and, should any circumstance tempt him to a general converse in the range of such objects, to disentangle himself from that circumstance at any cost of place, money, or opportunity; such were, in brief outline, the duties recognized, the rights demanded, in this new formula of life."

Robert Louis Stevenson's literary acuteness in getting the most out of his semicolons up to a certain point, after which he abandons them to pile up his culmination with the shorter commas, is well seen in the following sentence, taken from *An Inland Voyage*:

"I take it, in short, that I was as near Nirvana as would be convenient in practical life; and, if this be so, I make the Buddhists my sincere compliments; 't is an agreeable state, not very profitable in a money point of view, but very calm, golden, and incurious, and one that sets a man superior to alarms."

Here are five writers, all selected without much deliberation, and the passages from their works taken from the place where the book chanced to open. In none of them is there any effort apparent to the eye of the casual reader to make punctuation an end in itself; the sense, the rhythm and the appearance of the sentence in print, commend themselves unhesitatingly to the taste and to the understanding. Yet, let the semicolons and commas which buoy the channel of thought be removed, and the difficulty of replacing them will readily be discovered. It is safe to say that no ordinary proofreader, and, perhaps, few editors, would be able to mark the channel again as it was originally laid out. There has been a great deal too much levelling-down of late years in matters of typography. Beginning with the assumption that the use of italics was an insult to the thinking reader, we have come round to the point where carefulness in all adventitious aids to the reader's understanding was contemned, and among these we have somewhat heedlessly included punctuation. For, if the comprehension of the spoken sentence is quickened by the natural pauses of the voice, by cadence, and by appropriate expression and gesture, why should not these guides be reproduced, as far as may be, in the printed sentence? One thing is certain: the great masters of English, in the future as in the past, will give due weight to the effect of punctuation in making or marring the meaning which they wish to convey by their written word, whether these masters arise like Lincoln or Bunyan from the unlettered throng; or come like Pater or Newman from the refinements of the college cloister; or spring from the bar like Maine or Alexander Hamilton; or burst forth from the trammels of circumstance like Lowell or Matthew Arnold.

E. H. MULLIN.

THE CAPTIVE PARROT

THE city's tide rolls strident by;
Smoke-grimed the buildings tower;
Before your solemn, yellow eye
The murky gas-lights glower.

Poor Poll, your praised buffoonery
May hide a heart's dull ache,
As singing palm and limpid sea
Within your memory wake.

Perchance you long the warmth to feel
Stream from an azure dome
While riotous you scream and reel
Down in your tropic home.
The sun above, green leaf beneath,
The breeze with perfume sweet—
Sad waif, what fate, that you should breathe
This dingy, narrow street!

With grave and pompous speed you climb
From wire-stayed perch to floor.
To such ridiculous pantomime
Is brought your forest lore!
Your plumage gleams as bright as tho'
You mocked captivity—
Mid those who gaze there 's none may know
Your depth of misery.

EDWIN L. SABIN

THE STORY OF JESUS CHRIST

IT would be unworthy to suspect Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward of any but the best intentions in writing her *Story of Jesus Christ*. She was doubtless actuated by a profound desire to make the figure of the Saviour more real and more appealing to persons to whom the formality of the Biblical narrative was merely—or at least primarily — awe-inspiring. Her reverence for the subject is beyond question; her ability as a story-teller is well-known, and her greatest successes have been along spiritual lines. Apparently she—if any one—was fitted for the task.

Yet one cannot escape the question: Was anyone really qualified? It may reasonably be asked—now that the book is published—whether it would not much better have remained unwritten. Approximate success was, at most, all that could have been hoped for. That Mrs. Ward has achieved even that cannot in honesty be asserted. Her undertaking, first of all, was an enormous one, requiring the utmost delicacy, sureness, and force. She set herself to rewrite what was believed by the whole Christian world to be inspired writings. She deliberately—and in respect to Mrs. Ward one must believe that such a work was not begun without careful deliberation—she deliberately attempted to rewrite the Scriptures—to tell in other words the story of Christ's life. A moment's reflection shows the seriousness—the extent of her task.

It has been many times stated, and is almost universally acknowledged, that the style of our English Bible surpasses in beauty, force, precision, and clearness any other composition in the language. On the other hand, Mrs. Ward was obviously limited to the facts in the case: she voluntarily confined herself to the narrative as we have it in the gospels. In her prefatory note, she takes pains to say:

"This book is not theology or criticism, nor is it biography. It is neither history, controversy, nor a sermon. It makes none of the claims, it assumes none of the pretensions, of any of these. . . . It is a narrative, and will be received as such by those who understand the laws of narrative expression."

With these limitations, Mrs. Ward's story relies of course on its expression alone for its value. And it is in just this that her failure comes. She has taken the biblical facts, added to them a fanciful background and a personal interpretation of the great figures. These are her two novelties: these are her excuses for her work.

"The few unfamiliar strokes by which these outlines have been sometimes filled have been reverently and studiously adjusted to the composition of the picture—it is hoped without offense to probabilities. It is believed that these probabilities are so reasonable that they may serve to deepen, not to dissipate, our respect for such knowledge as we possess concerning the life of Jesus Christ."

Just how far descriptions of sunsets and scenery will add to the beauty and vividness of the Biblical story is for each reader to decide. Whether the *popularization* of the divine narrative is likely to increase its impressiveness or value one may be permitted to doubt. Whether the humanization of the figure of Jesus tends to enlarge the reverence with which it is held is open to question. Yet these are the things Mrs. Ward has done. It is only fair to say that the book may—for large numbers of people—give a new interest to the personages of the New Testament. Yet the scenic and atmospheric embellishments are wholly inessential. Mrs. Ward has sought to express divinity in the commonest terms. She has made Jesus a simple weak man—a man like a hundred others—traveling from place to place healing the sick. He is little more than an earlier Schlatter and infinitely less than the Christ of general faith. Of the Virgin she has drawn a pathetic figure. "Mary was not the woman to nag a grown son even with her tenderness," she writes, and nothing could be less fortunate than the choice of words.

Speaking of the child's straying from his mother just before the scene with the elders in the Temple, she says: "With all the appliances of our civilization to help us, a straying child is always one of the uttermost catastrophes. Steam, telegraph, telephone, police detective, the press, shorten or lessen an agony which is still, at its shortest or least, unbearable; and Mary had none of these assuagements."

It may be answered that these quotations are exceptional and the least happy in the book. And it cannot be denied. Yet the tone of the story from cover to cover is the same. Read with intelligence and with decent sensitiveness, it is inevitable that Mrs. Ward's volume should lessen our respect and our reverence for the Saviour. When we have finished, the figure she has drawn of him is less inspiring, less godlike, and unbearably commonplace. She has in no way justified his sacrifice, and her account of the crucifixion leaves one wholly unsatisfied.

How this has come about is not far to seek. It was merely an error of judgment: an overrating of ability or an underrating of the difficulties of her task.

"The important things—all that any of us need, all that most of us care for," she writes in the preface, "are few, clear, and unquestionable. Jesus Christ lived, died, and lived again after death. He lived a life explicable upon no other view of it than his. He founded a faith comprehensible on no other interpretation than his own."

The Story of Jesus Christ: An Interpretation.—*By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 8vo. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.*

In the face of this Mrs. Ward has interpreted his life and his character and the characters of those about him—interpreted them as if they had no connection with divinity—as if they were everyday occurrences. She has translated the ideally perfect language of our English version into the phrases of magazine serials: the dignity is gone, the marvelous conciseness, the directness and strength are all gone, and in their place we have occasional felicities of expression interspersed with inexpensive modernity. The book is unfortunate: it will do harm where it sought to do good: it will lessen the impressiveness of the great story, and, it is to be hoped, will help to deter others who think to improve on what is already beyond improvement. H. S. S.

THE ROMANCE ASSOCIATION

THE Pierian Fountain Pen with which the inventor (one can hardly say author) of the Romance Association has written, was inadequately filled with a diluted literary ink of the Stevenson label, and the ex-editor of *The Lark* has evidently had a good deal of pounding, sucking and swearing to do to make his fountain flow. One traces the intermittencies of his pen with an uncomfortable feeling of suspense, for as soon as a lively, romantic situation is well suggested, and one begins to anticipate a satisfying development of the idea, the point clogs, and the story ends in a blank line, a row of stars, or the frank abandonment of the chapter, leaving the reader with a broad hint as to the possibilities of the case, it is true, but forced to paint the details from his own excited imagination.

To call such an assortment of incidents a book is an illegitimate ruse of a publisher who has been duly warned that volumes of short stories have had their day. Were they, indeed, all finished, and of the same color, one might forgive the collation, but the tales grouped into "books" are no more related than are the movements of a sonata, which scheme of composition this set of memoirs seems to parody. Here, for instance, we have five parts, of which the first, third, and fifth carry the Romance Association theme, with Vivette in the dominant chord, while the second and fourth books consist of interpolated tales in variant keys, those of the one pitched in the fantastic, and the others in the farcical extreme of that spirit of adventure that marks the whole, rioting in an abandonment of superlative variations. Romance, the author would have us believe (in a Stevenson-Dr. Johnson-Pater-Mallory-Jamesy preface,) is a narrow shore, lying between the shifting sands of the Improbable and the Impossible Sea. If it be so, he has got his feet disagreeably wetted in what he pompously styles "the recession of the undertow," and of all things impossible the most incredible is this mistress Vivette, "who might be the daughter of D'Artagnan and Little Dorrit." She is, to be honest, a little too like her creator to be as interesting and versatile as he would have us believe. She is more a thing of adjectives than of human qualities, and to live with her would be an impossibility to one who has not himself pulled down public statues or sacrificed his sanity in such an ebullition of grotesque bad taste as *Le Petit Journal des Refusées*, indulged in "Telephone Courtships" on his own account, and kept his friends busy with apologies for his rudeness and conceit.

There are, in reality, four Vivettes in the Memoirs, cut like multiple paper dolls, out of a single sheet of pretty folded paper. When one opens them and sees them holding hands, side by side, it is impossible to tell one from another, for they have neither faces nor clothes by which they may be described; but put them under glass, and rub it vigorously with an imaginative kerchief, and they dance very merrily. One becomes a Burglar's Wife, one The Dearest Girl in the World, one a Miss Florizel—and all Vivettes.

This was all very well while she appeared in the yellow paper of the *Lark*. She did her turns infrequently enough to win applause, but now, in formal white, trimmed overmuch with far-fetched Rollo-Book captions, bad puns, and obsolete verbiage, she has become "precious;" too much is asserted and too little proved of her charms, and she poses shamelessly. What she and her biographic hero are pleased to term Romance is little else but practical joking, practiced, not only upon their clients, but upon the readers of their Memoirs. Their Romance always has a wink and a nudge in it, and they mumble asides to each other impertinently. They are forever taking an unwilling auditor behind the scenes and insisting upon their foolery.

The Romance Association deserves a better historian and the city of Millamours a better guide than Gelett Burgess. He is too fond of Little Joy Street and Bellefille Place, Sly Park and Maiden Lane. One wanders discontentedly among the avenues laid down on his map and longs to explore the southern end of the Old Runway Road, where a man might abandon himself to his enthusiasm and take his amours seriously with no *arrière pensée* or glance at the gallery. It is to be hoped that the discoverer may sometime put forth from Gay Head and adventure the Sweethaven Fairway in some such gallant "Bonaventure" as the Tusitala sailed—have done with tricks of phrasing and *double entente*, and bring back a cargo of honester wares.

Vivette claimed better parentage than she possessed. She was not wise enough to know her own father. She had not the romantic *sauvagerie* of

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VIVETTE, OR, THE MEMOIRS OF THE ROMANCE ASSOCIATION. — *By Gelett Burgess. With a Map of the City of Millamours by the Author. 8vo. Copeland & Day. $1.25.*

Dumas's heroines, but the secret history of her birth may be found in that little-known, less-read "Holiday Romance" of Dickens from which the author of "the little tomato-covered" book has stolen the name of his hero. And see how Vivette takes after her mother, the sweet and gentle Alice Rainbird:

"'Then do you no longer love me, Alice?' said the Pirate-Colonel, gloomily.

"'Redforth, I am ever thine.'"

For of such toy sentimentality is Vivette's "Forever" scrawled on the parasols she throws from the balloon that floats her away. GELETT BURGESS.

REVIEWS

FAUNTLEROY IN LATER LIFE

HIS GRACE OF OSMONDE.—*By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.*

NOTHING more economical has ever been done by an author than the writing of *His Grace of Osmonde* by Mrs. Burnett. It is announced as *A Lady of Quality*, told from the man's side. In four hundred and sixty-five pages the story of the earlier book is retold, with most of the picturesqueness gone, and with the addition of a very prolix study of the character of the Duke of Osmonde. There is nothing new in incident, only a pale reflection of Clorinda's youth, spent in breeches and brawls in her father's house, her sudden change of front and assumption of the graces of womanhood, her killing of Sir John Oxon, that his betrayal of the indiscretion of her youth may not prevent her marriage with Osmonde, and her subsequent almost incredible saintliness. Because the volume is called by another name, Clorinda is kept somewhat in the background, while the foreground is occupied by the emotions of His Grace of Osmonde's soul.

This, at least, is what the book appears to be at first glance. But Mrs. Burnett, although it is possible that she herself may not realize it, has not been so economical as she thinks. Instead of writing the companion volume to *A Lady of Quality*, she has, in fact, given us a sequel to *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Osmonde is Cedric grown up. The extraordinary nobility, the fine reverence for women, the great personal beauty, and the surpassing charm of manner which distinguished the Children's Favorite are all here,—cheapened and vitiated. Mrs. Burnett assures us that His Grace of Osmonde was not a prig: it is well she does this, for otherwise one might mistake him. Some of us even thought Little Lord Fauntleroy an insufferable prig. If Mrs. Burnett had cared to attempt it, there is indeed a really interesting story to be written about a certain type of modern man who has arisen alongside of the modernest woman. The man has more than the old-time chivalrous devotion to woman, is violently respectful of her, and hopes to keep himself more or less pure for her sake. The love of such a man for a woman who lets herself go, who takes to herself all the privileges and all the cheapnesses of modernity, and who in many ways seems endeavoring to arrive at the point from which the modern man departed, is an admirably humorous and novel theme. The meeting of Lord Fauntleroy, no longer little, and Beth perhaps, fresh from her Book, is what Mrs. Burnett could have done, and what she has failed to do.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR

GOING TO WAR IN GREECE—*By Frederick Palmer. R. H. Russell & Sons.*

THE Græco-Turkish war of last spring hardly deserved this cool and cleverly-written book. It was obvious at the time, and it is still more obvious now, that the whole affair, so far as the Greeks were concerned, was a gigantic bluff. The Powers made up their minds to "see" Greece, and the result was such a display of cowardice and ineptitude as the world has not often witnessed. Mr. Palmer, though a Phil-Hellene, is too honest to conceal the truth; and the picture he draws, coming, as it does, from a friendly and sympathetic hand, is, in effect, a terrible condemnation of the Greek national character. Mr. Palmer has set down more clearly and attractively than any one else the external causes of the Grecian failure—their fatal gift of imitation without achievement, their swagger and conceit, their spirit of unrestrained democracy which makes every man a leader and turns a café into a cabinet. The feckless nation of talkers and play-actors was bound to collapse when the trial came. A successful war is impossible when the jealousy and suspiciousness of a democracy refuse to place the command of the army in the hands of a single man; when, to use Mr. Palmer's phrase, "leadership is passed round like the turn to deal at cards." But the collapse need not have been attended, as were the retreats from Miluna Pass and Domoko, with every shame of downright cowardice. That can only be explained on the supposition that there is something unmitigatedly rotten in the Greek character; and that character, as Mr. Palmer shows and every visitor to Greece can testify, is one of childishness, vanity, and bounce, built upon Oriental mendacity. Mr. Palmer brings this out plainly enough in several passages of capital humor and neatness. His description of the fights round Mati, Velestino and Domoko Heights hit the pleasant mean between the extreme of technicality and mere *journals*. They are clearly and picturesquely written, and give the civilian a complete understanding of what happened and how it happened. For the rest, Mr. Palmer shows himself a sagacious and impartial observer, and a writer of considerable skill. His book is worth reading once

simply for the literary entertainment it provides; and worth reading over again for its shrewd, though unobtrusive study of the Greeks and their democratic excesses.

DEATH'S JEST BOOK

THE TORMENTOR. — *By Benjamin Swift. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, $1.50.*

AMONG those whom an unkind Fate has cut off from the peaceful joys of Madame Tussaud or the Eden Musée, Mr. Swift's latest book is likely to find favor. It is fully as lurid as any standard "chamber of horrors," and has the added advantage of being in portable form. Deftly, by the mere turning of a leaf or two, the tired railway traveler may waft himself out of the dust and clamor about him into an atmosphere of crime and destruction; the young lady of provincial districts may, in the solitude of her uneventful existence, conjure up a world of constant excitement when at some future date this melodramatic volume finds its way to the village library; and the harmless maniac whom social law and order and a natural cowardice prevent from the actual indulgence of his secret thirst for murder may spend contented hours during the rest of his days in the bland and congenial company of Mr. Swift's leading characters. In the meantime decadent literature welcomes another book.

The unrivalled allurement and charm of this story for the initiated lies in its curious air of pompous seriousness. Mr. Swift's presiding Genius played him a trick in the matter of humor, and his lack of this essential ingredient is apparent from cover to cover of his volume. Once, indeed, by some special dispensation the author has remedied this deficiency, viz., in Lord Sother's love episode. Still the effort is openly labored. "Sweet Mrs. Crippen" and her duster wring little more than a fleeting smile from the reader, who finds himself soon after, not much to his surprise, plunged into the old grim ways of imagining which come like second nature to the author.

If he be provided with nerves this heaviness of tread will, after a few chapters, have a depressing effect on the reader; and he will be both surprised and relieved to meet the lyrics, of which the book includes several almost as lovely and naïvely tuneful as the old Elizabethan songs.

"Love said my soul is like a clock
To tell what hour he pleases,"

is one of the airiest; while Jessie's plaint in the garden,

"Death, they say, is a mower,
Ay, and Love too,
And seed comes home to the sower"—

revives, for one fleeting instant, Ophelia's treble flutings. Besides these lyrics, which have a genuine beauty, some of the love scenes help to lighten the tone of the book. These are often prettily and fancifully wrought, especially the passages on the uplands between Maud and Paul before the gloom of a sinister fate has fallen upon the pair. In short, though Mr. Swift is in no sense of the word a real artist, he does possess some artistic instincts which now and then get the upper hand and clamor for a better cause. His backgrounds are often effective, and his treatment of nature involves both thought and theory. Like Mr. Hardy, he believes in the intimate relation of man and nature and the responsiveness of the visible world to the varying moods of humanity. As a colorist, however, he is at his best. He knows how to catch the aspects of a summer sky, the golden surface of harvest fields, and the flash of scarlet poppies; and when he sets himself to portray, for its own sake, the life about him, he draws his peasants at work with simplicity and finish.

In his emulation of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swift is, at the very least, amusing. He has succeeded in hitting on almost all of Mr. Meredith's defects and on none of his virtues. He veils his thought in hints and suggestions, and expresses himself in images with a pitifully amateurish result. He puts his sentences together in so flimsy a fashion that after a page of his constructions the careful reader becomes seriously alarmed for their safety. They appear to be hanging together, for the most part, by the Grace of God alone; and they seldom boast both subject and predicate, while prepositions are as effectively driven from the book as if Mr. Swift had organized a crusade against them. As for his use of allegory, the reader, after finishing old Mrs. Babcock's death agonies, is inclined to believe that it was the allegory in which she was stifling and not the disease that carried her off.

The characterization of the story is hardly more successful than its style. Indeed, the reviewer hesitates to drag before the present column the shabby array of melodramatic *dramatis personæ* which Mr. Swift affords him. The future reader, if there be one, must, therefore, with this word of forewarning, judge the characters for himself as they are set down in the play-book to appear.

ROMANCE AND LOCAL COLOR

THE ENCHANTED BURRO—STORIES OF NEW MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA.—*By Charles F. Lummis. Way & Williams. $1.50.*

A PURITAN by birth and temper, a Harvard man by training, a frontiersman by choice, something of a poet and with decidedly romantic ideals, a patient student of documentary history and of field ethnology, a crusader and yet a carper for exactness, Mr. Lummis is a rather curious figure. He writes impetuously, yet only after long saturation in his

theme. He has spent many years studying Spanish-America without gloves; exploring from Colorado to Chile, living the life of the primitive people among whom he trudged and tarried, acquiring a great mass of their esoteric lore and half a dozen of their languages, collecting documents, legends, photographs, curios, and scars with apparently equal content. A pupil of Bandelier, and next to Bandelier in specific knowledge of Spanish-American ethnography, and intimacy with the tribes of so great a range, he is at the same time a frontiersman with full physical joy in breaking wild horses, climbing 20,000-foot peaks, and all the other athletic opportunities of so many wandering years; and the material for monographs he employs in stories or descriptive articles, confessedly preferring to popularize his chosen field. His work shows rather rampant insistence that local color must be accurate; and at the same time his attitude toward the story is purely romantic, with very fine heroes and very deep villains.

The local color of these stories is probably accurate. At all events, no one has picked flaws in the setting of the Spanish-American and frontier tales which Mr. Lummis has been writing for several years. The fate of an Eastern college professor who last year incautiously couched his lance against one of Mr. Lummis's Indian legends (the "Enchanted Mesa") is still remembered. These tales have some constructive skill, a sincere human feeling, and much momentum of action. The style is not academic; but it is vigorous and generally apt. The author's decidedly Saxon spirit is curiously open to sympathy with the antipodal genius of the lands of which he is so fond. He came to love, and be loved by, his Indian and Spanish neighbors in the Sierra Madre and the Andes; and his keynote as a story-teller is appreciation of the fact that they are entirely human and not mere freaks. The stories are of uneven merit, and the sketch of "Our Yellow Slave" might better not have been included. The book would be better, too, for less lavish use of Spanish words. French is presumed to be in all well-regulated households; and French phrases are tolerated in stories of France and some other countries. But we do not all talk Spanish, nor all live in border territories where the Americans call hundreds of things by Spanish names almost exclusively.

BOYS AND GIRLS

MISS MOUSE AND HER BOYS.—*By Mrs. Molesworth. 16mo. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.*

SIR TOADY LION.—*By S. R. Crockett. 12mo. F. A. Stokes & Co. $1.50.*

MRS. MOLESWORTH'S and Mr. Crockett's boys and girls are neither Erics and Ellen Montgomerys on the one hand, nor Heavenly Twins on the other; but they are refreshingly active, imaginative, and alive, and tumble in and out of all possible scrapes into which one may be led, at twelve, by a limited allowance of pocket-money and a combative disposition. The title of Mr. Crockett's book is so misleading that one is surprised to find it a healthy chronicle of Scottish play and pluck, in which Toady Lion himself (early English for Cœur-de-Lion) has comparatively little to do. But good as it is, a protest should be made against the sentimental twang, from which Mr. Crockett, perhaps by reason of his long apprenticeship at that sort of thing, has not been able to abstain. As a matter of taste it is more than questionable; it is untrue to normal child-life, a weakness on the author's part, and an infliction on his readers. A sense of fitness, also, should have restrained him from filling his book with allusions directed at "grown-ups." To write ostensibly for children's pleasure but really for the praise of their elders, is a lack of good faith which a child is apt to resent. With these exceptions Mr. Crockett's touch is humorous and frank; he seems to have had more than a glimpse into that hidden land, a child's imagination. As for Mrs. Molesworth, she is at home there; we do not wonder Mr. Swinburne loves her books. *Miss Mouse*, like most of her later stories, does not deal so much with the general fairyness of things as with direct out-of-door life, and childhood's ups and downs. In earlier days, it was Mrs. Molesworth who clapped between book-covers those vague sensations that came to you in the presence of a carved Swiss toy; the certainty that the tiny châlet contained inhabitants who were longing to make friends with you. She voices the child's conception of the things among which he moves as living entities; and at the same time keeps firm hold on the figure of the child himself, often naughty, but oftener trying by ignorant naughtinesses to reach some intended good. *Miss Mouse and Her Boys* must certainly join that long row on the nursery book-shelf. The illustrations are good, but they do not replace Mr. Walter Crane's.

PICTURESQUE SICILY

PICTURESQUE SICILY.—*By William Agnew Paton. 8vo. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.*

THE author of this volume on *Picturesque Sicily* is a very diligent and painstaking man, and within certain narrow limits his book is useful, interesting, and important. Important because there is an undoubted lack of English and American books on the subject, and in so far interesting. Useful it could not fail to be to any one traveling in the island, and except for its lack of lists of hotels, rates for cab fares, etc., it might possibly replace Baedeker. In the three months which Mr. Paton spent in Sicily he compiled a great deal of historic information in handy form, and while visiting the most important places

on the main route of travel wrote out a great quantity of descriptions of churches, ruins, and natural scenery. In fact, the book is too compact with information to be easy reading, but as a kind of handbook of reference, had it only been provided with a map, it might serve admirably.

Unfortunately Mr. Paton had no time to go to a number of places where one might have wished him to go. He could not take photographs himself, apparently, and his illustrations are the stock photographs which might be bought in the shops at Palermo. The remoter, less-known places are never shown in pictures. The photographs of the Sicilians themselves are, however, so unusually fine and beautiful as almost to compensate for the stereotyped character of the others.

Mr. Paton saw in Sicily what any passer-by might see. He caught no special flavor of the place, and he gained no especially clear conception of the life and nature of its people (this is true at least of the body of the book; the appendix however, contains a clear and intelligent account of "La Mafia"). Furthermore, he writes execrable English. At Castrogiovanni he informs the peasantry that he is a "scrittore," a "giornalista," a "povero diavolo." The reader has suspected as much since the first chapter. Mr. Paton's style is the inflated and sentimental journalese, where no sunset-light falls but it "transmutes" something; for the simple star of Baedeker he substitutes paragraphs seething with grandiloquence. And he is more than verbose or merely cheap; he is ingeniously ungrammatical. Speaking of the river Cyane, he says: "Its banks are beautified by masses of papyrus, 'the plant of the Nile,' which only along the margin of this stream and by the fountain of Arethusa in Ortygia is still to be found anywhere in Europe growing in its natural beauty." All the bad writing in Mr. Paton's book has not, unfortunately, the quaint charm of this quoted sentence.

We have obtained from this volume more profit than pleasure. It should serve, however, to show what a thoroughly charming book might be written on Mr. Paton's subject. Sicily, at least, is worth while.

THE ARYAN'S EVOLUTION

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ARYAN. *Translated from the German of Rudolph von Ihering by A. Drucker, M. P. 8vo. Henry Holt & Co. $3.00.*

TWO things are lacking to complete the value of this monumental work: an appreciation and biography of the learned author and his labors; and a supplement which will give his readers the benefits of some of the more recent discoveries in Mesopotamia. His recent and much regretted death, though he was full of years and honors, finds pathetic proof in unfinished sections and chapters, some of which the translator vainly endeavors to fill out. Professor Rudolph von Ihering was one of the greatest civil lawyers this world has seen, and he was also, by reason of his powers of reasoning and insight, a great archæologist, and more particularly an Assyriologist. To his methods Professor Max Müller has long paid the highest tribute, that of open and confessed imitation after sitting at his feet as a disciple. All the German civilian's great abilities are sufficiently shown in this last book of his which he intended to be his *magnum opus* in the borderland between law and the sciences. It may be described, in the translator's phrase, as a work upon prehistoric humanity, the reasoning of which is based "far more often upon facts and upon customs than on mere words and expressions."

Among the warring factions of philologists von Ihering's method looms with its sensible, straightforward, convincing array of arguments. It is as simple as comprehensible, and may be briefly described thus: Availing himself of the fact familiar to every student of law, that legal observances other than statutory are merely crystallized customs, he analyzes these laws by the probable purpose behind the unknown law-giver. In this way he finds in the Roman observance of the *ver sacrum* well authenticated—so far as logic can authenticate—evidence of the actual migratory period of the daughter-nation of the Aryans, and in other laws other evidences of an antiquity supposedly lost beyond recovery. Coupled with the profoundest erudition in the law of Rome, still the law of civilization is the mental poise which lawyers like to believe is typical of the profession, but which is rather the point of view of the scientist to whom special pleading is synonymous with falsification of fact. Von Ihering is both lawyer and man of science, civilian and archæologist.

Passing from his own field to the knowledge placed at the disposal of the world by the Assyriologist, the learned professor is able to fill in the gap between the end of Babylonian and the beginning of Aryan history by a close, compact, and cogent statement of probabilities, which places his work with that of Maine, Quatrefages, and others who argue from a stone or a sentiment to a civilization as Agassiz argued from a scale to a fish. From the *Fœnus nauticus* of Babylon, to take one of his most brilliant examples, von Ihering demonstrates that there, and not in Phœnicia, arose the practice of maritime navigation and all international commerce. This discovery he supports by the law of *instar mercatoris* and the deluge legends until the reader admits the truth of a contention lost in the mists of six thousand years.

Among other instances of this acumen is the theory advanced of the Sabbath, which von Ihering holds to be the outcome of public works undertaken on the banks of the Euphrates before Usher's chronology begins to run. None but slaves could be made to perform a labor as gigantic as that involved in raising a wall three hundred feet high, one hun-

dred feet wide and sixty miles long such as surrounded old Babylon. From these bondmen their taskmasters would early learn, as a question of economy, the exigence of a regular day of rest. Being Semites and so using a duodecimal system of numeration, they labored six days and then rested, since twelve did not bring the desired balance between rest and work. Had they been Aryans with a decimal system, von Ihering concludes, they would have delved five days and rested the sixth. In his view the figure seven is involved only because it chances to be next larger than six, nothing more. No less original is his statement that Aryan knowledge of the plow would have given Europe to the Semite. With the plow a hundred can live where a single nomad exists. Philologists are agreed that the Aryan was a nomad. Give him the implements, and hunger for more land, the *terræ sacra fames* which has brought the race to San Francisco and Vladivostock would have remained unknown. The plow would have held the race in Asia and left Europe for the commercial conquest of the Semites.

For this masterful work the English-speaking world is indebted to Mr. Drucker, even though an occasional phrase, neither German nor English, bears witness to his imagination rather than his accuracy.

THE INSURGENTS MUST FIGHT

SPANISH JOHN. — *By William McLennan. Illustrated by F. De Myrbach. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.*

WITH Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, the joy of brave reading came to many, and to many came the laudable desire of writing what might prove brave reading to others, and in time the market was full of brave reading selling bravely.

The market is still full; it is getting fuller every day; there is a bevel over the top; one lump of sugar and the teacup would overflow. Indeed there are already drops chasing one another, in ever increasing numbers, down the smooth sides.

Spanish John is just such an unfortunate—a drop, not in the bucket, but in the overflow—an inanimate drop without any microbes in it.

We demand, to-day, one of three things in a story of adventure. We demand either *characters* or an *interesting plot* or *writing as such*. Mr. William McLennan demands less. Somebody, on whose word he thoroughly relied, probably said to him: "In stories of adventure, although a well-constructed plot is an advantage, there need be only a series of adventures occurring to the same group of persons. The interest of boys will remain alert if there is one good adventure in each chapter." Accordingly, Mr. McLennan sat down and produced *Spanish John*. He followed his formula pretty well, but he omitted the "good adventure" from each particular chapter. He was probably not addressing himself to boys. In fact it is difficult to say exactly for whom he *was* writing — surely not for analysists, surely not for judges of writing, and surely, surely, surely not for money. For whom then, or for what? At a guess—he was attempting to write brave reading for readers; he succeeded in writing *reading* for *brave* readers.

Spanish John is the story of a man who was in his prime at the time of Culloden, who at the age of twelve threw the villain on his back, and was about to kill him, and did n't; who at the age of manhood worsted the villain in a contest of swords, but, instead of killing him, cut off his ears. There is no pretty girl in the book, there is no good dialogue, there is no brave reading.

Spanish John is dull, unimaginative, long, and prolix.

Mr. McLennan says — first mouth, right in the dedication to Mr. McLennan père — that the book is the "result of long talks over old days, old manners, and old memories." Enough said. It is not worth hurting feelings over. It is a perfectly pure, dull book for the children, without microbes or brave reading. Incidentally, it has a red cover with a picture of somebody's coat-of-arms on it.

THE FINAL WHITMAN

LEAVES OF GRASS.—*By Walt Whitman. 12mo. Small, Maynard & Co. $2.00.*

IT is possible here to welcome an edition of Whitman's works, which is not only definitive of his poetry, but a well-appointed book in every essential respect. It contains the "Leaves of Grass," with all the additions successively incorporated with it,—the "Sands at Seventy," and "Good Bye My Fancy." Though the announcement has been made of a similarly final edition of the prose works, the essay, "A Backward Glance O'er Travelled Roads," is here given place — without explanation or apparent reason. There is also a new portrait of Whitman, by way of frontispiece, taken from a photograph made in 1880; a lithographed reproduction of the original draft of "After the Supper and the Talk," and finally, a new and concluding chapter containing thirteen titles, some of which appear here for the first time.

It is difficult for a student of contemporaneous verse and criticism to find an unprejudiced point of view from which to consider these final contributions of Whitman's to literature. They are assuredly not "barbaric yawps," and yet the "majesty of rhythm," which Rossetti discerned in others of his lines is not particularly manifest here. There is nothing in them to indicate that the author is not as far removed from the tramp of Mr. J. J. Chap-

man as from the demigod of Mr. John Burroughs. "To the better qualities discernible in the voluminous and incoherent effusions of Walt Whitman," says Mr. Swinburne, "it should not be difficult for any reader not unduly exasperated by the rabid idiocy of the Whitmaniacs to do full and ample justice; for those qualities are no less simple and obvious than laudable and valuable." Yet there are matters in this very essay on "Whitmania" quite as exasperating to the dispassionate critic as anything written by John Addington Symonds or Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs.

Those who agree with Professor Dowden that here, at least, is the "Poet of Democracy" will rejoice to find among these newly published numbers one which may be placed as a crown upon that philosophy of universal union they have discerned permeating Whitman's work: "One thought ever at the fore," he writes,

"One thought ever at the fore—
That in the Divine Ship, the World, breasting Time and Space,
All Peoples of the globe together sail, sail the same voyage, are bound to the same destination."

But considerations of mere philosophical theories disappear in view of the fact that here is an old man's last deliberate composition, "A Thought of Columbus," written a few months before his death; that this final chapter bears the name he selected at that time for it "Old Age Echoes," bespeaking our sympathy and kindliness for its contents thereby; that here are the lines on "Supplement Hours," which contain all that is vital in verse, and the following, which should endear both itself and its author to many minds:

"While behind all, firm and erect as ever,
Undismayed amid the rapids—amid the irresistible and deadly surge,
Stands a helmsman, with brow elate and strong hand."

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FROM THE EXCHANGES

Seidl has been offered the conductorship of the Hamburg Stadt-theater, an opera house whose performances, under the direction of the late Herr Pollini, have been among the finest in Europe. Recognizing Seidl's fame, the newly appointed director lost no time in cabling him this offer. Whether he will accept seems to depend largely upon what concert work he can be guaranteed outside the opera. He wants a permanent orchestra for concerts, and the lack of a properly subsidized one in New York is apparently his only objection to remaining in the city where his reputation as an operatic conductor has been largely made. Under the existing state of things he maintains that insufficient rehearsals render impossible the best work. To this cause he ascribes a blunder at a late Seidl concert. Towards the close of a trill that was being executed by Paul Tidden in the MacDowell concerto the orchestra should have come in. It did not, however. Mr. Tidden, equal to the occasion, kept trilling on and on until the orchestra fell into line. The incident proved, as Mr. MacDowell remarked, that Mr. Tidden could trill wonderfully well, but it was naturally very annoying to Seidl.

Mr. John Gilmer Speed has made some rather amusing computations concerning last year's publishing season in America. He says:

Last year 3,200 books were printed in this country by American authors. Of these books it is safe to say that two-thirds were arranged for, and this leaves about one thousand books which were the result of voluntary offerings.

I have been told, and I quite believe it, that one hundred books are submitted to the publishers where one is accepted. This being granted, these 1,000 volumes represent the survival of 101,000 books in manuscript.

Consider for a moment the amount of manual labor that must have been used to make these 100,000 rejected books.

It takes at least four months to make an average book, and therefore 400,000 months of one man's labor was used to produce these manuscripts. Four hundred thousand months equals 48,000,000 days.

If these ineffectual writers of last year had been employed at $1.50 a day they would in the aggregate have earned $72,000,000, which is more, I fancy, than all the books sold in the country during the year brought at retail prices.

Or suppose these writers had received for their work each a gripman's wages, then the aggregate amount would have been $120,000,000—not enough to pay the pensioners of the government, but enough to support the army and navy of the United States for two whole years.

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It proves anew Mr. James's literary and artistic power.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. James's new novel is wonderfully clever, and displays to the utmost his extraordinary power of artistic craftsmanship. "What Maisie Knew" will be regarded as one of his most notable triumphs.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

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WHAT MAISIE KNEW

It deserves universal appreciation among the few who know what a really good thing is, for it is a masterpiece. It is certain that this author has never shown greater power than in "What Maisie Knew." The bitterness of this exposure of a corrupt society is indescribable, yet all is easy, without trace of rant or fustian. Irony and sarcasm, with fleeting, fugitive touch, are familiar to his readers, but if such want to see the fullest exercise of these powers, inspired by a subject which was a kind of inspiration, they must turn to this book.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

It will rank as one of his most notable achievements.—*New York Sun.*

It is quite impossible to ignore that, if the word have any significance and is ever to be used at all, we are here dealing with genius. This is a work of genius as much as Mr. Meredith's best work.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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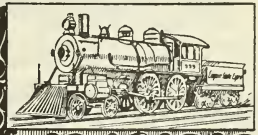

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THE CHAP-BOOK

Vol. VIII, No. 7 — SEMI-MONTHLY — February 15, 1898

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NOTES

M. ZOLA, from a literary point of view, cannot be greatly congratulated on his arraignment of the French Government. His indictment may, of course, be handed down as one of the historical documents of M. Faure's Presidency, just as Lord John Russell's letter from Edinburgh is always spoken of as having finally driven Peel's Cabinet to repeal the Corn Laws. That is to say, it will live possibly for its political effects, certainly not for its own merits as a composition. It is probable that no lasting production of that kind has ever come from a writer who was not also a statesman, or at any rate intimately acquainted with the practice of government. M. Zola has made a purely literary and rhetorical use of his opportunity. To repeat J'accuse nine times is effective journalism, but not conducive to immortality. After the fashion of men who are merely literary, M. Zola keeps to the external details of his topic. The larger and eternal issues embraced by all political pamphlets that remain fixed as literature, he either does not see or deliberately ignores. Imagine what Burke would have made of the Dreyfus case and one sees how pitifully M. Zola has failed to rise to the height of his argument. Even Mr. Gladstone could have done better, has indeed several times done better, especially in his Neapolitan Letters. We find in M. Zola's indictment nothing but the voluble force and sincerity of a pleader who is happily and earnestly conscious of a good case. The discussion is all taken up with the local and accidental, with special facts, with the immediate subject and one of the grandest opportunities ever given to a man of rising tranquilly above his sordid theme, of lighting it up by broad principles, of enshrining it in some enduring truth of human life or society has been recklessly or ignorantly thrown away. The book-man in politics has spoiled it all, luckily, perhaps, for France and M. Méline. Had France to-day a Voltaire, or a Milton, or a Swift, or even such a second-rater as the notorious "Junius" among her citizens, the Premier and the Republic would disappear at the same moment. As it is, M. Zola is ineffectual enough to be prosecuted.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST published recently a rather clever editorial on Mr. Kipling's poetry, in which it especially noted the absence of youthfulness from his verse. It found that though Mr. Kipling is still under thirty-five his attitude toward nature and love, the two subjects which supply three-quarters of the world's stock of juvenile poetry, differs completely from that of Wordsworth or Tennyson or Keats or Lowell in their early years. This difference, the Post explained, was partly owing to Mr. Kipling's apparent dislike of contemplation and quiet reflection. Nature to him is but the stormy background for the actions of men, not lovable or instructive for her own sake, not beautiful with any suggestion of philosophy or kinship with humanity, but simply the inevitable setting of brute force and passion. The criticism is not absolutely just, and certainly not so disparaging as the Post seems to think. Mr. Kipling, in all his essays in prose or verse, shows himself the full-blooded admirer of men who do things, of men who work with their hands for their bread and

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butter, the strong, unboasting laborers of the world. Such men may not have a sound "philosophy of nature," but they are rarely without a practical acquaintance with her charms. To them, and they are not therefore commonplace or unæsthetic, the presence of what Homer calls "the rich works of men" is essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens, orchards, farmhouses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labor, bring in the personal subjective note, the communicating sense of individual experience which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, fails to arouse. It is not possibly the most intellectual view of nature, but it is one that, though very general, had found no voice in poetry till Mr. Kipling came to give it fitting expression. It harmonizes well with Mr. Kipling's avoidance of generalities in everything, which is, perhaps, his most unyouthful quality. If he does not find in nature "the still, sad music of humanity," he finds at least the echoes of human beings.

This same attention to the feelings and actions of individuals has marked Mr. Kipling out among the writers of patriotic verse. Where Wordsworth and Tennyson dealt with England, Mr. Kipling deals with Englishmen, with the actual builders of the Empire in the very work of building it. There is a cue for us in this. America has been greatly, but never adequately, sung by Lowell, Whitman and Holmes. The patriotic poet of the future, if he is wise, will draw his inspiration not from the country as a whole, but from the separate states that compose it. It is probable that America, like the British Empire, is really too big a subject for a single poem, and the writer who wishes to stir his countrymen effectively with his verse will do well to confine himself to the ordinary geographical divisions, taking them one at a time and trusting to the composite results. It is chiefly a recognition of this that has given force and reality to Mr. Kipling's patriotic ballads. He brings out the character and the unity and variety of the British Empire by emphasising its component parts, by treating each colony as a character in a great drama. So, too, when the Song of the Americans comes to be written, it will be the states that will hold the leading parts, though America will lead the orchestra. And the writer of such a song, if it be worthy, will have a reward as great, if not greater, than Mr. Kipling's. England has a good deal to thank her literary men for in the cultivation of Imperialism. Froude and Seeley did much to start the movement, but it was left to Mr. Kipling to make the Empire a living, palpable fact to the ordinary Englishman. We believe the popular enthusiasm of the Jubilee year, when England discovered the British Empire, would have been all but impossible but for Mr. Kipling's stirring verse. Is the unity of America so complete and satisfactory that no poet could do a like service here? Are Kansas and New York so obviously sympathetic that a further tie would be superfluous? We imagine not. Indeed, we believe that the poet who does for America what Mr. Kipling has done for the British Empire, will not only meet with an instant response, but will have effected a political work of great consequence. Where shall such a poet be found? Who will be the Kipling of America?

THE CAPITAL ARTICLE in the current number of Harper's Magazine, from the pen of George Du Maurier, on his two famous predecessors, Leech and Keane, suggests some doubts as to the permanence of our most conspicuous society artists. It is clear that a pictorial satirist must either select some enduring type for his art to play upon, such as Du Maurier himself found in Sir Pompey Bedell and Sir Georgius Midas, or else give such a picture of social life, manners, dress, and so on as future generations will care to dwell upon. In other words, his lasting reputation will depend on his historical accuracy. If it be found that he has not seized upon some eternal characteristic in human nature, or that he has not portrayed with fullness and comprehension the life of the world around him, no mere grace in technique can save his name from passing away. Leech has nothing to fear under the first of these headings; Keane and Du Maurier nothing under either. No one will ever quite understand the London of the eighties without continual reference to Du Maurier. Can it be said that a study of Messrs. Gibson and Wenzell, for instance, will be equally necessary to an inquirer into the life of New York as it is today? Have these artists, has either one of them, that knowledge of life or that closeness of vision which will make his work an inevitable guide to the future student? The answer must be a reluctant negative. Mr. Gibson gives us a great deal, but he does not give us New York. Mr. Wenzell, though often charmingly successful as an artist, is equally incomplete as a historian. Indeed, from the crowd of very able black-and-white artists whose work appears in American papers and magazines, we should select Mr. Remington as the one whose reputation is the most likely to last. Mr. Remington has taken a phase of life which even now is

passing away and assuming an almost historical interest, and has made it worthily his own, surpassing all others in the vigor and accuracy of his portraiture. He will have the reward which always comes to work ably and earnestly done; and when the prettinesses of the Life coterie are forgotten, Mr. Remington will still be studied for the knowledge there is to be derived from him.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE may be pleased to learn that the reputation of Englishmen for making fools of themselves in America has been considerably lessened by his discreet and conciliatory behavior. Whether Mr. Le Gallienne, who will begin his lecturing tour "through the States" very shortly, will not restore the fame of his countrymen in that particular is an interesting question. Judging from Mr. Le Gallienne's written works and from the singular impression he made on New York during a very short visit some three years ago, we feel confident he will. At any rate, we hold it a piece of practical wisdom that Mr. Le Gallienne should defer the choice of his New England home until after the lecturing tour has come to a safe conclusion. We do not know precisely why Mr. Le Gallienne should come here at all. It can hardly be as a literary man that he intends to display himself to us, for his merits as a poet or essayist are peculiarly few, by no means so numerous as those of many American writers who keep decently at home. We are inclined to explain his visit by the inherited frenzy of American women for Englishmen with reputations. It is really not Mr. Le Gallienne's fault. We ought not to blame him for any foolishness which may accompany his visit. That great cynic, Major Pond, is the chief culprit, and the intelligent minority of American women are his accomplices. A democracy has the lecturers as well as the government it deserves.

WHEN MR. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS extended, through The Chap-Book, an invitation to Mr. Andrew Lang to stop writing for a while and take a rest, it did not perhaps occur to him—it certainly did not to us—that there were several people in America who thought Mr. Bangs himself was in need of his own remedy. Since the publication of that unhappy squib there has been a perfect cyclone of tu quoques. We printed one of them ourselves, not caring to decide definitely which of the two gentlemen had really written the most, or which should be the first to limit his output. It would have been better if other journals had observed a similar moderation. Unfortunately, throughout America, in the obscurest villages, local poets arose, forgetful of genuine Americanism, and with one voice, as it seemed, declared that Mr. Bangs was welcome to a prolonged and apparently indefinite holiday. We regret the insinuation which was implied in this generous prescription. In the absence of any scientific data to determine which is the more exasperating—Mr. Bangs' humor or Mr. Lang's cleverness—caution counsels the golden mean. We sway neither to the right nor to the left; and if any one wishes to present a further diagnosis of Mr. Lang's case, our columns are open to him. In the meantime, Mr. Bangs will not take it unkindly if we venture, in the interests of justice, to reprint the following poem taken from Life and addressed to him. It seems to bear more or less directly on the subject under discussion.

COBWEBS FROM ANOTHER LIBRARY CORNER

I

THIS HAS NO SEAL.

John Kendrick Bangs: I beg of you
Go take a rest a year or two.
Go hunt a mayorship, get out
A thousand miles, where you can flout
Your tiny banners to the waste
Of some Sahara, where no paste
May clog the tide of sense and time—
Go choose a tree and quickly climb.
You write so fast, none stops to read
Half what you do; 'tis truth, indeed.
No page I turn but what I find
Your name tagged on some verse behind.
Go off and sleep a year or more!
Dear Bangs, yes, you can sleep a score.

II

THE PUNSTER (?)

So much of wit is yours, I ken,
I cannot help but think, alas!
You 're not a human fountain pen—
But just a well, that oozes gas.

H. S. Keller.

MR. DANIEL FROHMAN made a blunder when, on the program of the Lyceum Theatre, he announced The Tree of Knowledge as "an original play, by the author of The Home Secretary and Liberty Hall," for it reminded the audience of far better work than Mr. R. C. Carton's latest achievement. The Home Secretary was a capital piece of its kind, and Liberty Hall contained a great deal of genuine comedy; both plays, moreover, showed such originality that we had good reason to expect from their author future works of notable excellence; consequently The Tree of Knowledge is a disappointment.

And yet The Tree of Knowledge is by no reason a bad play. On the contrary, it tells an entertaining story in an entertaining and occasion-

ally a dramatic fashion. But it makes one shocking revelation: Mr. Carton has fallen under the influence of that prince of charlatans in the drama, that Philistine of Philistines, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones! A worse fate could overtake no dramatist of talent. Under the circumstances, could anything be more ridiculous than the popular belief that The Tree of Knowledge is an immoral drama? It might have been written and played by the leading members of Dr. Parkhurst's Bible class. Now for the ways by which the clammy influence of Jones has infected the younger and the better man. Jones ought to have been a romantic novelist; several of his later plays, if turned into novels, would make the fortune of a publisher like F. Tennyson Neely. The Physician, moreover, his latest production seen in this country, could be used in the dual capacity of novel and tract. In other words, Jones is first a story-teller, then a moralist. How he ever became a playwright is one of those mysteries of which the artistic life, in all its branches, offers so many conspicuous examples. Now in The Tree of Knowledge, Mr. Carton, too, figures as novelist and as moralist. The consequence is, of course, that he sacrifices everything, probability, character, even common sense, to his story, and that he smears his work with a wash of cheap sentiment. Yet judgment of all such plays must be comparative, and when we consider how much worse it might have been, how much worse Jones might have made it, we realize that Mr. Carton has tried to rise above his material.

But can any playwright rise very far above the tedious old adventuress who grows more and more ridiculous in the drama each season? We have had enough of her; it is time that she should be allowed to rest. In The Tree of Knowledge she has "spoiled" one young man's life before the curtain goes up, and by the close of the first act we know that she is going to "spoil" the life of his friend, who, knowing nothing of her history, has married her. How easily lives are "spoiled" in the drama, by the way! No sooner is the adventuress accepted by her husband's family than she hears that her father-in-law has just been ruined. Her feelings need no description, nor perhaps, does the rest of the story. It is enough that the stale conclusions are reached through episodes that might be far more sensational and hysterical than they are. In his management of the plot Mr. Carton has certainly shown considerable restraint. This restraint and the skill shown in construction which, till that wearisome last act, sustains the interest, constitute the merits of the drama. The dialogue, in spite of occasional epigrammatic flashes and here and there a gleam of genuine humor, approaches very nearly the rarefied language of the exalted beings of melodrama, and the characters are weakly, in a few cases, even wildly drawn.

Why, then, should The Tree of Knowledge have any life in New York? For several reasons, most playgoers prefer to see fairy stories on the stage rather than plays built on character and giving pictures of life. So The Tree of Knowledge is likely to attract interested audiences. Then, too, Mr. Frohman has presented the piece with a cast that is, on the whole, adequate, and in the work of a few of the players, extremely interesting. At present Miss Julie Opp is the most interesting figure among his band. As the adventuress, Miss Opp looked very beautiful, displayed several exquisite gowns, and, notwithstanding a certain crudeness, acted with distinction and with an astonishing power. She has great talent, and if she can acquire sincerity as well as authority of manner, and rid herself of her affectations, she will do fine work on the stage. Miss Mary Mannering, a born player, with a temperament that gives her acting both vitality and absolute naturalness, was altogether charming as the ingenuous young girl who solaces the young hero at the close of the drama. How hideously familiar Jones has made the type! Mr. Carton, be it said to his credit, has kept it free from some of its most offensive qualities. Mr. Felix Morris had a part that suited his style, and this means that he gave a most lifelike characterization. As the lugubrious hero, Mr. Edward Morgan played with splendid effect in the scene where he had a chance to show strong emotion. At all other times he was too ponderous in style. So far he has shown extraordinary aptitude for heavy work, but he lacks plasticity and lightness.

MR. NAT GOODWIN has done an admirable and distinguished thing by the production of Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, Nathan Hale. He has made for himself a position as an actor and an actor-manager which whole years of appearance in such pieces as An American Citizen could not have brought about. Mrs. Riley's play was perfectly satisfactory as farce comedy—indeed, it was remarkably good farce comedy, but there have been times in Mr. Goodwin's career when he showed himself capable of much better work. Nathan Hale was his opportunity, and he has taken advantage of it.

The play is the best thing Mr. Fitch has done since Beau Brummell, his earliest. At no time since then has he come so near to pleasing critics and public alike — the play has been an unmistakable popular success. Nathan Hale has unques-

ACT I—NATHAN HALE

tionable faults. It is not the heroic play one might have hoped for; it is frankly melodramatic comedy. Yet, on the whole, it is the most satisfactory American historical play we have had yet. The Devil's Disciple, Mr. Bernard Shaw's curious, satirical Revolutionary play, is, perhaps, more interesting to the few, but for the public it is only baffling and tantalizing. Mr. Fitch's effects are broad and, fortunately, never vulgar.

No character in our national romance has had more charm or interest for the mass of people than Nathan Hale, and, basing his story on the few facts known in his life, Mr. Fitch has built up an exciting plot. He has added a love-story which becomes the main feature of his play, and which—in the stage version—is the real cause of Hale's capture. Alice Adams is at first one of Hale's pupils in the school he taught after his graduation from Yale—afterwards she is his sweetheart.

The first act, which is a mere prologue, shows their love-making in the school-room in a very pretty, light vein of comedy. In Act II, when every one else refuses to be a spy, Hale offers to aid Washington at this crisis by undertaking to penetrate the British lines and learn the plans for the attack on New York. Earlier, in a moment of enthusiasm, he had promised Alice never to risk his life unnecessarily. Hidden behind curtains, she has heard his offer, and she comes out of her concealment to hold him to his pledge. "You could not love a coward," says Hale. "Yes," replies Alice, "if he were a coward for my sake." Hale persists, and they part unreconciled.

In the third act he is in the enemy's lines, disguised as a school-teacher. One of the officers suspects him and plays a trick. He sends for Alice—saying Hale is wounded in the British camp, and wishes to see her before he dies. He proposes to confront the suspected man with his sweetheart. Any recognition on her part means Hale's immediate arrest. She comes. Hale has tried to warn her of the trick. The audience is left in suspense. The girl comes on the stage—the soldiers are watching her face and Hale's. There is a moment of dreadful suspense. She stares at one after the other, and never changes countenance.

It is an excellent scene — the supreme feature of the play—and a sigh of relief goes through the house. It lasts but a second, however, for Hale, crazy with passion, shows himself at the first opportunity, and is promptly arrested by the soldiers who have been watching him from the house. For the moment the audience is allowed to think he has escaped, for he knocks down two soldiers and clatters away on his horse with Alice

But the last act shows that they were captured by the second line of pickets. The scene is first in the tent where Hale is awaiting execution, then the orchard where he is hanged. The setting of the final scene is, perhaps, the most beautiful we have ever seen, and never did scenery more really play a part in a play. There are but two speeches in the last act, and the whole effect is produced by the contrast of the sunlit orchard and the grim scene for which it is to be a setting.

Mr. Goodwin played his part with a seriousness

MR. CLYDE FITCH

and a dignity which are worthy of note. He never forced his effects; if anything, he preferred to underplay. The only unfavorable criticisms which were made on his performance were that in his effort to be restrained and to avoid his own popular humorous methods he had run into the danger of missing the fire and impetuosity of youth. It is a kind of fault which is rare enough to be welcome, and those who remember In Mizzoura will feel sure that in time Mr. Goodwin will put vigor enough into his part. If he had not won new friends by his acting, he would have made them by his management. Nothing could be more admirable than the mounting he has given the piece. The costumes have seldom been surpassed—not alone for historical accuracy, but for atmospheric value and charm of color. The scenery, especially in the third and fourth acts, is marvelous in ingenuity and realism. In fact, the orchard scene in the last act has never been equaled, and the lighting—done with taste and judgment—was excellent.

Aside from the production, perhaps the most agreeable feature of the play was the success of Miss Elliott and Miss Gertrude Elliott. Miss Maxine Elliott gave an extremely satisfactory performance, showing an emotional power far beyond anything her previous parts had suggested her capable of. In her two strongest scenes her acting was all that could be desired, while her beauty gave convincing excuse for Hale's love, which line after line could not have accomplished. Miss Gertrude Elliott was exceedingly piquant and wonderful in the quaintest of colonial costumes. Her playing of the small part allotted to her suggested possibilities for a considerable future.

Of Mr. Fitch's work, it is not necessary to say a great deal. His play is dramatic; sincere in his important scenes, pleasantly witty in the lighter parts, and, on the whole, well done. He has relied for atmosphere almost entirely on the scenery and costumes—there is no suggestion in the lines of anything colonial or last century. This may be intentional or not.

There has been some discussion lately as to whether or not Jacobitism did really exist in America. There came lately to the editor of The Chap-Book, addressed in an unknown hand, and postmarked "Roxbury, Mass.," the interesting card, a reproduction of which we print below.

This, we take it, is evidence that there are veritable Jacobites in unsuspected corners.

After the columns and pages of unmeasured space devoted by American newspapers and critical journals to the praise of Dr. Mitchell's story, Hugh Wynne, it is well for ballasting purposes to read the London Chronicle's review of the book. Fortunately, perhaps, for our native pride, the critic's remarks are shortly finished.

Of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's bulky novel, Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker: sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His Excellency General Washington, we can only say that we have found it as long-winded, as pretentious, and as uninspired as its title. It is supposed to be written by Hugh Wynne himself, in the first person; and the style is a laborious counterfeit of the style of a last century memoir, but so clumsy and palpable a counterfeit that the reader is constantly irritated by it, and never for an instant "taken in." As for the story—it moves at such a snail's pace, we honestly can't help wondering how the author kept awake as he composed it. In short, to twist about a tried and trusty reviewer's phrase, there is not an amusing line in the book, from title-page to finis.

THE PIONEER

WHY, he never can tell;
But, without a doubt,
He knows very well
He must trample out
Through forest and fell
The world about
A way for himself,
A way for himself.

By sun and star,
Forlorn and lank,
O'er cliff and scar,
O'er bog and bank,
He hears afar
The expresses clank
"You 'll never get there,
You 'll never get there!"

His bones and bread
Poor Turlygod*
From his wallet spread
On the grass-green sod,
And stared and said
With a mow and a nod,
"Whither away, sir,
Whither away?"

"I'm going alone,
Though Hell forefend,
By a way of my own
To the bitter end."
He gnawed a bone
And snarled, "My friend,
You 'll soon get there,
You 'll soon get there."

But whether or no,
The world is round;
And he still must go
Through depths profound,
O'er heights of snow,
On virgin ground
To find a grave,
To find a grave.

For he knows very well
He must trample out
Through Heaven and Hell,
With never a doubt,
A way of his own
The world about.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

*Bedlam beggars. . . . "Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!"—King Lear.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A REPLY TO MR. PODMORE

EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK, February 4, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

AS you did not cast aside Periwinkle Podmore's letter of the 5th ult. but printed it, I feel there is a bare possibility that your check to him might be only sufficient to cover "postage only," so please send me a bill for what you consider "Brigadier-General Pond's" share worth.

Periwinkle Podmore will be sorry to know the truth. "Certain American Authors" are giving public readings and have been at it since I can remember. As incredulous as it may appear, his friend, F. Hopkinson Smith, has been for the past ten years one of the most successful "readers from his own works" in the American Lyceum. Ask in any city, North, South, East or West, who is the most successful author-reader in America and who "draws the largest audiences that have assembled in these cities," and if they do n't say "F. Hopkinson Smith," I do not ask you to ever believe me again. "Mark Twain" and George W. Cable raked in a great haul in 1883-'84,—thousands and thousands of dollars. Kate Douglas Wiggin made over $70,000 for Kindergarten Associations in about six years, reading her charming stories. John Kendrick Bangs and "Chimmie Fadden" are now reaping double prices for their "stuff," first from the publisher and then from reading it "out loud" to audiences who pay fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and one dollar. The above are a few of the American "readers from their own works" that the public will pay to hear, because Americans are always glad to pay a hundred cents where they can get a dollar's worth, and not generally otherwise.

There are authors, whose names are legion, who think they can read and draw audiences, not only in all parts of America, but Europe, who are constantly writing that they know they can make me rich if I would only take them. As if I did n't care for riches, but preferred to stand as an impediment to their success. Periwinkle Podmore ought not to be of this class, and why he is I cannot understand, except that the public will make its own choice.

The disease is as bad in England as here. Hall Caine read a short novel (unpublished) in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Liverpool to tremendous paying crowds a year ago. "Ian Maclaren" has read a few times, and the crowds of his Scotch and English patrons were as great as he had here, and the enthusiasm greater. I find the same conditions prevail all over the intelligent part of civilization, and even in China and Japan. Only have something to give for what one receives, and the crowd will never cease to come. No, never.

Yours very truly,
J. B. POND.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS

I. TO NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

SIR: In once more addressing the departed and irresponsive great I feel how vast is the opportunity in the leisure of eternity for that converse with the wise and good to which the dying Socrates looked forward hopefully. Even in the field of Letters; even in that secluded glebe which you gardened, how innumerable are the topics! One thinks of you in the Paradise of Genius, as wearing the young form of the beautiful Oberon (to remind you of your college nickname), who watched and mused from the curtained window of the little room in Salem. One thinks of the custom-house official who was busy, like Geoffrey Chaucer, with bills of lading, and whose nights and Sundays were given to musings over

> For me more real than living man
> Nurslings of Immortality.

To the unknown, remote author, paid at three dollars a tale, were given quiet hours wherein to distil the gray-tinted romance of Puritanism in a strange land; the creed of Jehovah restored among red-skinned idolatrous Amalekites. Did space and time permit, we might quarrel over that same Puritanism. If I may judge by the writings of Mr. Increase Mather and William Penn, you are too severe in The Gray Champion on the first king who made all faiths free, King James. But, indeed, the monarch's character is not entirely pure from blemishes, though I never heard that, like your Puritan ancestors, he hanged any Quakers for their religion. Yourself know a pang when the Puritan fanatic cuts down the Maypole and decides that New England shall not be Merry England. To banish mirth encouraged by the wisdom of the old Church; to find romance and excitement in the hysterics of the conscience and under the Minister's Black Veil; in that lay the wisdom of the Puritan Fathers. Thence out of all these tragedies of the relations between the heart and its Maker, from these passions of remorse and dread, excited by secret sins, you were to weave the tale of The Scarlet Letter. Indeed, your field is the heart; not as vainly amatorious, not as moved by women's eyes, but as the home of the hunger after righteousness and the famine of human enjoyment and human love.

If ever a genius was differentiated by heredity (what a style is the jargon of modern science!) surely that genius was yours. As in Sir Walter we see the whole romance of Scotland, from Bruce to Prince Charles, living again, as it were, in his brain and blood, so the whole romance of New England Puritanism seems to relive in your imagination. The Theocracy of the early days seems to cast its gloom over the glowing woodlands of the Indian summer. Beauty is somehow under a spell, or a primal curse; is fair and fated and ineffectual as in Clifford of The House of the Seven Gables. Or, again, it is freakish and heathenish, as if touched by some wild magic of the dispossessed Red Men in the child Pearl. Or it is darkened and saddened, as in Hilda, by the shadow of another's guilt and the burden of a terrible secret accidentally shared. And then Puritanism breaks down, and there is no refuge for the stainless sufferer but in the all-embracing wisdom and charity of that ancient Church which your fathers renounced as "idolatrous." All beauty is stained or doomed or venomed, as Rappacini's daughter, "that poisonous woman," so darkly does the legacy of Puritanism weigh upon Oberon the Fair.

The crazy cruelties of old superstition press upon his fancy like the weights laid on that stout-hearted carle of the witchcraft mania, who refused to plead. His mind is tenanted by prophecies and curses of men and women, murdered to satisfy the pedantry of preachers like the Mathers. He wanders in the borderland of many mysteries not understood, and about the secret of undying life, and, as in The Haunted Mind, round the resting-places of the dead. "You think how they are lying in their cold shrouds and narrow coffins, through the drear winter of the grave, and cannot persuade your fancy that they neither shrink nor shiver when the snow is drifting over their little hillocks, and the bitter blast howls against the door of the tomb."

Yet with this funereal element and that strange harping on a hidden Shame, there is the manful spirit which subdues these fancies and does not permit them to darken all your genius as they darkened the genius of Poe. There is sunlight as it passes down the aisles and through the clerestories of the forest primeval, sunlight that falls on the face of Phoebe and lights, with her shining doves, on the shoulders of Hilda.

Fantasy is your province as it was the province of Gautier. To throw into normal life a strange ingredient, and watch the elements in their new unobserved fermentation, is of the essence of your method. Thus comes the dark and Secret Stranger of the Catacombs, escaped, none know how, from an adventure which none dare ask about, and mixing in the friendly and familiar world of normal man. There is a trou noir in life, and it opens, and a presence emerges, rather felt than seen, rather surmised than felt, like a blight in spring.

The Note Books are full of hints of such fantasies, for the most part never wrought out. Occasionally such ideas occur to the mind, and one wishes for your genius to develop what must remain a blank negative. Thus I have dreamed of a Man who, innocent in life and kind of heart, should yet, by some want of chemical conformity between himself and his neighbors, prove a kind of moral Upas tree, or an ethical Jettatore as fatally and unconsciously as Gautier's hero. Or I have wished that you had chosen for hero a φυλὴ poet, of the Lovelace and Suckling and Carew type, born in one of your stern Puritan villages, long ago, and driven forth to herd with the idolatrous Red Men. Or again, what a character for you would have been Muckle John Gibb, prophet of the sweet singers. A mystic light shone round him and his, when they burned the Bible on the moor, because it was not free from a human admixture in the headings of the chapters, or for some such exquisite reason. So, exiled to America for exceeding the standards of the Kirk, and rejected by your fathers, he became the leading Jossakeed of a Red Indian tribe, and, I doubt not, saying Medicine Chants in a rich Ayrshire accent. He might have given you matter for a tale, as, more recent, might have done the Ghost Dance, and the new religion of the Sioux and Arrapahoes. Or our state trials, as you said, might have yielded you fifty romances.

Your style, so grave, so softly and richly coloured, so musical, so pure of all the dreadful recent slang, makes you, I venture to think, the first classic of your country's literature. Not out of translated foreign idioms and revived provincialisms is a classical and permanent style, like yours, to be fashioned. Yours is a genius mellowed by time, and of deep root in a good old English soil.

So farewell to one now satisfied, whom our life could not satisfy, who, at home, found the new too raw, and abroad found the old too sad, or too interwoven with prejudices and traditions which were not yours. A. Lang.

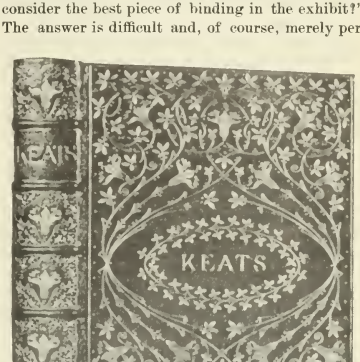
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ACROSS Time's chart to lure man on, still rolls Life's sounding sea—
Its billows rushing mountain high—its wild winds blowing free;
All ports are thine, dear mariner—though others name thee dead,
I sight thy pennants flying, and I know thy sails are spread.

Emma Carleton.

BOOKBINDINGS OF THE CENTURY

THE Caxton Club, of Chicago, recently gave an exhibition of bookbindings of the nineteenth century. The examples were selected with reference to the decorative or artistic, rather than the craftsman's side. Almost daily the question was asked: "Which do you consider the best piece of binding in the exhibit?" The answer is difficult and, of course, merely personal. There is a principle laid down by Ruskin in his Two Paths, of which a copy—beautifully bound by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, in brown morocco, with a border of carnations, in foliation, and a semis of triple-dots—was in the exhibit. "The true forms of conventional ornament," says Mr. Ruskin, "consist in the bestowal of as much beauty on the object as shall be consistent with its Material, its Place, and its Office." This seems to have been Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's guiding principle in the decoration of book-covers from the beginning. Then, if the principle be sound, one should place the copy of Shelley's Prometheus first—though the Kelmscott Keats, in light olive morocco with daffodils in swirling foliations; and the Kelmscott Herrick, in green morocco, with diaper design of wild roses—both done by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, came close to it in the admiration of many. The Prometheus, which the artist himself looks upon as one of his most successful efforts, was bound for the Shelley Centenary, 1892. It is in spring-willow green morocco, the two sides

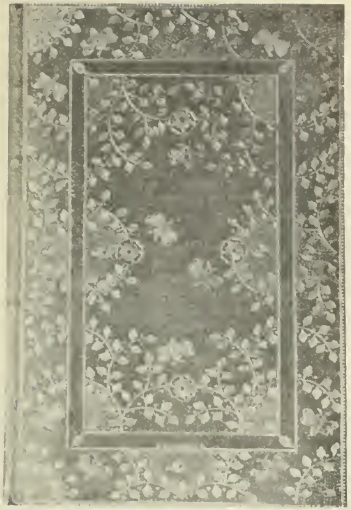


and back completely covered with ornamentation, small oval centers on the sides being left for the lettering. The delicate framework of flowing lines have Tudor roses at the terminations, and though these lines are thickly foliated, and the ground studded with nebulæ of gold stars, they are still sufficiently distinct to give character to the design. If gold dots had been used instead of stars, the composition must have lacked that lightness of touch which is one of its charms. A rose, a leaf, a star, and circle-segments—these are the few simple tools with which the design is built up. If there seems to be an exuberance of decoration for the mere covers of a book, then the reader should be reminded that Shelley's The Sensitive Plant and To a Skylark are within. Yet Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's work has the distinctive quality of reticence where reticence is demanded, as in the Two Paths, The Germ, and King Florus, to enumerate no others. Whether his design be full, or limited simply to angle decorations, back panels, or center ornament, it never seems crowded or overdone. There is neither too much nor too little. And his decoration is mainly confined to the outsides, with the slightest ornamentation of the inside borders. Vellum linings and ends are the nearest approach to a doublure that I have seen in any example of his work, and never one à mosaïque. Perhaps this province of exclusion has been exercised only against Chicago collectors. Our atmosphere is fatal to delicate mosaics that are much handled or exposed.

Bookbinding, as an art, was at low ebb in the beginning of the present century. In England, Roger Payne had left no worthy successor; in France, Simier was binder to the king; and in America the art was as yet unknown. Murton and Kalthoeber, and the other German importations, did little to keep its traditions alive in England. Examples by these craftsmen that can be positively identified do them little credit, and they are comparatively few and unimportant. Kalthoeber's decorated examples are rarely in morocco, but his simple designs of roulette borders, garlands, festoons and flower-pots are often found on old calf. Yet his work belongs to the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century. Charles Lewis and Charles Hering, the former beloved of Dr. Dibdin, did some fair work, but russia and calf were then, as now, poor materials to immortalize a binder or perpetuate an art. A small example of Lewis's work in calf, and bearing his name, was in the Caxton exhibit, but its decoration was confined to a double fillet, Renaissance angle ornaments, and full-tooled back panels. Another example that may have been his was in russia, with the usual simple ornaments. Lewis executed a few examples in morocco, with decorations along classical lines, technically excellent, but lacking originality of design. Clark, who worked with Lewis, finally went into partnership with Bedford, but his fame rests largely on examples done in tree-calf. Francis Bedford, with Riviere, and Zaehnsdorf the elder, have all died within fifteen years, and possessed, while living, the distinction, as Mr. Horne

says, "which has been possible only in the present century, of having finished their books in every style but their own." Bedford and Riviere were excellent forwarders, and good specimens of the work of all three were in the Caxton exhibit. The successors of Robert Riviere, Messrs. Riviere & Son; and the present Joseph Zaehnsdorf, surpass their predecessors in ingenuity of design, and the best forwarding by the former leaves little to be desired. Both have enterprise, and both employ good artists to prepare original designs for which new tools are cut and the finishing then done by expert craftsmen. The later examples by Riviere & Son show a marked improvement in the quality and color of the gold finish.

Roger de Coverly, Pratt, and the amateurs, Miss S. T. Prideaux, Miss Irene Nichols, and Sir Edward Sullivan were all represented by characteristic examples. Sir Edward's signature is "E. S. Aurifex," from which we are to infer that he does only the finishing. Hayday, Halloway, Mackenzie, Morley



(Oxford), Tout, and Ramage were represented by one or more examples each.

In much of the present-day English work the influence of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is distinctly noticeable, and this influence is not entirely unfelt in America.

In France, Simier, Thouvenin, and Bozérian did mediocre work in poor materials, and perhaps these craftsmen were not even fairly represented. But of those French binders from Purgold to the present day the representation was good so far as it went.

Purgold and his successor, Bauzonnet, were among the first to abandon the styles of the Directory, the Empire,and the Restoration, but perhaps their chief claim on a grateful posterity will rest on the work of the more illustrious George Trautz, who married Miss Purgold, daughter-in-law to Bauzonnet, eventually succeeded to the business of both, and was the first bookbinder to be made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. Examples by Trautz-Bauzonnet, the name under which his best work was done, are rarely found out of France, and always command fanciful prices. There were two good specimens in the Caxton exhibit—not of his more elaborate compositions, yet representative of the craftsman at his best. George Trautz, like many of his contemporary craftsmen, had not the creative faculty, and his work is remarkable rather for its technical excellence and invention than for its originality of design. One quality it did possess in an eminent degree, however—perfection of gilding. The work of Cuzin, and his successor, Mercier, of Lortic, Marius Michel, and Chambolle-Duru enjoys the same distinction in our day, among French binders. Is it the quality or color of the gold used? Perhaps their precious metal is less alloyed than that prepared out of France, as some have urged, but its richness is rather due to the quantity, and to the Frenchman's choice of morocco. Yet examples by the same finisher, be it said, are not always uniform in depth and brilliancy, which may be, and doubtless often is, due in great measure to the color of the leather. A proper shade of green shows the gold to much better advantage than royal purple, or brown, which colors are better suited to ornamentation in blind—that is, impressions of the tools without gold. The French gilder of to-day seems to prefer the vigorous line, and tools of solid face or those lightly shaded by the graver, as offering the best surface to the burnisher. But if he builds up a spray of foliage he sees to it that his design is not crowded, and that stems, leaves, buds, and flowers are nicely adjusted in point of size. And these designs bear some relation to the size of the surface treated, even when confined to a border or panel of interlacing or rectangular fillets. It is not unwise, therefore, to leave the French binder to his own plottings in most cases. He will nearly always show a preference for marbled papers for linings and ends—which you may or may not like, to be sure—and if he uses a brocade he will try, and nearly always

succeed, if the book be a French romance, to have the pattern contemporary with the story. It is doubtful if he would use brocade at all, if left to his own devices, as his marbled paper wears well and will resist the oil of the leather, which silk fabrics and plain papers do not. It were better not to demand too many concessions.

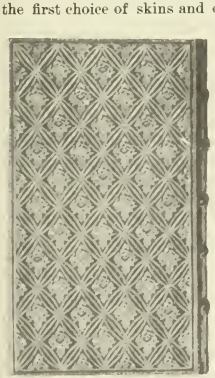
There are two classes of craftsmen in France to-day. The first, with Mercier, Chambolle, the Lortics, and Marius Michel at the head, follows the traditional lines of decoration, varying combinations which show invention if not originality, and leaving nothing to desire in point of technical finish. The second, headed by Gruel, Ruban, Meunier, and Raparlier, of Paris, and Camille Martin and René Wiener, of Nancy, seeks to do new things in a new way. It is futile to argue that their work is not bookbinding, as is frequently done. Some of their most fantastic examples approach dangerously near the line, but nothing in the present exhibit was calculated to startle one by its whimsicalness or inappropriateness. Several members of the new school have been very successful in the manipulation of leather, and all those named are skilled artists as well as craftsmen. One may not care to have his book-cover present a landscape in modeled leather, but if Raparlier was fairly represented his "innovations" and "deviations" will not prove a killing matter to the art. Gold plays a small part in his decorations. With diminutive sculptor's tools he models his design on the leather. "These tools are heated, by which means," Miss Prideaux tells us, "the leather is slightly burnt and shadowed in greater or less degree. Inlays of other colors are then applied of various thicknesses, according to the relief required, and the modeling proceeds, the whole being kept very wet until it is sufficiently worked up. A certain amount of acid or coloring matter is added, if required, to give vigor to the design, which, when completed, is perfectly hard and can be subjected to the ordinary pressure." The larger of the two examples in the Caxton exhibit has designs differing on the two sides, but the relief portions in colors do not have the appearance of inlays but of modelings colored by the use of acid—a process not new by any means, but practiced, though less skillfully, in Cambridge, England, early in the eighteenth century. The blind tooling, modeling, and coloring as shown in Raparlier's work could hardly be more effectively done without the use of gold. But when the relief portion of a design is in solid metal, the book becomes unworthy of intimate association with its fellows. The exhibition at Bings, in Paris, in

1896, brought to light not only the innovations practiced in France, but, what is far more interesting, it revealed the fact that the best traditions of the art are now undergoing a revival outside of France,—in Belgium, Denmark, Sweden—indeed, the Renaissance seems to extend even to Helsingfors, Finland, where a Count and Countess Sparre are doing excellent work in designing. But Clément of Copenhagen, not the first among the Danes, and Hedberg of Stockholm, were the only binders of Scandinavia represented at the Caxton exhibit. The floreate mosaics of Hedberg show a refinement of feeling and a delicacy of execution that is very promising.

If one must judge from the specimens that come to America, the decorative side of the art of bookbinding in England, and in Europe generally, has been undergoing a radical change since France became a sister Republic. Perhaps this is due to a change of political—or moral—sentiment. There are no "Dear Dianes," no De Nerrues, De Pompadours, and Du Barrys, with patents of noble lineage emblazoning decorative art. These noble ladies were great sources of inspiration to the royal bookbinders of their day. The numerous quarterings and changes made necessary by the assumption of new relations and responsibilities taxed the resources of the die-cutters as well as those of the craftsmen. In this connection, M. Ernest Quentin Bauchart, in his Les Femmes Bibliophiles de France, has politely solved a riddle that long puzzled us. It seems that Diane de Poitiers on the death of her husband, Louis de Brezé, Comte de

Maulevrier, took for her device an arrow surrounded by laurel branches and rising from a tomb, which arrow bore the inscription Sola vivit in illo. But this allegory embarrassed her when she became attached to the court of Henri Deux. So she withdrew the tomb from her armor, and changed the gender of the pronoun in the legend thus: Sola vivit in illa, which satisfactorily accounts for the two devices found in the armorial examples of binding from her collection. Heraldry plays a small part in the decorative treatment of book-covers to-day, not that it is unpopular in America either, but its uses and limitations are perhaps better understood by collectors of books than by others who affect it in any measure, and it is less cared for. We have a relish for it on the books of La Belle Marquise, and on those of Marie Antoinette, but not on our own. It was otherwise "when Louis Quinze was king," or when Nell Gwyn wore mourning for the Cham of Tartary. Heraldry cuts a comparatively unimportant figure in the modern illustrations of books on the art. And Mr. Cobden-Sanderson knows it not in his artistic vocabulary. So perhaps Republicanism is responsible, in a measure, for the turn in decorative art as applied to bookbinding.

It remains to say a word about the art in America, the practice of which has been beset with difficulties from the beginning. As the best moroccos are still dressed and dyed in Paris, whether from the Levant or the Cape, the French craftsmen take the first choice of skins and colors. Their stamps are better, sharper and deeper engraved than ours. Their gold we have never been able to approach until recently. And French craftsmen are generally more successful in the manipulation of the leather—as to its polish and the preservation of the grain under a polished surface—after it is on the book. We are improving in all respects where improvement is possible—even to the extent of importing French finishers, as was done recently by the Club Bindery in New York. The credit for this improvement is largely due to the efforts of the late William Matthews. Its continuance and further development rests mainly with ourselves—by liberal patronage. If the Grolier Club and the Caxton Club and the Rowfanters of Cleveland continue their efforts to promote good bookmaking in a practical way, by fostering such enterprises as the Club Bindery—and it is announced that the Rowfant Club has a similar project on foot—they must directly and indirectly encourage and support deserving independent craftsmen. There never was a time in the history of the art when technical execution surpassed or even equaled the best work of our day. But what we most need now, are artists who will make designs in black-and-white suitable for leather work, efficient tool engravers to follow these designs, and, above all, and again, liberal patronage.



W. Irving Way.

THE PODMORE LETTERS

IV

A MODEL ARTICLE

Periwinkle Podmore,
Literary Journalist.
Personalities a Specialty.

New York, Feb. 1, 1898.

To the Editor of The Chap-Book:

I OBSERVE with feelings of mingled delight and sadness that one of your contemporaries has revived an old-fashioned and fascinating expedient of copymakers, in a projected series of articles on Authors at Home. It will be interesting to watch the progress of these articles. There was a time when we had authors who were interesting at home, and it is quite possible that there are a few of them left. Who the new home-bodies are to be I am not aware, but I presume that they will include the most eminent scribes on the lists—fellows like Mr. Caine, who I am told, lives in a dark room at the foot of an oubliette in his Manx castle, a description of which I should very much like to read; like Mr. Marion Crawford, whose box-stall in the attic of a Fifth Avenue publishing-house is said to be one of the most perfect and perfectly guarded dens in the history of letters; like dear old John Burroughs who, winter and summer, dwells in a leafy flat on the third limb from the ground of a thriving pine tree on the banks of the Hudson; like Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who, with his man, leads a life of Arcadian simplicity in one of the Arena boxes of the Madison Square Garden, where he can work without interruption from the gaping masses—

and others, for, in the words of the immortal poet, Hopper, "there are others."

I say, sir, that I presume this is to be the plan of the new series; but I hasten to add that my presuming is mere presumption having hope at its root. I am a subscriber to the journal in question, and while, thanks to a beneficent arrangement of the publishers, who, being genial fellows, have clubbed together, I get it, and Munsey, and McClure, and Life, and Puck, and a set of Mr. Warner's World's Worst Literature for so slight a sum as one dollar, provided I send anybody a certified check for that amount a week before a certain date, I deem it my duty to protect the value of that dollar to the best of my ability; and to do this I must express, while there is yet time, my individual wishes. Most people, I am aware, express their wishes while there is not yet time, but my plan is directly the reverse and in line with a course of action which, strictly adhered to, must make the world happier. Surely there is more joy in a world where hope is expressed rather than disappointment, and, frankly, I do not wish to be disappointed with the results of that dollar which I have labored so hard and so long to win. My business is good, but my employees get ninety per cent of the receipts, and I am not sufficiently literary or artistic to work as do my friends Mr. Hopkinson Smith and Dr. Ian McWatson for art's sake alone. I 'd like to do so, but my seven children will not permit any letting down in the quality of their bread and butter.

Now criticism, Mr. Editor, is easy. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. A child can destroy that which it has taken years to build up. The great objection to criticism is that, as a rule, it is destructive, not constructive. Any farmer can criticise a reaper, and yet not be able to produce a better. I do not propose to be a farmer; and, therefore, that I may not seem to be merely captious in the expression of my hopes, let me ask you to include in this letter something which has been constructed to take the place of that which I fear is likely to prove worthy only of the iconoclast. My third assistant type-writer, who has charge of all matters pertaining to "pure literature" in my establishment, was told of the situation which I am calling to your mind at this writing. She is a moderately bright girl, who supports a widowed father by her efforts, and has therefore, perforce, to be alive to any condition which may confront her. In five well-chosen words I laid the idea before her that I desired to show the world how the thing ought to be done, and she has produced an article which represents exactly my notion of the only kind of an Author at Home paper which can prove satisfactory to a well-ordered mind. The article ran as follows:

AUTHORS AT HOME

The Deemster in Domesticity:

or

CAINE CHEZ LUI

"Mr. Caine?" said I, as a clean-shaven individual clad in red-plush knickerbockers and a blue coat with brass buttons answered my ring at the door of Castle Scapegoat, Isle of Man.

"Not on your life," replied the person addressed; "I 'm his waiter."

"His old dog Tray," I suggested, falling back upon English humor for the moment.

When the aged retainer had recovered from his mirth over my sally, he stiffened up and offered me the hospitality of the reception-room.

"I 'm not sure if he 's in," said he, "but I will explore the bowels of the earth until I find him and will ascertain."

"Tell him," said I, "that I am the representative of an American journal with a circulation of seventy million a week that allows no returns, and that I wish his approval of an interview I have already written."

"Ah," said the retainer. "I do not need to find him. He is at home. Mr. Caine is fond of you seventy-million Americans. Your individuals he does not admire, but he loves your millions."

"He is a wise man," said I. "Show me up."

"Rather let me show you down," replied the butler, courteously. "Mr. Caine is in the bins looking for a note."

"The bins?" said I, puzzled somewhat.

"Yes," was the answer. "Mr. Caine is no ordinary man. He does not consume his ideas on impulse. He lays them down, like wines, until they mellow. We have eighty casks of material in one corridor alone for our next book."

I could not but note the pride of the Author's butler in his use of the word "our." Surely here was an writer whose love of his work extended beyond the mere limits of self. It may be true that no author is a Charles Dickens to his Man, but here was one whose sunny influence had extended to the servitors in his household. Even they were anxious to share in the credit of his work. What a revelation! *(I have omitted forty or fifty lines concerning this revelation, not because they were not well type-written, but because they were prompted somewhat by the writer's natural inclination toward "space."—P. P.)*

We walked downwards. Seven flights of stairs was my computation, and then taking a false step I fell for a distance that seemed a mile, landing in a small room six by sixteen, on a spring mattress, so that fortunately no bones were broken.

"How do you do," said an imposing figure rising up before me. "You are Miss Blank, of the New York Jigamaree?"

"Yes," said I, pleased at the recognition. "How did you know?"—for I recognized in my vis-à-vis no less a person than Mr. Caine himself.

"I guessed it," he confessed, with a genial smile which lit up his rather lurid features, "from this telegram offering me six hundred pounds if I would stay at home to-day on behalf of the Jigamaree. I was going out. There's a hanging on at Ballamackskelly which I should have delighted to witness—and truly I needed to see it, for the humor of my next Christmas story for the Children's Hour turns entirely upon the execution of a boy of five for diverting himself on a Saturday afternoon by setting fire to his little sister. Still I can imagine all that, you know, so I have n't lost much considering your rates. One need not rely upon incidents in real life for a child's story after all. There was Lewis Carrol, you know. I should have enjoyed seeing it, though," he added, pensively, as he thought of the hanging. "What is the object of your visit?"

"Simply to see you at home," I replied. "Your home life interests the people hugely."

"I am sure of it," said Mr. Caine. "Still I am loth to permit the intrusion. Have you the cheque with you?"

I produced the cheque and the author continued.

"However, if the public is interested—it is my mission to please."

Here Mr. Caine whistled to a huge rattlesnake that was coiling and uncoiling itself about one of the rungs of Mr. Caine's easy chair.

"Come here, Jack," he cried. "I want to show you my pet, Miss Blank, the companion of my walks, the friend of my leisure hours."

The reptile crawled slowly over the damp floor of the author's den and writhed its length over the novelist's knee, affectionately caressing its master's hand with its forked tongue.

"Jack," said he, patting its low brow and stroking its rattles, "this is Miss Blank, of the New York Jigamaree. Miss Blank, this is Jacky Storm—named after one of my favorite characters."

"How do you do, Jack," said I, frozen to the marrow with terror. "I hope you are feeling logy to-day."

The novelist laughed long and heartily.

"Do not be afraid," said he. "I have had his teeth filled. His poison fangs are plugged to the core with British gold. Would you like to see me at work?"

"That would be an interesting spectacle," I answered. "In fact, I have come to see you for that very purpose, and to interview you on your methods."

"I shall gratify your desire," said the novelist, brushing a lizard from his ink-well. "This is the way I do a thousand words."

And he dashed them off with a nerve which stunned me.

"Is it all punctuated?" I cried, as he finished.

"Oh, no," Mr. Caine answered. "Nor are the words in proper sequence. I have simply put down a thousand words; my stenographer will place them in order."

The method suggested Meredith, but I did not like to say so. Even a writer of Authors At Home articles has to be tactful at times.

"Do you do much of your work in these delightful surroundings, Mr. Caine?" I asked, with a wave of my hand which circumscribed the whole room.

"Yes," said he, lighting a cigarette. "All of it is done here. One must have atmosphere," he added. "The room is dark and musty, and these reptiles you see crawling about help to preserve that charm between the lines that has made me what I am."

"I have observed it, sir," said I, flicking a centipede from my hand. "I do not know of any man who has so successfully imparted his environment to his writings as you have done. The creepy feeling that came over me as I fell into your workshop from above I have often experienced when reading your delightful love stories."

The author's cheeks suffused with a soft green tinge of satisfaction at my words. It was quite evident that, unlike many other authors, Mr. Caine is not as yet so callous to public opinion as to find praise wholly without its pleasurable aspects.

"You are a systematic worker, I presume?" said I.

"Very," replied the Author, "very. Otherwise I could not accomplish what I do. From six A.M. until breakfast—I eat a hard-boiled egg every morning at eleven—I delve through my bins for ideas. From eleven until four P.M. I think—I digest—I assimilate those ideas. From four until midnight I write, and from midnight on to six A.M. I go abroad in search of new material to lay down. So it goes regularly, day after day, year in and year out."

"But," I cried, "your sleep, Mr. Caine? When do you get that?"

"While I am doing my writing," he replied simply. "Why not? If one has assimilated one's ideas the expression of them becomes a merely automatic process, and my hand is trained to record while the mind is at rest—if it were not so the drudgery would be intolerable. Genius, Madame, is resentful of manual labor, and were I in a conscious state during the hours when my hand is at work I could not long stand the strain. I read my proofs at the same time."

"And your contracts with publishers?" I suggested.

"Ah," said Mr. Caine, with a sly wink, "I am wide awake then. One must live, you know, and one needs to make the best of terms."

(*Here my third assistant type-writer enters upon a long discussion with the author on the subject of the relative value of space and mere words as a basis of remuneration. The discussion is spicy, but in too great detail to be recorded here. The conclusion reached seems to have been that Mr. Caine likes to have his books published at both rates simultaneously in England and in America: in England by the word, in the United States by the yard, which accounts for the fact, no doubt, that the* Christian *was finished in London about six months before Mr. Munsey got through with it in his beautiful monthly scrap-book.—P. P.*)

"I should like, before I go, Mr. Caine," said I, rising, "to see the wonderful bins in which you keep your literary material. We have heard great things in America about the barrels of notes you used in the preparation of the Christian."

"Dear me!" he cried. "Has that got out? Is n't it curious how these little details of the every-day life of an author who does not court publicity do creep into print!"

"Very," said I. "And so circumstantially, too. One would almost think that you yourself issued weekly bulletins—but of course," I hastened to add, "we know you do n't. Your modesty is well known to us across the sea, and is frequently discussed even in the presence of children."

"You shall see the bins," he said as I finished.

We walked along a dark corridor for some six hundred yards, thence lying flat on our stomachs we crawled through a subterraneous flue which had doubtless once been used as a water conduit, for it was still damp, emerging into a dungeon, lit by two eye-brow windows forty feet above the earthen floor. Ranged about this as high as the eye could see were cask upon cask, their staves fairly bulging with the jottings gathered within them.

"There they are," said Mr. Caine, with manifest pride. "Those twenty casks to the right contain memoranda I have made for my novel of 1903. The ideas will have mellowed by that time, and I shall make a stunning book out of them. To the left are seven casks of Inspirations, as I call them. In 1906 I shall issue a volume of poems to be called Shadows, the substance of which I keep there. And so it goes. Each one of these nine thousand barrels is rammed full of ideas, all classified, all laid down and dated and left here to mature."

"It is a splendid scheme," said I.

"Yes," he replied with a sigh, "but even with this system one must be watchful. In my Christian, for instance, I let the material lie a year too long, and a portion of it soured. Still, on the whole, I may say that I have found the plan a successful one. May I not send you a case of this prime old gloom that I laid down in '83?"

"I should be pleased to have it," said I, "but I do not wish to rob you."

"Not at all," said Mr. Caine. "The fact is, Miss Blank, I am growing old, and unless I make myself over into a syndicate I cannot hope to live to exhaust all the genius I have stored away here. This one case I shall never miss, though I assure you it is worthy of me."

With which genial courtesy Mr. Caine bowed me out, and I left him in his subterranean den, feeling happier, more contented, more appreciative of the sunshine of life for having encountered this marvelous and much misunderstood man.

* * * *

There, Mr. Editor—that is the style of article that I wish to see in this series. I do not wish unduly to exalt one of my own employees, but I do not believe any one has ever penned or printed an article of this nature which presented a truer, more sympathetic picture of the subject.

If your contemporary is to follow this method in the presentation of the Authors selected I shall be satisfied. Otherwise I would suggest that the series be inverted and that Authors Away From Home be written up. I have found many of them quite interesting when removed from all domestic influence, in fact, more so.

I am, sir, very truly yours,

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S.—My third assistant type-writer has just brought me a second paper on Mr. Stephen Crane At Home, or, A Possibility In Pigment. If you care to have it at $7.00 a thousand I 'll send it on. Otherwise I shall offer it by the yard to the McClure syndicate. Please wire your answer. P. P.

AMARANZA

MRS. LAMB was behind the wall in the garden where the summer squashes grew. She was lifting her skirts and her feet high that she might not injure the vines as she stepped here and there among them, stooping to peer under the broad leaves. She was going to have string beans and new potatoes for dinner the next day, and she hoped to find squashes enough to "make out."

"When I have a vegetable dinner," she said, "I do have to have the lottest of stuff, or the men folks won't git filled up."

She was thinking of filling up her men folks now, and her face lighted as she spied two half-hidden, yellow, scalloped disks. She stooped eagerly, and carefully detached the squashes from their stems. As she was rising with them in her big apron a woman in the road paused, then pushed in among the wild raspberry bushes until she could lean on the wall and look over it.

"That you, Mis' Lamb?" she asked.

Mrs. Lamb started nervously and trampled on a thick, brittle vine branch. One of the squashes rolled from her apron. When she had recovered it she stood up straight, and said sharply:

"You 're 'nough to make anybody jump out of their skins, Ranzy Ripley."

"Oh, dear, I 'm dretful sorry if I scared ye, Mis' Lamb. I never thought nobody could be scared of me," with a little treble laugh, and a deprecatory accent on the last word.

"I wa' n't scared," with some dignity, "but I was startled; 'n' I wa' n't thinkin' of nothin' but these squashes; there 's ever so many set; bimeby you c'n have some 's well 's not, 'n' welcome."

"I 'm much obleeged," was the rather absent reply. Then Miss Ripley roused herself and said, with more emphasis, "I 'm jest as much obleeged as can be. I d' know what I should do if 'twa' n't for you 'n' your folks, Mis' Lamb."

"Do n't mention it," responded Mrs. Lamb, politely. She hesitated an instant and then added: "Won't you come in, Ranzy? You c'n help me string the beans if you 're a mind to. I always think it 's best to do um the night beforehand, for then I c'n git um on early in the mornin'; 'n' string beans can't be cooked too much, 'cordin' to my notion."

She now looked more particularly at the woman who was leaning on the wall.

"Ain't you well, Ranzy?" she asked. "Somehow you do n't look jest right to me. Nooraligy set in agin?"

Miss Ripley shook her head. She picked a tall head of timothy that had gone to seed near the wall. She twisted it in her fingers which were stained with huckleberries.

"I ain't be'n so free from nooraligy in ten year's I 've be'n this summer."

Her neuralgia was really toothache, and Mrs. Lamb and the other neighbors knew it, and that Ranzy, named Amaranza, could never screw up her courage sufficiently to enable her to go to the dentist. About a quarter of her time her face was one-sided from a swelling, and there was a continual odor of hops about her, for she, as she often averred, would n't think of going to bed without a small square bag of hops within reach.

Many a time some one going by the old Ripley house in the night has seen the glimmer of a small kerosene lamp stove and has said to himself, "There 's Ranzy up heatin' her hop-bag."

"Ain't your stomach right, then?"

"I guess I 'm well enough, but somehow I 've felt real kind of skittish all day, 'n' I thought I'd come over 'n' set with you a spell. I sh'll be glad to string the beans for you, Mis' Lamb."

The speaker left the wall and walked by the roadside until she came to the yard of the Lamb place, and Mrs. Lamb joined her directly, bearing a basket of string beans, on the top of which now reposed two cucumbers and three squashes.

The two women sat down on the bench at the back door, and soon the sound of the snapping of the crisp pods mingled with the continuous shrilling of the crickets, and the "sip—sip—sip" of the yellow birds that came to the seeded tops of the lettuce and picked open the seed vessels with gay diligence.

Neither spoke for several minutes. At last Mrs. Lamb broke the silence.

"You said you felt skittish. What you skittish 'bout? Ain't you used to livin' alone yet; I sh'd like to know?"

"I thought I was. It 's 'most twenty years since Brother William went away, 'n' I was bound then I'd harden myself to bein' 'thout nobody in the house; 'n' I be hardened. I ain't usually a mite afraid. I git up in the dead of night with my nooraligy, 'n' the cat walks about with me; 'n' I do n't think of nobody bein' round. But somehow I 've be'n 's nervous 's a witch all day. Anybody could git into my house 's easy 's a fly if they wanted to, though I 've got sticks over the winders 'n' a hook to the back door, 'n' a lock 'n' key to the front."

"There would n't nobody want to git in," remarked Mrs. Lamb, with authority. She was

thinking that it was n't best to indulge Ranzy "in any such stuff."

Another silence.

"Be them thunder-heads over there in the west?" abruptly from Ranzy.

Mrs. Lamb dropped a handful of snapped pods into the pan; then she turned and deliberately gazed at the face near her.

There was a wondering scorn in her voice when she asked:

"Do you think them white fluffs are thunder-heads? I d' know what's come over you, Ranzy Ripley."

Miss Ripley made no reply. She suddenly put her hands over her face. Presently her shoulders raised and she sobbed.

"My sakes! What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Lamb. She made a movement to rise, but as her lap was full of the strings of the beans, she sank back again, looking anxiously at Miss Ripley, who, from behind her hands, replied in a muffled voice:

"I 've be'n pickin' up under the eaves this mornin' 'n' I come across some of William's letters t' he wrote when he first went to Californy, they were so lovin' 'n' nice that I could n't help cryin'; 'n' I 've felt like cryin' ever sence. I hope you 'll excuse me, Mis' Lamb."

"Oh, I 'll excuse ye, fast enough; but I must say I would n't cry 'bout Bill Ripley. He ain't be'n any kind of a brother to ye. They say he got rich 'n' married out there, an' he never sent you a dollar. No, you'd better believe I would n't waste no tears on him."

"There wa' n't nobody but him 'n' me," said Miss Ripley, still from behind her hands.

Mrs. Lamb snorted, but made no other reply.

In a moment she asked Ranzy if seeing Bill's old letters made her afraid to stay alone.

Ranzy resolutely uncovered her face and wiped her eyes with her apron.

"No,'tain't that," she answered; "it 's 'cause of the burglaries over in Farnham, you know, night before last. You 've heard about um?"

"Of course I 've heard; but I ain't thought a second time of it. Burglars do n't break into the house of poor folks like us. They know we ain't got money nor silverware. But Ranzy," and here Mrs. Lamb's real kindness showed itself, "you come here 'n' sleep till you 've got over your scare. You c'n have Mollie's room jest as well as not—she won't be to home for three weeks yet."

"You 're real good, Mis' Lamb, but I should n't feel to home out of my own bed; 'n' I have to heat my hop-bag so frequent I guess I 'll manage to stay to home; 'twon't do for me to begin anything diff'rent."

In less than half an hour Miss Ripley said she guessed she better be goin'. Her hostess watched her as she went across the blackberry patch and into the house that stood behind the locust trees. Those trees made the bit of a cottage seem farther away than it really was, for the distance was, in fact, but a few rods.

Mrs. Lamb carried her vegetables down cellar and then went on with her late afternoon's work, making biscuits for supper and frying ham, for her men were hearty. She asked the cat if she s'posed there were any men so hearty as Henry Lamb and his hired help. Mrs. Lamb, in her long hours of solitude, often addressed remarks to her cat, and invariably received precisely appropriate replies. She forgot all about Ranzy Ripley until her husband made mention of the burglaries in Farnham.

Mr. Lamb was sitting barefooted and in his shirt sleeves on the bit of a piazza at the back of the house. His feet were on the railing, and he was tipped back in his chair. He was a big, hairy man, with a round, good-natured voice, and a laugh that was rather like a bellow.

"That makes me think," remarked his wife, "that Ranzy was over here this afternoon all worked up 'bout burglars. I arst her to come here nights till she got red of her scare, but land, she 's so tied up to her hop-bag 'n' her nooraligy that she can't leave."

"Guess they 'll go for higher game 'n that; but she might 's well sleep in Mollie's bed, all the same."

"So I told her, but—why, there she is now! Well, Ranzy, you changed your mind, 'n' goin' to stay here?"

Miss Ripley came hurrying forward with her short steps. She walked on to the piazza, and stood holding to the railing.

Even in the dusk the two sitting there could perceive that she was excited.

"I d' know, I 'm sure, what 'tis that 's worked me all up so," she said, speaking fast and with little, quick breaths between her words, "but somehow I can't seem to git calm. Yes, I do know, too; it 's them letters of William's, and my gittin' to thinkin' all 'bout how he used to be—such a sweet-tempered little boy, 'n' so lovin'."

Mr. Lamb took his feet from the railing with an emphatic movement.

"You 're 'nough to try the patience of a saint, Ranzy Ripley," he cried. "Everybody but you knows that Bill always got round you—he was a

deceitful, double-faced little thing from the time he was weaned—that 's what he was. I can't hear you talk such stuff. Did n't he take that fifty dollars you 'd got saved up in that m'lasses cup when he run away?"

"I s'pose he needed it," in a slight quaver from Ranzy.

"Needed it! Great, well, strappin' feller! 'N' you nothin' but a woman doin' slop work to eke out. No, I 've got through hearin' you talk that way 'bout Bill Ripley."

Mr. Lamb's voice was quite a roar as he finished. But people were not often afraid of his roar. Even Miss Ripley was not afraid. She shook her head. When Mrs. Lamb pushed a chair toward her she said that she guessed she would n't set down; if she did set down she should n't know when to git up.

"There ain't nothin' callin' you home, is there?" asked Mr. Lamb.

"I feel 's if I'd ought to git back," was the answer; "somehow I feel 's if I 'd ought to be there."

She seemed to be going to walk away, but she did not. At last she burst out with a despairing courage:

"I s'pose you'll think I 'm losin' my mind, but I do wish you'd let me hitch a rope to one of ye to-night, 'n' have the other end of it come into my bedroom winder. It might run right through the blackberry patch, 'n' if my house was broke into, I could give a pull and let you know."

Mr. Lamb had been still leaning back in his chair; he now brought the forward legs down with a crash to the floor. He slapped his knee with one hand as he said:

"Hitch on to either of us you 're a mind to, Ranzy."

Then he laughed; and his wife laughed, but Ranzy did not smile in the least. Her figure, in its brown gingham, stood in a skimped way, waiting.

"We 'll let you take our dinner-bell, 'n' you c'n ring it out the winder if anything happens," said Mrs. Lamb, as soon as she could speak.

"You know I did have it, 'n' rung it that time when the chimney got afire," responded Ranzy, with timorous persistence, "'n' you did n't either of you hear."

"That 's a fact," said Mr. Lamb; "we be hard sleepers, Esther," with a glance at his wife. "I guess you may tackle on with the rope. I ain't no objections. Our bedroom winder opens toward your house. It 'll take quite a piece of rope, though; 'n' you 'll have to haul some to pull in the slack of it."

"I 'd be'n thinkin' that my clo'es line 'n' your clo'es line 'd be more than plenty."

Miss Ripley spoke in a half-frightened way that she often used, and that always made Mr. Lamb, as he said, "all-fired sorry for her." He generally added that "Ranzy ought to have been married twenty-five year ago. He never seen nothin' more pitiful than one of them old maids creepin' through the world."

So Ranzy had her own way concerning the rope. Mr. Lamb himself tied the line together and laid the length of it carefully along among the branches of the sturdy blackberry vines, and he gave his word that he would fasten the end of it to his wrist or his ankle when he went to bed.

"I hope," said his wife, when they retired to their room an hour later, "I do hope that Ranzy is n't goin' to make a stiddy thing of this. I 'm almost afraid we made a mistake humorin' of her."

"Oh, she 'll git sick of it fast enongh," was the response, "and as for me, I ain't no idea but what I sh'll sleep through all the twitching she c'n give that line. She do n't know how much strength it 'll take."

After some discussion between the two it was decided to fasten their end of the line to Mr. Lamb's wrist, and thus fettered, the gentleman went to bed and directly fell into a deep sleep, which lasted until twenty-three minutes past one, when he began to toss and fling his right arm about. At last he seized his wife's shoulder and shook it, crying out:

"Esther! Esther! Wake up, I say! Something 's the matter with my hand! Wake up!"

Mrs. Lamb moved and grunted, but finally she raised herself on her elbow with an air of being wide awake.

"Well, you are a goose, Henry Lamb!" she cried. "It's Ranzy Ripley pullin' on that rope. You 'd better git up, mebby her house is full of burglars. We 'll both git up."

Thus brought to his senses, Mr. Lamb became aware that his wrist was being drawn toward the window by violent twitches. He bounced out of bed; his wife was already dressing. In a few moments the two were hurrying along the narrow path that led through the blackberry vines, and they did not feel the scratches that showed long and bloody when daylight came. Mr. Lamb bore a gun which he kept in a corner of the milk-room, and with which he shot wood-chucks when he could get very near them. He was n't certain that it was loaded, but he hoped that it was. Mrs. Lamb bore nothing but a brave heart, and considerable curiosity as to the state in which she should find Ranzy.

It was n't very dark, for a waning moon was occasionally showing her face from among drifting clouds.

"She 's got a light!" exclaimed Mrs. Lamb, and added that, "mebby, after all, she was only heating a hop-bag."

The front door was locked, so was the back door; this latter Mr. Lamb shook furiously, while Mrs. Lamb called shrilly for "Ranzy! Ranzy Ripley!"

In the instant's lull after this outcry, the sound of voices could be heard.

"If she ain't talkin' with um!" indignantly, from Mrs. Lamb.

Then hurrying, stockinged feet came to the door, the hook was flung up, and Miss Ripley appeared with a small lamp in her hand, which, in her excitement, she held at such an angle that the loose-fitting chimney fell with a crash to the floor. A puff of wind blew out the flame.

"Where be they?" demanded Mr. Lamb. "I 've got my gun. You jest let um know that I 've got my gun."

"Oh, do come in!" said Ranzy, in a husky, breathless way. "I 'll light my lamps quick 's I can. I 'm so flustered—"

"Flustered!" interrupted Mr. Lamb. "Where be they, I say!"

But Ranzy did not immediately reply. She was scratching one match after another on the top of a chest of drawers, and then, as the flame changed from blue to yellow, dropping the match without lighting the lamp.

"Here, lem me; you can't do it."

Mrs. Lamb stepped forward and kindled the lamp; Mr. Lamb looked fiercely about and asked again: "Where be they?"

Ranzy, in a long white nightgown, brushed her hair back, then clasped her hands and unclasped them; she flung them outward dramatically.

"He 's eatin' custard pie; 'twas all I had in the house, 'cept bread."

"Custard pie!" shouted Mr. Lamb.

He grounded his gun with a sharp sound on the floor.

"Yes," from Ranzy; "and wa' n't it lucky 't I had some on hand? He always was so fond of custard. I 'm all of a tremble."

"Who you talkin' 'bout?" demanded Mr. Lamb.

"You see, I thought first 'twas a burglar; I kep' thinkin' 'twas; 'n' I pulled at that rope, 'bout out of my senses, I was so frightened. I heard him gittin' in at the kitchen winder. He broke a pane and took out the stick. He 's be'n real unfortunate; 'n' his wife's left him; 'n' I 'm goin' to have him live with me. He c'n go out to day's work when he feels able; but his constitootion 's all broke down. He says he 's missed me so—he says—"

Mrs. Lamb stepped forward and took hold of the woman's arm.

"Ranzy," she said, "do you mean it 's Bill come back? Is that him eatin' in the kitchen?"

"Yes, it 's brother William," was the answer. "He 's be'n dretful unfortunate. He 's be'n tellin' me how he 's wanted to see me. Wa' n't it lucky I had some custard pie on hand? He 's so fond of custard."

Maria Louise Pool.

OLD VIRGINIA

As travelers feel who go to Paris in these days, and sigh for the dignity, the state and the glitter that the presence of a monarch and a court lend to a European capital, so do we feel who visit the Virginia of to-day.

The picturesque features of a life both unique and picturesque, have vanished never to return. The hills and valleys are beautiful as of yore, while among them stand many fine old homesteads surrounded by broad acres, noble in decay and susceptible of restoration. Even if these old houses were restored, as some of them have been, and if capital, industry, and thrift should cause the valleys and plains of Virginia to blossom forth in such fertility and plenty as they have never yet known, all this would not give back to Virginia the characteristic life of which Mr. Page writes.

With the passing away of the life upon large plantations, each one a world in itself, and with the extinction of slavery, there has vanished from among us the distinctive aristocratic un-American life of the Old Dominion. This fact, patent to all who now visit Virginia, Mr. Page has accentuated with a charm all his own in his brief sketch of the social life of his own state—a life of which he knew something in his own childhood, and of which he has learned still more through the recollections of parents and relatives, who were in it and of it in the fullest sense of the words.

The picture of Virginia life which Mr. Page draws for us, with its fine old customs and traditions brought over from England and fondly cherished in the new home of the settler, its simple, generous hospitality, its loyalty to the church, and its chivalry toward woman, gives us the background and atmosphere against which have stood out many

Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War.—By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by the Misses Cowles. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

of the writer's own charming character sketches. In re-reading Meh Lady and Marse Chan, we realize that amid no other surroundings than those described in this later sketch could Mr. Page's characters, upon the plantation and in the mansion house, have developed and found expression.

Among the writer's happiest touches are those with which he draws the mistress of the old Southern home; a woman delicately organized, sympathetic, often nervous and ailing, yet of great force of character, and capable of such heroic endurance and courage as were shown by not a few women of the South in support of a cause that to them, at least, was sacred. From Mr. Page's description of the Southern matron, written out of the experience of an early life and upbringing among such women, and from all that we know of their lives, it would seem as if the much regretted domesticity, which is said to be passing away from American life, had reached its fullest flower upon the Southern plantation.

Whatever may be said of the sons of these mothers, and the writer is willing to grant them some of the nobler characteristics of their sex, there can be, he says, no question about the daughters, of whom, he writes, with enthusiasm: "She was not versed in the ways of the world, but she had no need to be; she was better than that; she was well bred. She had not to learn to be a lady, because she was born one. Generations had given her that by heredity. She grew up apart from the great world. But ignorance of the world did not make her provincial. Her instinct was an infallible guide. When a child, she had in her sunbonnet and apron met the visitors at the front steps and entertained them in the parlor until her mother was ready to appear. Thus she had grown up to the duties of a hostess."

Granting that Mr. Page's picture lacks shadows and contrasts, that he sees only the bright side of the scene which he paints for us, and even if we may not agree with him in his proposition that the Christianizing of the negro race largely outweighed the evils of the institution of slavery, there is much that is just and true in this retrospective survey. Fair we must surely acknowledge the writer to be, who says, in summing up the benefits bestowed by Virginia upon the nation: "It largely contributed to produce this nation; it led its armies and its navies; it established this government so firmly that not even it could overthrow it."

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.

REVIEWS

SOCIETY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

THE SOCIAL MIND AND EDUCATION.—By George Edgar Vincent, Assistant Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago. 8vo. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE first question to put to the author of any book dealing with the social mind or the social consciousness is, What do you mean by the expression? The phrase is often used very vaguely, to express, as our author says, "social mind-stuff" or "Herbartian metaphysic." Fortunately, Professor Vincent returns a clear and definite answer to the question. He sees that "social mind" is a figure of speech, and so throws out the caution on his first page, "at the outset we must guard against the dangers which lurk in analogies." "The modern conception of the social or general mind," he says, "is the result of a conscious effort to discriminate and explain the phenomena which have their origin in the influence of individual minds upon each other in society, and the action and reaction between individuals and the accumulated psychical resources which are transmitted from generation to generation." The fact that lies at the bottom of the conception, as he tells us, has long found empirical recognition in such phrases as "public opinion," "the spirit of the people," the zeitgeist, and the âme des peuples, and is vaguely implied in the adjective "unanimous." The abstract conception itself was long ago expressed in bold metaphors by numerous writers, as by Pascal in a famous passage; but it has remained for our own times to subject this conception to careful reflective treatment. Modern students are finding it a very interesting and fruitful subject, and one by no means free from difficulties. Professor Vincent's book is an attempt to define the social mind and to apply the conception to a great practical use. Broadly speaking, the three first chapters deal with the definition; the three last chapters with the application.

The practical application is the function of education. Having explained how the social mind arises, and how it is developed into social self-consciousness, the author asks how "the collective knowledge, feelings and volitions, which, realized in individual consciousness, form the content of the social mind," shall be used to discipline, form, and cultivate the new individuals that are born into society. "In general," he says, "education may be regarded from the social point of view as a reflective effort to preserve the continuity and to secure the growth of the common tradition."

Again, he says, education seeks "to relate individual consciousness intrinsically to the social mind." And once more, he quotes with approval the words of another writer: "Pedagogy might be defined as the art of adapting new generations to those conditions of life which are the most intensive and fruitful for the individual and the species." Professor Vincent then passes in review some of the most prominent of current pedagogical questions; as the theory of culture epochs, cores of instruction, the concentration and correlation of studies, and interest. His remarks on all these topics are marked by the clearness and sound sense

that he shows in defining the social mind and stating the nature of education, and they may be commended to the careful attention of those pedagogists and teachers who have been smitten by the mystical thinking and vague language that characterize so much current writing on sociology and education. Particularly valuable are his remarks concerning the relation of induction and deduction; we do not now recall anything better touching the use to be made of "short cuts" in the mental development of the individual.

The author comes before us in his introduction with a modest claim upon our attention. He tells us frankly that his purpose is not so much investigation as organization; in other words, he proposes to select and put together, in proper order and relation, some of the results that have been worked out by different students in different lines of investigation. He has well accomplished his modest task. He has shown good judgment in selection and combination. The most serious criticism to be made upon his book is that it is not always as strong in criticism and judgment as it is in selection and combination, and that he sometimes leaves us in doubt as to his own view of the matter.

THE SECRET ROSE

THE SECRET ROSE.—By W. B. Yeats. With Illustrations by J. B. Yeats. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

LESS tenuous than his favorite Blake, Mr. Yeats still wanders in the shadowy borderland between the known and the mysterious, giving things the most real a tinge of unreality even while he leaves the fully ascertained incapable of entire credit. His most remarkable creation, Hanrahan the Red, shares his experience with his creator in part, for he, too, "passed deeper and deeper into that Celtic twilight, in which heaven and earth so mingle that each seems to have taken on itself some shadow of the other's beauty. It filled his soul with a desire for he knew not what, it possessed his body with a thirst for unimagined experiences." Manifest as this lack of definition has always been in Mr. Yeats's work, it is as pronounced here as if these tales were the distillate of all the prose and verse which he has put forth before them, so fine, so true, so characteristically Celtic has he made them.

In the pictures of the father, no less than in the writings of the son, it is curious to note this skillful control of lights and shadows, enabling scenes of almost pure horror to be pictured by brush and pen without exciting repulsion. In the second tale, a poor vagabond of a minstrel, seeking charity of a monastery and finding only filth and vermin, is crucified by the abbot, whose slumber his protests disturb, ravens pecking his face and wolves gnawing his feet, as he lingers alone and in agony. But the perspective is so attenuated, it all happened so long ago, when the men of the day were nearer the brute that we know is at the bottom of all of us, that The Crucifixion of the Outcast can be read and read again, and always for its beauties, so greatly does the treatment outweigh the matters of which it treats. So, too, The Binding of the Hair, first of all the tales in the book, would be ghastly enough in the hands of another to force the book from the shuddering reader's hands. Here its tragedy turns almost to an idyl in its simple serenity, and serves to awaken interest in an art as delicate as it is robust.

The heavier shadows lighten as the present is neared. Crime in the early day, which is hardly crime at all, so dimly is it seen through the dimness of its surroundings, becomes a thing to excite both disgust and apprehension in the more modern stories. Of these, the episodes in the career of Hanrahan the Red, a bard of an ancient day projected into the immediate past, are the most important, forming, as they do, a cyclus which is to be esteemed, in all likelihood, as Mr. Yeats's most important contribution to literature. For all the unfamiliarity of its environment it is not only vividly human, but it is accompanied by an occasional burst of poetry from the lips of Hanrahan which heightens the conception to a remarkable degree. This is the first stanza of a rhapsody wherein the glories of Ireland are extolled under the guise of a young girl:

O tufted reeds, bend low and low in pools on the Green Land,
Under the bitter Black Winds blowing out of the left hand!
Like tufted reeds our courage droops in a Black Wind and dies:
But we have hidden in our hearts the flame out of the eyes
Of Kathleen, the Daughter of Hoolihan.

Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that vast and splendid literature which is Ireland's finest endowment and inheritance, Mr. Yeats stands as an interpreter between that and our English speech, and as something more than an interpreter, a man of both bloods whose abilities for discrimination are too fine for mere general praise. Yet it must be said that we know of no gift from an elder to a younger sister in letters, worthier than these of his.

WHITMAN AND WAR

THE WOUND DRESSER: A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN FROM THE HOSPITALS IN WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.—By Walt Whitman. Edited by Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D. 12mo. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

WHATEVER wrangling there may be over the life and works of Walt Whitman, whether by literary critics, sexual psychopathists, or other expert reasoners, there are no two opinions respecting the part played by the man during the period of his country's greatest agony. From late in the year 1862 until the middle of the year 1864, he gave all he had to give, himself, to the unwholesome task of ministering to the fifty thousand wounded soldiers who lay in the hospitals about Washington. He entered upon this repulsive but necessary task of his own will as a man who had never known illness for a day; he left it unwillingly under medical orders, a broken man, with his body subject to such attacks as resulted in a paralytic stroke and, eventually, after years of suffering, in his death. Bayard Taylor's words,

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring,

his life proved, as no facing of death at the cannon's mouth could have proved. Day after day, his pockets filled with trifles which could yet bring cheer to the lonely, the wounded, the sick, with no help but the few dollars sent him by friends and kinsfolk, who were almost as poor as himself, he tramped about the long streets of the national capital, writing letters for the mere boys who were defending the republic; giving them fruit, preserves, and homely dainties; pressing upon them, with all tact, the few pennies which should keep them from absolute destitution; preventing, by his very presence, the countless abuses which spring from brief authority held in the hands of petty officials, and, in general, proving himself, among a cityful of Pharisees, a Good Samaritan.

This is the story disclosed in this book. Three newspaper articles, here reprinted, serve as an introduction to a number of letters written to his mother and brothers during this period of self-devotion. They are simple, crude, almost illiterate, certainly altogether devoid of any conscious touch of poetry; but, nevertheless, "human documents," without which and the like of which the world were poor indeed. There is perfect openness, no attempt to hide the good that he knows himself to be doing; but no boastfulness, nor yet that cant which would put failure and success alike upon the Almighty. Walt Whitman was too busy to pray or to talk religion. That he was sympathetic, and that he listened duly to all who found solace from their woes in so doing, his narrative discloses. In fact, he merged himself completely in the personalities of those he was striving to aid, putting himself in their place, thinking their thoughts, doing as he would be done by. His reward, as Plato says, was noble, and his hope great; for never a week passed by that he did not bring some poor volunteer up out of the Slough of Despond, bearing them all upon his own broad shoulders, until the hospital poisons had made all his work impossible. Whether he was a poet or not, or whatever he was, is of no consequence in the light of such self-devotion as this. When the time came he was an American who believed that it was sweet and fitting to lay down his life for his country.

ALMOST A GREAT BOOK

THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS.—By John Oliver Hobbes. 12mo. F. A. Stokes Co.

A CHICAGO newspaper has lately devoted considerable space to the portraits of distinguished persons—grouped in quartettes. We have had the "four greatest actresses" and the "four greatest statesmen" and the "four greatest Welshmen," and so on. In the course of publication, there appeared pictures of the "four greatest women novelists," of the English language. It was an interesting subject, and one open to some variety of judgment. A difference of opinion was, perhaps, to be expected, but just what induced the newspaper's choice it is somewhat difficult to say. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Phelps-Ward, Mrs. Burnett, and Ouida, were the authors named. Had popularity been the basis—and Mrs. Burnett and Mrs. Phelps-Ward could hardly have been selected on other grounds—then surely Miss Marie Corelli was deserving of a place. But the newspaper must have known, in that case, that it would not be taken seriously. On the other hand, if brilliancy, intelligence, and real innate gifts count for anything, if fidelity to nature, art, and romance have any place, Miss Wilkins is infinitely superior to Mrs. Burnett. And if genius—buoyant, brilliant, and undeniable—is to be thought of in association with any woman now writing English fiction, the name of Mrs. Craigie—John Oliver Hobbes—is the sole possibility. Indeed, it is safe to say, without any desire to exaggerate, that Mrs. Craigie has shown qualities far beyond any of the four persons named as the greatest women novelists. Yet she was not included—perhaps not even thought of—as one of the quartette.

It is so simple to say The School for Saints is the book of the year that one is almost misled into the common critical manner. There is small likelihood, however, that the newspaper littérateurs will be strongly appealed to by it, which is in itself no slight distinction. The School for Saints is really an important volume. Every story of Mrs. Craigie's has promised us good things to come. Even her earliest books marked her as an author to be watched, and in her latest book most of the promises are fulfilled. It is a more ambitious performance than anything she has done before, and as the ambition increased so did the power. Indeed, once or twice she has shown the utmost strength and ability. The scene in Henriette Duboc's dressing-room after the boy hero has walked all the way to Paris in the madness of his devotion to her; the interview between Mrs. Parflete and Robert, years later; the meeting between Brigit and her royal father after Parflete's disgrace—these scenes Mrs. Craigie has handled supremely. In truth, The School for Saints comes very near being a great book.

Nothing could be more delightful than the early pages of the story. The first chapter is quite perfect. Its mistiness only enhances its beauty, and the slight picture of Henriette is full of character. So, later on, is the description of Disraeli; he figures only slightly, yet the man is there and well appreciated, too. Robert Orange, the hero, is himself perfectly distinct; all his thoughts and his manners are evident. If he have any faults, as Mrs. Craigie draws him, his appalling goodness is chief. His actions and intentions are infallible, and he is little less than divine in his honor. There are times when the reader resents this; one wishes him a little more human. His slowness and deliberation, for instance, when there is question of marrying Brigit are out of place. Any kind of a love, any devotion of decent depth, would have forced him—would absolutely have driven him—to more action and less thought. This is merely incidental, and perhaps personal, however.

The two great faults of the book, the two faults that conceal its greatness, are undeniable. The first is a serious one and might be lasting; the second is merely temporary. The book is not coherent; it wanders and rambles; it is written

in direct narrative and indirect narrative, in dialogue and in letters, in diaries and in soliloquies. Why Mrs. Craigie chose so many forms for the expression of her story it is difficult to understand; but there is no escape from the fact that their variety and the rapid shifting from one to the other is bewildering. There was no need for the letters to Lord Reckage; Robert Orange could have said all his good things face to face with his friend. And, into the bargain, one somehow gets the impression that Mrs. Craigie is dodging her task. She has chosen the easiest way of telling her tale, and it is not always the best way. This, in a large measure, accounts for the incoherence. Besides this, however, the subtlety of much of the style is surprising. It demands nearly the attention of a novel by Mr. James or Mr. Meredith.

On the other hand, Mrs. Craigie's book is far too much a tract to be altogether to our liking. In the first enthusiasm of her conversion she has been carried off her feet, and part of the time she has her readers swimming about in a current not always to the taste. The propriety of the novel with a purpose is not a question to discuss here, nor do we think Mrs. Craigie's book is primarily ethical, but in no case should the purpose obscure the story, and in The School for Saints it occasionally does. Mrs. Craigie's intention is, without doubt, to keep her religion somewhat in the background. This she does not always do, and the story suffers.

Yet, all in all, incoherence and ethics considered, The School for Saints is by far the biggest book written by a woman in many years. It is one of the biggest books written by any one. It is full of promise, and promise not only of better work than other people have done, but of really great work. We are informed the continuance of the story will shortly be published. It can only be awaited with impatience.

THE CASE OF CLINTON ROSS

CHALMETTE.—By Clinton Ross. 12mo. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

CHALMETTE, even more than its predecessors from the same pen, shows the qualities which have made so many students of American literature enthusiastic over Mr. Ross's future as a novelist. It shows less than any of his recent books the characteristics which have, at times, profoundly discouraged his best-wishing friends. Mr. Ross has had a curious career already. At the very outset he was recognized as a vigorous and gay talent, a man with a real gift for story-telling, and a real love for the telling. But he was, apparently, utterly without even the rudiments of an artistic conscience. He wrote at lightning speed and published his best and his worst with the blithest indifference. He scorned revision, even grammar. A deluge of his writing was upon and over the country. For pay, he would apparently write anything for anybody. There is an apocryphal story that he boasted once that, thanks to noms de plume, he had made four reputations besides his own. And his writing was at times silly and vapid enough to have lost him the whole five.

Chalmette, however, is uncontrovertible, as proof of the salvation there is within Mr. Ross. It is, in spite of its faults, a book of real merit and undeniable charm. Mr. Ross, we should think, must have spent as much as ten days in writing it. The mere writing is, of course, careless, but Mr. Ross's style at its best has a kind of swagger which actually carries it over faults of syntax. The construction, also, might properly have occupied a larger part of the author's time. But the story is, after all, a legitimately dashing and romantic love story, done against a background picturesque in the extreme. New Orleans, in its literary aspects, is a city whose charm is so great that no one can write about it and be dull. In the days of our second war with the British, and especially in 1814, just before the final battle, when Jackson successfully defended the city, New Orleans was an indescribably brilliant conglomeration of French, Spanish, and Americans. Jackson, with his rough Tennesseeans and his Choctaw braves, roused the enthusiasm of the aristocratic, high-bred citizens of the old regime for the American government. At Barataria, a little distance down the Gulf coast, was the luxurious piratical colony, which, under the leadership of Jean Lafitte, controlled the trade of the Mississippi valley and almost without restraint looted the Spanish commerce in the Indies. With Lafitte, both British and Americans were intriguing for support. Mr. Ross's hero is a young Virginian in Jackson's army, and his heroine a Virginia girl who, by strange chance, is the granddaughter of the old pirate De Bertrand, and so is legitimately brought to New Orleans at the time of the hero's presence. The scenes shift from Virginia to New Orleans, then to Barataria, and then to the trenches of defence about the city. The character of Jackson is lightly touched, but Lafitte the Pirate, a man of compelling power, but with the polish of a man of fashion, is almost as prominent a figure as the young cavalier.

We hope that Mr. Ross may some day be induced to stop writing long enough to think of a plot entirely worth his while, and stop for breath long enough to correct a few mistakes made in the feverish haste of composition. It lies entirely within his choice whether he will or will not win for himself a very worthy place among American writers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EUROPEAN PUBLISHING CO.

EIGHTY YEARS AND MORE, 1815–1897.—REMINISCENCES OF ELIZABETH CADY STANTON. 8vo. Illustrated.

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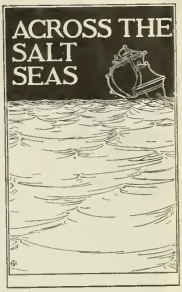

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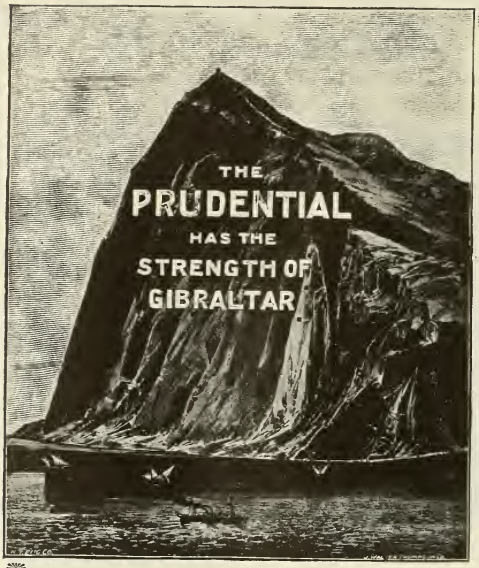

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NEW YORK **RAND, McNALLY AND COMPANY** CHICAGO

THE CHAP-BOOK

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NOTES

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S revival of The Country Girl has made an unexpected success in New York. This may be attributed largely to Miss Ada Rehan's brilliant performance of Peggy Thrift. The comedy itself, however, keeps the appearance of youth marvelously well, thanks both to the freshness of its wit and to the rejuvenating processes of Mr. Daly, who has taken pains to remove many of the signs that betray its relation to a remote period. What an interesting history this work has had! Written by Wycherley, rearranged by David Garrick, adapted to New York by Mr. Daly! How that links us with the great days of the English stage! An enthusiastic critic of New York has, moreover, declared Ada Rehan to be not only the Peg Woffington of her day, but greater than the Peg Woffington of Garrick's day. Now we have no means of comparing the two actresses, for there is nothing more misleading than the fame of a player of other times. One may safely assume, however, that Mistress Woffington's performance of such a part as Peggy Thrift could not have been more absolutely satisfactory than Ada Rehan's. This impersonation establishes Miss Rehan as far and away the greatest actress of comedy now on the English-speaking stage; it is luminously intelligent, deliciously humorous, perfectly sustained. In playing it Miss Rehan does what she seldom succeeds in doing: she loses herself in the character. The mere expression of her face shows how completely she has entered into the spirit of the part. Then, too, she shows none of those marks of weariness that have of late been noticeable. She looks as young as she did nine years ago when she first appeared as Peggy. Among the other players the best work was done by that sterling old actor, Edwin Varrey, as Jack Moody, and that very gifted young actor, one of the most useful men in Mr. Daly's service, Mr. Herbert Gresham, who played the coxcomb, Sparkise, with admirable skill and humor. Mr. Charles Richman was painfully wooden as Dick Bellville, and Mr. Cyril Scott was out of his element as Ned Harcourt. As a curtain-raiser Mr. Daly had put on a clever little piece by Pailleron, done into the English of Mr. Sidney Rosenfield. It gave Miss Rehan a chance to play the grande dame, and it also served to give further proof of Mr. Richman's inadequacy.

WHILE MISS REHAN'S PERFORMANCE is being watched by large audiences on one side of Broadway, Mr. Crane is playing at old comedy before large audiences at the Knickerbocker Theater on the other side. Of course, Mr. Crane's old-comedy work is all delightful pretense; he cannot be anything but Mr. Crane, and his admirers would feel very much grieved if he could. And as for his play, that is all pretense, too; but like Mr. Crane's acting, it is very pleasant. Mr. Eugene Presbrey, after years of experience as a stage-manager, knew exactly how to go about making a drama—in the wrong way. "Let us attend to the serious business of writing a comedy," says Mr. Triplet, and

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Mr. Presbrey has attended to it with very great seriousness. He first planned his situations, thinking all the time, of course, of his "star," who had probably given him a few suggestions beforehand. Then he turned for help to Bob Acres and a few other time-honored characters. But bless your soul, Mr. Presbrey, there was really no need of confessing your gratitude to Sheridan and the old comedy men who served you. They have not given you nearly as much as you thought. In writing this piece, Mr. Presbrey did very much as those young novelists do who put their friends into their stories. The likeness, where can it be? From the old comedies to A Virginia Courtship is such a far cry that it hardly deserves the name of an echo. The situations in the old comedies are often silly, and in that respect Mr. Presbrey has achieved a kind of resemblance, only going a long step farther, for silliness characterizes nearly all of his situations. Mr. Crane he makes a noisy, good-hearted, wrong-minded, fox-hunting Virginian widower of the early century. Here are the other elements in the case: the opportune widow; the widower's son in love with the widow's daughter. When it is added that the widow's estate adjoins the widower's, we know all about the story. But Mr. Presbrey has asked Mr. Crane's loyal followers to shut their eyes and to pretend that they have never heard anything like that story before, and that they are just as stupid as the old gentleman who persistently misunderstands till the end of the piece. A look, a word in the beginning would have explained everything, but Mr. Presbrey knew better than to allow any explanation. If he had, there would have been no piece. Trust an experienced stage-manager for wisdom of this kind!

But, after all, why should we expect play-goers to be intelligent at the sacrifice of their own entertainment? The audiences at A Virginia Courtship want to see Mr. Crane, and for this privilege they would endure a much worse piece. It may be said of Mr. Presbrey's work that even if it did not contain a shred of reason or character, it was neatly written, and it moved agreeably to a climax. It also gave good rôles to two charming actresses; to Miss Annie Irish, whose success last year as one of the milkmaids in Tess of the d'Urbervilles, has made a leading lady of her, and to Miss Percy Haswell, who has done some excellent work in recent years with Mr. Daly's company.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT must have the courage of her convictions. A few months ago she produced, in Boston, a stage version of the life of Joan of Arc, by Fannie Aymars Matthews. It failed so ingloriously that Miss Davenport "shelved" it for a time. What a commentary it is on her opinion of the taste in the drama of New York city that she should have revived it during her recent engagement there! But even in New York they would not accept it. Why did Miss Davenport ever put on such a piece? a New York critic has been asking. He ought to have been able to supply the answer himself. Miss Davenport put on Joan because it contained, in the elegant phraseology of "the profession," two "fat" parts, one for herself and the other for her husband and leading man, Melbourne MacDowell. There is, moreover, some good material in the piece, together with much that is ridiculously bad. Miss Matthews's idea of villainy, for example, shows that she must be a woman of most beautiful character, developed by the assiduous reading of children's story-books. Poor Agnes Sorel, never has she been so meanly treated by historian, novelist, poet, or dramatist! There are only two rôles in the piece worthy of notice, the heroine and her faithful jester. Miss Davenport made Joan a fine, sturdy figure, delivering her long speeches with a really inspiriting effect. As the jester, Mr. MacDowell had one of those clap-trap parts that actors love, and he played it with vigor, but without the least suggestion of humor.

IT MAY OR IT MAY NOT be true that nearly three years ago, after an unsatisfactory engagement, Madame Modjeska declared she would never play in New York city again. At any rate, if she did make this foolish statement, it has taken her a long time to change her mind. On her recent return to the city she was greeted by an audience with "paper" written all over it, a most disheartening sign. Surely so great an artist deserved a better reception. Perhaps the fashionable element that helped to make Duse a success in New York, feared to be bored by Schiller's glorious tragedy, Mary Stuart. It was an odd choice for Modjeska to make, not only for her rentrée, but for her first week's series of performances, but it is said, oddly enough, that this is the most popular piece in her repertory. For her own sake it is to be hoped that she usually gives it a better production. Such tawdry scenery, such melancholy supernumeraries have not been seen in a New York theater for many a year. It was really pitiful to find Modjeska in such surroundings. And yet how she rose superior to them! In watching her you speedily forgot everything but the exquisite artist and her marvelous impersonation. Modjeska has retained

all of her fineness and intensity. Her performance of the hapless Queen of Scots must be remembered as one of the most exalted interpretations of the part given by any of the great actresses of her time. Her associates displayed abilities ranging from excellence, as exemplified by Mr. Joseph Haworth, through mediocrity, to utter badness. On the whole, mediocrity prevailed. For the second week of her engagement, Madame Modjeska has promised to revive Magda, which she produced for the first time in this country several seasons ago, being treated by the New York public with indifference for her pains, as well as Measure for Measure, Macbeth, and Camille.

A PUBLISHING HOUSE IN BOSTON, by giving to the world a very small fact, has roused a little controversy over that well-worn question, whether the writing of poetry is really languishing at this day. It appears that this particular establishment received during the past year 543 manuscripts, of which 212 were fiction and 69 poetry. One newspaper asserted that this was a surprisingly good showing for poetry, and another immediately objected that it was a bad showing, if not a surprisingly bad one. A ratio of three to one between fiction and poetry was asserted by the latter journal to indicate that poetry was held to be a mere "minor ramification of literature instead of one of its chief fundaments." The arithmetical proof seems scarcely a fair one, for we should take it that in its very nature prose required more space than poetry. The complete works in verse of almost any one of the world's greatest poets might be comfortably included in a fairly large single volume. Such a thing would be almost impossible with any of the prose masters. If mere bulk of writing is to be considered, we may even believe that the three to one ratio indicates excessive activity on the part of the poets. For the figures, moreover, cannot be taken to mean that three times as many people are writing fiction as are engaged in making verse. The embryo novelist is likely to have several stories at the same moment with different publishers. The poet, on the other hand, has usually the charming quality of offering in one thin manuscript the fruition of his life so far.

And, after all, all these disputants seem to lose sight of the fact that the reading of poetry and the writing are not interchangeable terms. We are almost prepared to risk the statement that never before in the world's history was so much poetry written and so little read as now, and that shortly it will be actually true that there are more makers of verse than there are readers.

NOW THAT BIG LITERARY REPUTATIONS and large incomes have become so dangerously synonymous in the minds of both novelist and public, it is, perhaps, a wholesome thing to consider the career of a writer whose gains were extraordinary and whose reputation was next to nothing. It is a back-handed kind of justice that if a writer wants to grow rich by writing potboilers he will grow richer by giving up entirely his hopes for any literary standing. Emile Richebourg, whose death has lately been announced, was the writer of the feuilleton, or serial story, in the Paris Petit Journal, and for years the great plebeian, uncultivated public which that journal reaches devoured with unappeased zest his sensational tales. They were the worst kind of commonplace stories, in which all the humble people were patterns of virtue and all the aristocrats villains, and where honest youth and beauty, although undergoing the most blood-curdling sufferings, always came to the glorious rewards which every good concierge and market-woman would wish they should attain. We all know the genre; it is the tearing melodrama, frankly played down to the simple stupidity of the masses. M. Richebourg was never "immoral;" that is a necessity of the real popular novelist. He received the sum of $20,000 for a serial story, and he ordinarily wrote four a year. We find it somewhat difficult to keep in our heads the incomes of authors, but trusting to our memory of that much-discussed subject, we should say that as a financial success M. Richebourg was incomparable. His income was ample and absolutely certain. The Petit Journal could not do without him. Once Jules Verne was tried, and it is said that in one week the paper lost 80,000 subscribers. And yet Jules Verne has an international reputation, and even in Paris Richebourg's stopped at the porter's lodge. M. Richebourg earned his money easily, he wrote his stories gaily, unhampered by "the artistic conscience." It is said that sometimes he had as many as six on the stocks at once, and varied his labor by changing from one to the other as whim led him.

There is, perhaps, a little tragedy lurking somewhere. The thirst for appreciation and praise from the few is hard to be rid of; and Richebourg started as a poet, and his verses were approved by Béranger. But if he had to take the path he did, he took it sensibly and bravely. Who shall say that it is not as artistic to write down to your public and take riches and obscurity together, as to try writing down to your public's money while you try to fool the critics and snatch reputation from them? This seems to be the popular plan nowadays.

THE VALUE OF LITERATURE, our "international" review, is not increasingly apparent. It is responsible for this astonishing bit of information: "Edgar Fawcett, perhaps the most popular of New York novelists, is wintering in London." Comment is almost superfluous, but really, what are Englishmen who accept Literature as a trustworty authority to think of America, and what are Americans to think of Literature?

THE BAD ECONOMIC ADJUSTMENT by which some have more than they can possibly use while others starve, is nowhere more apparent than in the lack of reading matter in the remote villages and settlements of the far West. For the rest of the country fairly staggers beneath the burden of tons of daily papers, magazines, reviews, and books.

Mr. W. E. Harmon, of Boston, has taken a very practical and novel method of adjusting, in some measure, this unnecessary condition of affairs. Over two years ago he addressed cards to the fourth-class postmasters in the far West country, asking for names of people in their community who would appreciate magazines or books if sent to them free of charge. He secured hundreds of names in this way, which he then divided among people who were willing to send their old magazines upon such charitable errands, rather than into the city ash-boxes.

Lately the plan has been extended to the establishment of free public libraries. By arrangement with Librarian Putnam and the trustees of the Boston Public Library, Mr. Harmon is permitted to purchase the condemned books at the same rate at which they heretofore have been sold as wastepaper. There are probably one hundred volumes a month taken out of circulation because of their soiled or torn condition, most of which, however, with here a page added or there a slight revamping, would still be able to do good service. These, the first to be worn out, are naturally the most popular class of books, and are sent upon their rounds again.

Mr. Harmon is modest in his beginnings. He starts a library with 250 volumes. But as the towns are very small, this is not so bad. Goodwin, S. D., which had the first library, has only a population of 100. Mr. Harmon hopes to establish altogether about 20 libraries, and to send each from 50 to 75 books a year.

It is hard, in a big city, to realize how there may be people who cannot get anything to read. But Mr. Harmon finds them out. One magazine he sends to a man in Oklahoma, who lives fifty miles from any railroad station.

THANKS TO THE DREYFUS TRIAL, Mr. Robert H. Sherard may really hope at last to make his name a household word everywhere. Every day the newspapers have had his letter from Paris, and every one has had Mr. Sherard's word for it that "Zola said this to me," and "Esterhazy told me that." Mr. Sherard has the most extraordinary capacity for public friendship with public men. His letters from Paris to The Bookman used to be very curious in that way. They were full of news, told in a pleasant, gossipy way. But he could not resist the temptation to say that he heard the gossip the other night when he dined with Daudet, or at dinner with Zola. He was always ready to explain, to defend, or to glorify any one, provided only that person was his friend. Mr. Sherard writes books from time to time, and has a very respectable standing. But he is likely to be best known, both in literature and journalism, as a kind of English Boswell to French writers.

A YEAR IN PRISON is to be M. Zola's punishment for his attempted interference with French justice. At present there is no settled public opinion about the verdict. From Paris, in its present mood, no very sane judgment from either side could be hoped for. And foreign opinion seems equally inadequate as a guide. M. Zola, as a political figure, is so new that it is difficult to adjust one's vision to him. But Zola the novelist, is also concerned, and the question of what the coming year may do to break him down is thus given an importance which it could not otherwise have. Mrs. Emily Crawford says that he is not likely to suffer, although he has been somewhat weakened by his "anti-fat treatment;" that the prison régime is not hard. She then adds this extraordinary though vague phrase: "There are also the moral influences." This would seem to indicate, if such wording indicates anything, that she hopes for some kind of moral regeneration which shall give us at the end of the year a new novelist who will probably be the prescribed reading for school-girls. We sincerely trust that no such change may come about. The present is too exciting a moment for any calm discussion of Zola's art. But the fact that he is a great force in literature is only corroborated by the fact of his being a strong, though ineffectual, force in politics. He has been the most widely read and the most influential writer of fiction of our times. And we could ill afford to risk any change which would weaken any great force in modern literature, even though we may think it at times misdirected. We have little fear of Mrs. Craw-

NANSEN'S STUDY

ford's "moral influences," but we hope that M. Zola's health may remain unimpaired.

The publication of Paris, his last novel, was delayed because it was thought that the excitement over Dreyfus was so great that no one could stop to read. It will now be brought out at once. Those who are disinclined to view M. Zola's imprisonment as martyrdom will probably look on it as a valuable advertisement. And the author, who apparently faces his punishment very calmly, may come to see in this some reward. Outside of France, it is not probable that many will so seriously doubt his sincerity as to think that the agitation was undertaken for this end.

THE PICTURE OF NANSEN'S STUDY, which we reproduce, is given not so much for the intrinsic interest of the subject, as for the attractiveness of the room itself. It shows with what taste the money gained by lecturing in America may be expended. Dr. Nansen, as is usual with foreigners after they return from America, is being raked over the coals for some remarks of his about the country. In this case it seems as though in the interests of sport, we ought to bear with Dr. Nansen patiently. It is only a slight return for the elaborate course of Nansen-baiting with which Life and various other periodicals amused their readers during his trip through the country.

MR. PERIWINKLE PODMORE gave as his opinion a while ago that the literary criticism of our newspapers was written by the baseball reporter. It might, perhaps, better be written by the financial editor. The value of literary matter varies much as does that of stocks or wheat, and the market price of a novel can actually be determined largely by shrewd business sense. Subjects are boomed, just as real estate is. At present, colonial America is rated very high, and we venture to predict that novels treating of revolutionary days will be very valuable property for at least two publishing seasons. It is extremely difficult to tell just how such a movement starts. It might much bet-

ter have been expected in 1876. But once started, the rise in value was inevitable. Magazines are printing Histories of the Colonies, Reminiscences of Revolutionary Days, and every kind of matter than can be hunted up. Historical novels fall from the presses in quick succession, and altogether we are likely to know a great deal about our own history before we quite realize what is happening.

MR. GILBERT PARKER IS ALLOWING some one to send out the information to the press that he is shortly to bring out a new novel, Mrs. Falchion. If this book is to be in any sense "new," it must be because it has been very quickly forgotten. It is not many years ago that we read Mrs. Falchion. It was with less pleasure than we have taken in Mr. Parker's later books, and we cannot think it will improve his reputation to allow this mistake to go uncorrected.

THE THEORY THAT DAMNING HELPS a play is apparently not universally acknowledged. The following amusing passage is from Mr. Bernard Shaw's theatrical article in the Standard Review:

"I am sorry I must postpone until next week all consideration of Mr. Pinero's Trelawny of the Wells. The tragic circumstances under which I do so are as follows: The manager of the Court Theatre, Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, did not honour the Saturday Review with the customary invitation to the first performance. When a journal is thus slighted, it has no resource but to go to its telephone and frantically offer any terms to the box-offices for a seat for the first night. But on fashionable occasions the manager is always master of the situation; there are never any seats to be had except from himself. It was so on this occasion; and the Saturday Review was finally brought to its knees at the feet of the Sloane Square telephone. In response to a humble appeal, the instrument scornfully replied that 'three lines of adverse criticism were of no use to it.' Naturally my curiosity was excited to an extraordinary degree by the fact that the Court Theatre telephone, which knew all about Mr. Pinero's comedy, should have such a low opinion of it as to be absolutely certain that it would deserve an unprecedentedly contemptuous treatment at my hands. I instantly purchased a place for the fourth performance, Charlotte Corday and Julius Cæsar occupying my time on the second and third nights; and I am now in a position to assure that telephone that its misgivings were strangely unwarranted, and that, if it will excuse my saying so, it does not know a good comedietta when it sees one. Reserving my reasons for next week, I offer Mr. Pinero my apologies for a delay which is not my own fault."

We doubt whether theatrical managers here would display such courage. We can think of only one critic who might be refused admittance to our theaters; we believe Mr. Alan Dale can be no welcome guest at a number of New York performances.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, whose new book of poems, lately awarded The Academy's prize, is attracting so much attention, is still quite a young man, only a little over thirty; but, as is the case with so many others, poetry has engaged his attention for a great many years. Eremus, indeed, was begun at least twelve years ago, at which time he took his first plunge into practical theatrical life, making his appearance on the stage in the provincial company of his cousin, Mr. F. R. Benson. The life of a traveling player, however, was scarcely conducive to the requirements of poetical composition, and engagements in London, except in certain theaters, being decidedly precarious, Mr. Phillips left the stage for criticism and literature. According to the London Chronicle it is by no means unlikely that his early connection with the stage may find its outcome in a blank-verse play, although nothing has been done by him in that direction as yet. The Academy has almost justified its move in establishing its much discussed prizes, if it really helps a meritorious poet to a reputation. For since the early days of the Bodley Head logrolling as an aid to poets has somewhat fallen off.

IT IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE SIGNS of the supremacy which George Meredith has justly gained for himself, after many years of waiting, that a Calendar of his philosophy for 1898 has been compiled. A few quotations taken at random are:

Woman will be the last thing civilized by man.

This is one of the lightning moments of life for the woman, at the meeting of two men between whom her person has been in dispute, may still be —her soul being with the one.

From that moment she grew critical of him, and began to study her idol—a process dangerous to idols.

Men kiss us when we are happy, and we kiss them when they are unhappy.

Few things are more difficult than for a young woman under a cloud to hoodwink old women of the world.

THE WIND THAT WALKS THE WORLD

THE chattering leaves plead crisp to him
And whisper him and lisp to him;
  And the parched grass hisses where the drift
  Of swirling snow is hurled.
His hard, small snowflakes hurry on,
And scurry on and flurry on;
  From plain to sea he rages swift,
  The wind that walks the world.

The moon rides high to flout at him,
Peer out at him, and shout at him
  Her white derision; while below
  His scurrying clouds are hurled.
Sly watches she, and smiles to see,
In silver glee, so furiously
  The tempest of his anger go
  Across the cowering world.

Far off where wide and wan they lie,
Beneath the sky, eternally—
  Bleak prairies; there his mustering is,
  Thence his mad legions hurled,
Sweep onward, fleet and fierce, and fell,
And terrible as hosts of hell
  To fright the budding elemencies
  Of springtime from the world.

And lonely there, in aching cold,
In piteous cold, his icy hold
  Shuts its white clutches on its prey,
  To death's great silence hurled.
Then on, beyond in wild delight,
His strenuous flight, with snow-skirts white,
  Roars eastward its imperious way
  To bluster through the world.

Across ranged mountains, bleak and vast,
His squadrons fast go hurrying past,
  And sweep the long slope to the sea,
  In headlong onset hurled.
Hark! how the windows shake with it,
Till we wake with it and quake with it;
  Trembling to hear the stormy glee
  Of the west wind walk the world.

Then out upon the roaring sea,
The rearing sea, the sheering sea,
  He revels with the sea plumes pale,
  In shattering spray drift hurled.
He buffets past the plunging keel,
Where ships of steel career and reel,
  And strong in strenuous steam prevail
  Across the battling world.

Hark! how the oak leaves lisp to him,
How they crisp, and lisp, and whisper him,
  And the roof-trees groan as he roars by
  With cloud and snowdrift hurled.
He roars through the land from plain to sea,
In revelry, in majesty—
  Hark! for the night peals with the cry
  Of the wind that walks the world.

HERBERT BATES.

CORRESPONDENCE

A PROTEST FROM MR. GELETT BURGESS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

IT is with the greatest surprise that I discover your paper, which I have found heretofore both candid and impartial in its criticisms and comments, to be the vehicle of such an attack as was contained in the issue of February 1st. That the writer did not attempt to hide the offensiveness of his personalities in anonymity is, perhaps, your only excuse for having admitted such an undignified and prejudiced a contribution to your columns. The animus of the reviewer of Vivette was evident, and the conspicuous desire for notoriety on the part of the author of the article would seem to be too contemptible to allow its appearance in any dignified literary periodical. If, however, it has come to the point where the personal pique of a reviewer can be exploited in a so-called critique which is, indeed, but a thinly-disguised ridicule of one of the most artistic productions of the decade, the victim of such an assault may, at least, have the satisfaction of being sure that it will make him more friends than enemies.

The reviewer—this Gelett Burgess—has shown as much ignorance of Vivette as he has bad taste in his methods of criticism. He complains that there are "four Vivettes, cut like multiple paper dolls, out of a single sheet of pretty folded paper." He might have said, with more truth, and as appositely, that "there are, in reality, four Gelett Burgesses," though what, indeed, they are cut out for, it would be hard to say! Your reviewer has been pleased to accuse the author of Vivette of "diluting Stevenson." What has he to say of such wonderful imagination, such clarity in the use of words as is shown in the noble phrase, "alternately fire and snow and quicksilver?"

Stevenson, indeed! the Tusitala never dared such a contest with the dictionary! But it is useless to cite instances of Gelett Burgess's ignorance of Gelett Burgess's books to an editor who would permit such a grotesque contortion of the unities of journalism. Such unparalleled impudence has little justification save originality and unconventionality, and it is fortunate for your readers that authors who are willing to commit a literary suicide to amuse the gallery gods are few. Let a writer praise his own works if he will, but what can he know of his own faults and failures? Gelett Burgess, it seems, is his own worst enemy, but if a boy must make faces at himself in the glass, for the sake of decency let him do it in private, and not attempt to spoil the fair fresh countenance that so many of us have learned to love!

Sincerely yours,
GELETT BURGESS.

BANGS AND LANG

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

SINCE Bangs has had his bang at Lang,
And others had at Bangs a bang;
Why not—you will excuse the slang—
Just let the banging gang "go hang?"

G. HEMBERT WESTLEY.

THE RHYMER OF WILD RHYMES

Sierras, and eternal tents
Of snow that flash o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit with lifted face,
And drink the sun as drinking wine.

SOME ten or twelve years since, this prayer of the poet was answered. Spurred on by the trust in the mother-ground characteristic of him from boyhood, Joaquin Miller hewed him a nest in the hill-rocks back of Oakland, in his beloved California, planted trees and rose bushes before and behind and on all sides, and there, drinking the sun as wine, he has written on in the old fashion. The result of the last and the most difficult of all his literary labors is now before us, his complete poetical works cut down to the compass of a single volume. It was years ago that this prolific singer sent out his fourteenth volume; hence the present three hundred pages, double-columned though they are, bear witness to a heroic attempt at excision. Much has been pruned away; but as for the revision of what remains, there we must rest content with such thoroughness, such taste and judgment, as nature put in this poet; with this and little more.

Like the Sierras of his song, Miller has not only stood far off, but stanch enough in his native mold. Never was there a singer more devoutly committed to the dictum, Nascitur, non fit. What he was born he would ever be, faults and all.

Afar the gleaming Sierras lie
Against a ground of bluest sky,
A long bent line of stainless white,
As if Diana's Maid last night
Had in the liquid, soft moonlight
Washed out her mistress' garments white,
And on yon bent and swaying line
Hung all her linen out to dry.

When a poet can, at twenty-eight years of age, let stand such lines as these, we must expect to find their congeners on many a page of this definitive edition. We take the hint, and waste no time in looking for conspicuous ensamples of judgment, taste, order, proportion.

That Miller has all along indulged his congenital capacity for recklessness is evidenced in the conception and construction of whole poems as well as in single passages. It is discoverable in the loose, impossible plots which are often, in fact, no plots; in the prominence and domination of episodes; and, more than all, in the intrinsic unfitness of subject-matter. This poet, whose familiar personages are "Bricks," desperate adventurers, marauders, bandits, and brown girls of the wild, not to name the city sirens whose feet take hold on the underplace of horrors—this poet could convince himself that he was one equipped to rhyme the life of the Savior of the world. There is genuine pathos in the inception of this design—the request of a dying brother that the poet would sing one song for God—but deeper pathos still in the exhibition of the tyranny of constitutional confusion of right and wrong, of the fit and the unfit, over a child of genius. The few "Olive Leaves" are all of the long-cherished life of Christ retained in the present collection. This is fortunate, as will at once be believed when it is learned that one of the leaves, intituled "La Notte," closes with the stanza next quoted:

The night brought us God: and the Savior
Lay down in a cradle to rest;
A sweet cherub Babe in behavior,
So that all baby-world might be blest.

In another leaf, "Beyond Jordan," our poet of the Sierras, who really seems never to give a thought to

White lope, blithe Helen and the rest,

brings before us yet once more, under cover of the "mothers of Judah," the stript and well-chiseled brown beauty of the wild:

And they came to him, mothers of Judah,
Dark-eyed and in splendor of hair,
Bearing down over shoulders of beauty,
And bosoms half hidden, half bare.

There is no mistaking her. She has crossed over Jordan, changed place and race, name and period; but there she stands as she stood in the midst of the "Sea of Fire":

How proud she was! How darkly fair!
How full of faith, of love, of strength!
Her calm, proud eyes! Her great hair's length,—
Her long, strong, tumbled, careless hair,
Half curled and knotted anywhere,—
By brow or breast, or cheek or chin,
For love to trip and tangle in!

Miller's imagination, wild as any creature that has sniffed the wilderness, holds the old free course. As easily as in youth he leaps, to-day, from the finite to the infinite, from a mouse to the Almighty:

How still! I do not hear a mouse.
I see some bursting buds appear;
I hear God in His garden,—hear
Him trim some flowers for His house.

In short, these collected works continue the presence of the daring, wilful, untamable, iterating Miller, whose voice we first heard nearly forty

years ago. We have the same scorn of conventionality, whether of life or of literature; the same disregard of the common proprieties, be it of speech or of action; the same melodramatic defiance of man and matter and all good things revered; the same off-hand, rough-and-ready style, the same overweighting of assonance, the same monotony of alliteration. All this is admitted; and we might go on to admit the peculiarities of person and habit that have, with the foregoing revelations of mind and temperament, made Miller a shining target alike for the hasty censors of the daily press and for the leisured, academic law-givers of our organs of culture. The opinions of these last, however, if we take England and America together, having so clashed as to justify Carlyle's theory of inter-cancellation, there seems to be room for a further word concerning the work of this unique singer who has, for two-score years, been the voice of his loved western land.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

Swinburne, commenting on these lines, says: "If not another word were left of the poem in which these two last lines occur, those two lines would suffice to show the hand of a poet differing not in degree, but in kind, from the tribe of Byron or of Southey." Whether or not we accept Swinburne's estimate of Byron, we must accept the truth of this passage, simple and naked as Miller's "bronze" beauties of the primeval wood and the waste wilderness; and when, with it in mind, we run upon certain expressions to be found, for example, in The Arizonian, the first poem of the present collection, we should recognize the hand, careless as the touch may be, that has the cunning and the secret never attained by the mere artisan or versifier:

[Phenomena of a sudden storm.]
And a darkness that had been black to the blind.
* * *
The tassel'd tops of the pines were as weeds.
[After the storm.]
Long leaves of the sun lay over the floor.
[Spoken by a crazed lover.]
Let the world turn over, and over, and over,
And toss and tumble like beasts in pain,
Crack, quake, and tremble, and turn full over
And die, and never rise up again;
Let her dash her peaks through the purple cover,
Let her plash her seas in the face of the sun.
* * * *
So I will get gold as I erst have done,
I will gather a coffin top-full of gold,
To take to the door of Death, to buy—
Buy what, when I double my hands and die?
* * * *
But the ways are dark and the days are dreary,
And the dreams of youth are but dust in age,
And the heart gets hardened, and the hands grow weary
Holding them up for their heritage.

With Swinburne's thought still in mind, since the truth of it is rather to be seen and felt than discussed and proved, one may go on to say that such expressions betoken a distinct and rare order of gifts; that in them glow the bright signs of originality, freshness, picturesqueness, passion, music,—the expression, the energy, peculiar to the poet.

Freely as we have admitted Miller's faults, so freely must we assert his virtues. In this attitude toward him, let us see how he reports that important source of inspiration for the modern poet, Nature:

[The unfinished world.]
In a land so far that you wonder whether
If God would know it should you fall down dead;
In a land so far through the soft warm weather
That the sun sinks red as a warrior sped,—
Where the sea and the sky seem closing together,
Seem closing together as a book that is read;

'Tis the half-finished world! Yon footfall retreating,—
It might be the Maker disturbed at his task.
But the footfall of God, or the far pheasant beating,
It is one and the same whatever the mask
It may wear unto man. The woods keep repeating
The old sacred sermons, whatever you ask.
* * * *
In the beginning,—ay, before
The six-days' labors were well o'er;
Yea, while the world lay incomplete,
Ere God had opened quite the door
Of this strange land for strong men's feet,—
There lay against that westmost sea
A weird, wild land of mystery.

A far white wall, like fallen moon,
Girt out the world. The forest lay
So deep you scarcely saw the day,
Save in the high-held middle noon:
It lay a land of sleep and dreams,
And clouds drew through like shoreless streams
That stretch to where no man may say.

THE SIERRAS FROM THE SEA.

They stand white stairs of heaven,—stand a line
Of lifting, endless, and eternal white.
They look upon the far and flashing brine,
Upon the boundless plains, the broken height
Of Kamiakin's battlements. The flight
Of time is underneath their untopped towers.
They seem to push aside the moon at night,
To jostle and to loose the stars. The flowers
Of heaven fall about their brows in shining showers.

They stand in line of lifted snowy isles
High-held above the tossed and tumbled sea,—
A sea of wood in wild unmeasured miles:
White pyramids of Faith where man is free;
White mountains of Hope that yet shall be
The mounts of matchless and immortal song.

BY THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Here room and kingly silence keep
Companionship in state austere,
The dignity of death is here,
The large, lone vastness of the deep.

Song is old, and it is a good deal to say, Here is a new note; but should not that be the verdict of the sympathetic reader, of the lover of poetry, on the lines quoted? The writer must express his conviction that they are fragments of a true poet's report of that wonderful land where the sun goes down; that by reason both of the conception and the expression, they belong in the realm of poetry, and there only. If the body of the work from which they are taken does not hold up to the level of their excellence, more is the pity. But that is another matter. We are not inquiring whether our poet of the west is winged for a long flight. The question is: Has he wings, is he equipped for a journey in the empyrean, long or short? In other words, has he, when at his best, the vision and the faculty that attest his kinship with the sons of song?

Our point is single, but not small,—decision betwixt the genuine and the spurious. The genuineness admitted,—as we think it must be in the present instance—it follows that Miller's poetic work, despite its faults, its many militating eccentricities, is important. Important it becomes because every line of genuine poetry is so much added to a most precious possession, our measure of dreams, of song:

Dreams are not idle; dreams have saved the world.

Not quite a quarter of a century ago the leading literary journal of America, at that time, found in The Songs of the Sierras and The Songs of the Sunlands nothing to encourage one to expect "anything of any importance" from the author: "There is so little native strength of any kind, and what there may be is of so superficial a nature, that we should think it at least very premature to expect from Mr. Miller anything of any importance." Now, it is submitted that "native strength" is precisely what Miller has, strength as native as his weakness; and that the strength and the weakness are the strength and the weakness peculiar to the poet. It is submitted, furthermore, that the faulty work, short or long, of the poet, is of more importance than the flawless performance of the master mechanic of metrical construction.

Miller has been charged with insincerity. Without sincerity all is lost; so let us not be too hasty. Dispose of the outward phenomena, of the surface appearances, as we will,—the sombrero, the mantle, the red shirt and the top-boots,—under and in them all, deep down, is a soul, may be, that the giver of all things has seen fit to open (widely or not is no matter) to the eternal verities, to move with the sacred stir of inspiration. The real Miller, the very Joaquin, may prove, deep in, to be humble, reverent, devout, in his own strange way. It is hardly a fancy to say that there is the ring of honest heart, of sincere, yes, dedicated spirit in such lines as these:

My brave world-builders of the West!
Why, who doth know ye? Who shall know
But I, that on thy peaks of snow
Break bread the first? Who loves ye best?
Who holds ye still of more stern worth
Than all proud peoples of the earth?

Yea, I, the rhymer of wild rhymes,
Indifferent of blame or praise,
Still sing of ye, as one who plays
The same sweet air in all strange climes—
The same wild, piercing highland air,
Because—because his heart is there.

* * * *

Well! who shall lay hand on my harp but me,
Or shall chide my song from the sounding trees?
The passionate sun and the resolute sea,
These were my masters, and only these.

These were my masters, and only these,
And these from the first I obeyed, and they
Shall command me now, and I shall obey
As a dutiful child that is proud to please.

Surely there is something in these lines that no man can put on and off at will; the power that is not possessed, but possesses. The human creature is a piece of exceedingly complex mechanism. However conscientiously we may try, we can know little about him:

Earth knows a little—God the rest.

Still, all the rather frivolous quibbling to the contrary, the signs of song are so plain and so many that sympathetic vision, be it of the critic or of the people, can see and safely decide whether or not it looks on the work of one of the Lord's anointed. Soon or late, the ability is sure to be exercised; and when it is, we feel confident that among the shining company of poets will stand "the rhymer of wild rhymes." He will stand there, not because of the verses written under the influence of Byron, Swinburne, or another, not because of his thousands of indifferent verses, many of them on themes unworthy the attention of the poet; but will stand there because of the few lines, comparatively speaking, in which he has succeeded in singing his true self, in which he has reported some interesting and deserving phase of the life in man or in nature, as the poet, and no other, reports it.

We speak simply of the kind of report; the de-

gree of poetic power displayed in it is an extra or an after question. It is enough to be a poet, though the humblest. This satisfaction Miller must feel within himself; but it would be a graceful, as well as a just acknowledgment, did his countrymen tender him openly the tribute deserved, the meed for which he has toiled and, despite much folly and failure, has won.

Those that know Miller best know that the poet shows in him through all the disguises. Poetry quickens his prose; it shines through his daily conversation. The strength and the infirmity of genius stamp the man and differentiate him from his fellows, set him sharply off from the proser and from the poeticule. Be his rank what it may, there is no question, among those that know him best, as to his class. Firm-handed artificer, safe and apt craftsman, he is not; but Nature has enabled him somehow, without much aid from himself or another, to cross the wide stretch of excellence that lies between this kind of reporter and the poet. Though, at his touch, things common do not rise to touch the spheres, they mount to a height that the most dexterous word-worker cannot command. Stedman speaks of the "fine surprises" in Miller's song. This expression tells the whole story. From the mere worker-in-words comes never a surprise save one,—that he will sit up so late o' nights in velvet-measured but vain pursuit of the unattainable.

It befits the present purpose to recall certain further expressions of Stedman's, to be found at the close of his admirable treatise on the "Nature of Poetry:"

> In no wise can I forget that we are regarding even the lowliest poets from our still lower station; we are like earth-dwellers, viewing, comparing, mapping out the stars. Whatsoever their shortcomings, their gift is their own; they bring music and life and inspiration. A singer may fail in this or that, but when he dies the charm of his distinctive voice is gone forever.

If, as has been well said, we can see that the bird, though walking, has wings, we need no more than the one poem, Dead in the Sierras, to assure us that the author is a singer; a singer with the charm of a distinctive voice, more difficult than some would have it to surpass, impossible to replace:

DEAD IN THE SIERRAS.

His footprints have failed us,
  Where berries are red,
And madroños are rankest,
  The hunter is dead!

The grizzly may pass
  By his half-open door;
May pass and repass
  On his path, as of yore;
The panther may crouch
  In the leaves on his limb;
May scream and may scream,—
  It is nothing to him.

Prone, bearded and breasted
  Like columns of stone;
And tall as a pine—
  As a pine overthrown!

His camp-fires gone,
  What else can be done
Than let him sleep on
  Till the light of the sun?

Ay, tombless! what of it?
  Marble is dust,
Cold and repellent;
  And iron is rust.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

FELLOWSHIP

At last we reached the pointed firs
  And rested for a little while;
  The light of home was in her smile
And my cold hand grew warm as hers.

Behind, across the level snows,
  We saw the half-moon touch the hill
  Where we had felt the sunset; still
Our feet had many miles to go.

And now, new little stars were born
  In the dark hollows of the sky;—
  Perhaps (she said) lest we should die
Of weariness before the morn.

Once, when the year stood still at June,
  At even we had tarried there
  Till Dusk came in—her noiseless hair
Trailing along a pathway strewn

With broken cones and year-old things.
  But now, to-night, it seemed that she
  Therein abode continually,
With weighted feet and folded wings.

And so we lingered not for dawn
  To mark the edges of our path;
  But with such hope a blind man hath
At midnight, we went groping on.

I do not know how many firs
  We stumbled past in that still wood;
  Only I know that once we stood
Together there—my lips on hers.

Between the midnight and the dawn
  We came out on the farther side;
  What if the wood was dark and wide?
Its shadows now were far withdrawn.

And O, the white stars in the sky!
  And O, the glitter of the snow!—
  Henceforth we knew our feet should know
Fair ways to travel—she and I—

For One—Whose shadow is the Night—
  Unwound them where the Great Bear swung;
  And wide across the darkness flung
The ribbons of the Northern Light.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.

GIL HORNE'S BERGONZI

Prince, eil qui n'a bauderie
Pour se eschever de la soe;
Danger de grup en arderie
Faire aux sires faire la moe.
Villon.

IF you should make up your mind to visit Dalmy's Cove, which you are pretty sure to do after reading my story, remember that what is known as Bean's Trail has my unqualified recommendation. Moreover, Gil Horne once made it a current of melody, so that a tradition, not unlike a lingering flute-tune, still falters along there, more certainly after you turn the sharp bend, where the way passes around the wrinkled toe of Bald-top, a mountain regarded by North Georgians with esteem as a landmark.

Gil Horne, mind you, is no invention of mine. I can spin a fair yarn at need, when the mood of romance is strong upon me; but I like better the task now in hand, which gives me absolute freedom to rebuild the strange fabric of a vanished and all but forgotten life. I invent the name, Gil Horne; but the man himself all the world once knew.

Bean's Trail, often spoken of by mountaineers as the Way, or Bean's Way, is not a very definite road, yet at no point does it quite fade out. It goes deviously over foot-hills, amid enormous rocks fancifully decorated with rosettes of lichen, to fall at length into a curious little valley that wriggles between rugged steeps. Along this sweetly flower-sprent hollow set with a thin wood, it loiters more easily, keeping close to the bank of a brook.

But Gil Horne's tramp over the Way, which, by the picturesque light of his curiously minute and unliterary pencil-notes I have retraced step by step, may as well be described. In this I am further aided by what I took down from the lips of two or three old people who remembered—what, in their simple, lonely lives was deliciously memorable—the passing of Gil Horne that drowsy April morning (when the apple-trees were in bloom), at about the hour of breakfasting.

Gil was sensible of what the well-nigh primitive housewives were busied withal; for at intervals, as he trudged past a cabin here and yonder, the ambrosial savor of frying bacon and eggs crept to his nostrils with all the mensal suggestions that keen hunger could make a feast of; yet he did not let the temptation swerve him from the trail. "Seemed as if something behind was pushing me on," runs one of his notes, "making me pass by the houses, even when I heard plainly the siz-z-z of ham-cuts in a hot skillet."

He did not begin playing his old hautboy while crossing the rock-pinched foot-hills in the rose-purple light of morning, before the sun flashed above the mountains eastward; but when he dipped into the winding dell, where the wood-thrushes made lonesome, haunting melody amid dusky thickets beyond the brook, he blew out a clear soprano strain that bubbled under his fingers like invisible, divinely-glad water. He trudged and fluted, scarcely aware of what his tune was; and now or then he let fall the hautboy's mouthpiece below his chin to vent his overload of song.

He was singing something lively, a trifle devil-dare-you, indeed, what time he swung the turn of the road in front of Anse Keeter's ancient cabin. So thick were the white apple-blooms on the trees in the yard, that Anse had to go some distance toward the gate to have a good look at him. "An' ther' he went, the funnies' lookin' leetle rooster, an' jes' er gazin' the sky outen count'nance, an' er singin' the soul-joltin'est song 'at ever I heerd," was Anse's statement to me, and I took it down.

Doubtless the qualifying phrase, soul-jolting, was suited to Gil Horne's song; for a voice like his does jar delightfully along the inner strings of consciousness, and the sweet shock of it lingers, perhaps a lifetime. Gil sang for the sake of the singing, meantime holding his hautboy aslant, just a little lower than his chin, ready for a fresh tune whenever he should wish to change from words to wind; and behind him as he went, he left the charm of Pan.

Old Mrs. Salters, Granny Salters they called her, gave me her impression of "thet air cur'us feller 'at went er tootin' past the house thet air mornin'." She recollected him as a slim little man, with long yellow hair, a bronzed face that looked emaciated; or was it pale? Anyway, his eyes were as bright as a bird's when he looked at her, with his "fife," so she named it, leveled straight before him, his cheeks puffed out as if they would burst, and the tune of Granny Will Your Dog Bite trickling forth to her absolute bewilderment.

Gil Horne was aware of the birds in the greenery, of the brook with its merry swash, of the flowers that painted gorgeous confusions of blue and pink and yellow and white on the billowy ground; but he did not pause to consider them. "Seem like he wer' er goin' som'r's, an' wer' crazy happy erbout it," said Lum Jonas, who lived just where the Way turned into Dalmy's Cove, "an' I air o' the 'pinion 'at he wer' one o' Dalmy's kinfolks f'm erway off yander som'r's. But Dalmy—well, Dalmy, he never told. He jes' mentioned of 'im er bein' er thief. Thet 's all."

Indeed, meager as their information was, all of

the old residents along the Way seemed unalterably agreed that Gil Horne was happy. In speaking of him they always smiled, while their voices betrayed what plainly they tried to conceal, a deep impression of some mystery, as beautiful as his music, which gave him a right to their crude, but supremely human sympathy.

Just at the stupendous gateway of the Cove which, looking inward, opens to the south, the Way passes over a considerable hill, on the top of which Gil stood awhile entranced, gazing down upon Harp Dalmy's mountain-locked domain, where many a field of chocolate-tinted soil lay fresh-plowed, many a wide plot of shimmering wheat ankle-high rippled like emerald water, and far away against the mountain rim, deep nestled in blooming apple-trees, a low, shapeless dark house, flanked by immense barns, looked like a dream of peace, plenty, security,—a dream that stirred Gil's narrow breast with a strange, vague, terrible power.

Not long ago I stood upon that hill, as nearly in Gil's tracks as I could, while I read from his little note-book these words:

"I was mortal hungry; but I stood a long time. It was the strangest feeling that got into me while I looked. The story of Heaven that mother told me when I was little jumped up in my head, and my eyes had a dimness in them. In the mist of my sight it looked like the place she described. I had not thought about the time of day till a horn blew away over there in the pretty orchard. It was a call to dinner."

A tramp of fifteen minutes from the crown of the hill bears a fairly brisk walker to the end of the Way, which is right at the front gate of Dalmy's door-yard, a wide area set full of apple-trees. The house is a large one, of but a single story, built substantially of ponderous logs on a stone foundation, with spacious rooms, small square windows like loop-holes, and low doors. It somehow has a mediæval look, albeit the architecture is typical of what our American backwoodsmen have always built in their best moods.

Harp Dalmy and his daughter, Serena, were at dinner in an immense kitchen. Two coal-black negro girls were nimbly serving them, while at the cavernous fireplace a stout old woman, yet blacker than they, if that was possible, attended to a group of skillets on the hearth and a bubbling pot on the crane.

"Pap, them dogs hev got somebody stopped down at the gate," said Serena, as a chorus of yelps and snarls reached them where they sat.

"Jes' step for'd ter the front door an' see, Pink," said Dalmy, his mouth full of cornbread. He always called her Pink when he was in a good humor, and S'reeny when vexed.

The girl went briskly through two dim rooms to the heavy front door, which was bolted with a beam of wood. Harp Dalmy heard her taking out the stay-pegs, while the pack of dogs redoubled their baying; then Gil began to play St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, his hautboy giving up its richest wine of age to brim the rollicking tune with enchantment. Dalmy quit eating and sat like a huge, grim statue, listening. The music filled his veins; he felt it going all through him, a sudden intoxication.

Serena Dalmy flashed upon Gil Horne, and Gil Horne took Serena by irresistible surprise. The dogs, as if the musician had been wearing Medusa's head, stood all in silence on the moment, while yet their vocal racket echoed in the hills behind the house; and Gil, playing with increased abandon, marched through the gate which he kicked open. Serena stood dazed while he approached the wide, squat veranda.

"Good morning, lady," he said, lowering his hautboy with one hand, lifting his jaunty old cap with the other.

Serena was a buxom lass, pretty in the mountain fashion, almost beautiful when she blushed like that. Never before had any man ventured to call her a lady. The daring of it made a flare of romance in her brain, so that she stood reddening and staring, her lips parted, the dimples in her cheeks twinkling shyly.

"She looked like a lovely statue of idiocy," runs a note in Gil's book, "sweet and forlorn; as vacant as an air-pump, or my purse, with the finest teeth I ever saw."

"Lady, I 'm hungry," Gil went on to say, standing like a little, wan Apollo between his cap and his hautboy. "Could you give me a bite or two to eat?"

The girl's face changed, sweetly yet half stupidly, from surprise to sympathy, a wave of carmine rippling from chin to hair. Just then a huge, frizzly, iron-gray head was thrust past her, its face wearing a savage grin.

"Well, strenger, ef ye 'r hongry come in an' hev somethin'," growled a bass voice. Harp Dalmy set the door wide open as he spoke.

Gil Horne caught, through two or three open doors, a glimpse of the kitchen, with the fire hot on the hearth, where the dusky cook stooped, pottering among the skillets. A ravishing effluence came out to him, the browning pones giving irresistible aid to Dalmy's gruff invitation.

"It is so good of you, kind sir," said Gil Horne, in a voice to which the training of the stage had given a thrilling modulation and a haunting timbre.

"He jes' walked right through them dogs," Serena whispered in her father's ear.

And there, indeed, stood the whole savage pack just beyond the veranda's steps, with wagging tails, their mouths open under eyes that fairly laughed. Dalmy was impressed; but his face did not show it. Never before had those blood-thirsty brutes given friendly greeting to a stranger. So Gil Horne stood for some seconds, a forlornly beautiful little mendicant, while Dalmy and his daughter gazed at him. Then they made way for him to pass between them.

Despite his hunger, Gil could not, when seated at the table, entirely devote himself to eating; for the interior of the house was a wonder to his artist eyes. Such immense beams overhead, grimy and smoked with pitch-pine, he had never seen before; nor such a fireplace, like a Plutonian cave, or the lair of a dragon. Against the primitive walls hung firearms of archaic pattern; heavy flint-lock rifles, long, single-barreled shotguns; a brace of enormous horse-pistols, all made apparently to suit a giant's strength. No mistake in this, however; for when Gil Horne looked Dalmy over, while he sat there champing like a horse, he thought of the mythological hero who flung mountains at ships.

From Dalmy to Serena a glance was almost one of those shifts in a wonder-show, when a monster gives place to an embodiment of beauty; and yet Gil felt a laugh almost choking him,—she was so absurdly, so insistently, so abjectly inane looking. Loveliness of a physical sort could scarcely be more perfect, he thought; nor could mental and physical defectiveness possibly show itself more grotesquely.

His first impression thus formed became intenser during his stay at the table. No mere trencher-delights could prevent his poetical nature from reveling, while he sat at one side of the ample board, Serena on his right, presiding, for her mother had long been dead, and Dalmy on his left, crunching pone crust with his mighty jaws. Did a poor tramp ever before drop into so absurd a paradise? His gray-blue eyes furtively leaped from point to point, scanning, as an accomplished thief's might have done, every nook and corner.

Dalmy was watching him curiously from under his grizzled brows with sidelong, inscrutable glances, dull as lead; and when dinner was ended he got pipes, big ones of corn-cob, hospitably filling the cleanest for Gil. Then he said:

"Take er smoke wi' me."

The tobacco, pinched from a golden twist of home-grown leaf, was old and fragrant. With characteristic shuffling the negroes removed the dishes from the table, the skillets from the hearth, the pot from the sooty crane, meantime rolling critical white eyes upon the young stranger whose fine shabbiness gave them room to suspect him. Gil leaned back in his chair, his eyelids drooping, the inexorable dream of music once more filling him, as sunlight fills a summer's morning.

Before they were done smoking a chill crept into the room. Clouds had blown up out of the southwest bringing on a rain, at first fitful, but soon dashing down with a squall from the mountain-top. Gil had not mentioned going; but Dalmy said:

"Ye 'll stay all night wi' us, boy." Then turning to Serena he added: "He will, won't he, Pink?"

"S'pec' so," the girl said, blushing.

All the afternoon Gil played the hautboy for them. They were delighted, Dalmy showing his appreciation by keeping time with his feet, or patting with his Herculean hands. Serena sat off in a corner regarding Gil's clean-shaven face from an indirect point of view. She liked his rather effeminate beauty; yet it made her sad, she could not have told why. Somehow he looked to her as if he were splendidly bad and remorsefully good, albeit she did not reason out the impression, simply feeling that it was deliciously melancholy, like his fluting, with a jocund devil's spirit filling it, as the color fills the juice of a ripe cherry.

I have a letter written by Gil Horne to one of the world's most famous sopranos, in which he describes the scene in the kitchen that evening after supper, when the hearth had been cleared. The rain and wind had increased somewhat; the chill strengthened apace with the storm, until it was bone-searching; it seemed to trickle through the house like cold water, or a draught from a damp cavern. Dalmy made a fire of logs that presently sang and sputtered, darting keen, broad blades of flame high up the sooty, back-wall.

Gil sat facing the middle of the fireplace, Dalmy on his right, Pink on his left, while he felt the girl's glances hit him, as it were, with strokes that shocked his sense of the ludicrous almost unbearably. He smoked hard to keep from hysterical laughter, pouring out great blue clouds. In the chimney-top the wind boomed savagely, ever and anon reversing the draught for a wild moment, when the flames would lap the hearth to the floor's edge, and whip the jambs with long, spiral leashes.

Serena was not as void of intelligence as Gil

Horne imagined. She was clever after a fashion of her own, quick to take impressions, yet slow to understand them. While she sat looking at him, a remote, elusive suspicion of him hovered behind her growing admiration of his beauty. His almost girlish mouth and the soft turn of his symmetrical cheeks and chin harbored something rakish and devil-may-care that had a fascination as inexplicable as the sun's heat or the blue of the sky.

Dalmy would have some more fluting when the pipes were no longer attractive. Gil played what he thought they would like best, the old melodious dancing tunes of the backwoods, keeping his host in an ecstasy until the tall clock against the wall behind Serena struck twelve.

The fire, now a splendid heap of coals, was generously hot, its light painting all the interior from roof-beams to floor a fine ruby, like the stain of over-ripe berries. Gil laid his hautboy across his knees.

"If I had a fiddle," he said, "I could play all of these things far better."

"Ho! kin ye play the fiddle, too?" demanded Dalmy.

"Yes, that is what I do play. I care very little about this sort of thing," said Gil, tapping the hautboy with his finger. "The violin, the fiddle, is what makes music."

"Right ye air, right ye air, boy," roared the old man, "hain't he, Pink?"

"He ce'tingly air," assented Serena.

"Wish I had hold of one for a few minutes," Gil continued, rather in a reflective way. "I feel just in the mood for playing."

"Where 's Dick's ole fiddle, Pap?" Serena ventured. "Hit mought do."

"They air not a string onter 't," said Dalmy.

"I think I have a lot of strings in my pocket," said Gil Horne, fumbling somewhat nervously. "Yes, here they are. Fetch the fiddle and we 'll have a time."

Dalmy went to a rude sideboard in a corner, where he found what he sought in a creaking drawer, at which he wrenched right and left to pull it out. When he came back he handed the fiddle to Gil, who took it with the greedy clutch of an opium-eater snatching his deadly drug.

A negro man brought in more logs for the fire, while Gil was re-stringing the grimy fiddle. Serena's brother Dick, long ago killed in a brawl, used to play it for the dancers at mountain parties. The negro loitered by the fire, his tune-haunted ear pricked to its deepest by the mere strumming and key-turning. In the light Gil's face glowed as if illuminated from within, and on his delicately-cut mouth flickered a reckless expression of which Serena, stupidly gazing, was indirectly aware, while her fascination deepened.

Outside the storm was fast dying; no rain was heard; the wind seemed to pound on the roof irregularly with strokes less and less noisy. Until half past two o'clock Gil fiddled with ever-increasing beauty and power, his ear inclined to the strings, his eyes glowing, a splendid dream brimming his face. He was a magician. The negro man had crouched down by the rude chimney-piece entranced; Dalmy and Serena sat like open-mouthed statues. They had never before heard real music. Every rich note went home with a ravishing thrill supremely delightful, yet saddening in a strange, vague way.

After Gil Horne had gone into the room where he was to sleep, they heard him still softly playing while they sat, father and daughter, scarcely breathing for fear of losing the least part of that enchanting minor. The fiddle sobbed and tenderly wailed, the strains dying slowly, like far-off echoes, and at last all was still.

"Lordy, but hain't 'e a fiddler f'm erway back!" remarked Dalmy.

"He ce'tingly air," sighed Serena.

"Pink, what 'd ye think o' keepin' thet leetle booger right yer, a stayin' wi' us an' er fiddlin' constant forever?" He actually put his arm around her. "Would n't hit be ermazin' fine, hey, Pink?"

"Hit ce'tingly would," she whispered. But next morning, when the old man pounded upon Gil's door and shouted jovially: "Git erp, yer, breakfus' air ready; do n't ye smell the fried chicken?" there was no answer.

And the vacancy inside declared itself by some sign more convincing than mere silence—a sign that gave Dalmy's strong heart a twinge of strange, vague pain. He turned the low door on its wooden hinges. The window opposite was wide open, the bed was untouched. In the middle of the floor Dalmy stood staring at nothing in particular, his under jaw dangling like a fool's, while he numbly opened and shut his hands, as if the blood were stagnant in them. Serena came in silently, looked around with a sweep of stupid comprehension, then with a quick, indrawn breath, she said, in a loud whisper:

"Where 's Dick's fiddle?"

The storm was over. From the wooded slope behind the house a jubilant bird-chorus rippled through the open window, along with a fine turquoise reflection from a cloudless April sky.

"Well, the dern leetle thief!" Dalmy exclaimed. "Mebby he 's robbed us!"

He went nervously straightway to the bureau drawer in which he kept his money, but found the little treasure undisturbed. Indeed, nothing was gone but the fiddle. He and Pink gazed at each other disapprovingly.

"S'reeny," he suddenly stormed forth, "w'at 'd ye let the leetle taller-faced, lonesome-eyed, fife-tootin' eejit come in fer?"

"Well, ef ye do n't beat all!" said Pink, her eyes becoming almost bright. "An' you a settin' erp mighty nigh the blessed night er lis'nin'!"

Dalmy raged noisily; he mounted a horse and went blustering all along the Way, rousing the mountaineers, men, women, children, dogs, poultry, with his windy threats against "thet air leetle gal-faced thief," quite to no purpose.

"I air not a keerin' airy livin' dad burn fer the blame ole fiddle," he explained, "but I 'd jes' nat'rally give er half er dollar fer a chance ter whirp thet boy like I wants ter!"

But Gil had been too wise to go away by Bean's Trail. His flight took him southward over the mountains behind Dalmy's house. What he suffered before he reached Augusta and fell in with genial Sol Rimley, is another story. It was Sol's fortune, as well as Gil's. The violin did it, and all the world knows the career of the great fiddler under Sol's management. But it has been my pleasure to trace Gil's incomparable violin, hoping to unravel its history. I visited the Cove, saw Dalmy and Serena in their queer old house, interviewed every old mountaineer in the region, giving two golden summer months to the work, and fishing in the brook. In one of his notes, Gil Horne says: "I bought the violin, for which the Duke of Amalva paid me seventeen thousand dollars, of a mountain man named Dalmy. His son had bought it for three dollars of a strolling inebriate musician. This is all that I can tell about it. How I came to know that Dalmy had the violin was through a Jew peddler, who had seen it and failed in an attempt to buy it. But I had no trouble. Dalmy seemed glad to accept four dollars for it."

During Gil Horne's life not a hint of where the fiddle came from could ever be drawn out of him; but when he died at my house, in 1879, he left with me, as his sole estate, the notes and letters that I have mentioned in this sketch. The fiddle is unquestionably a masterpiece by Carlo Bergonzi; and by some of the greatest authorities it has been adjudged the most wonderful violin ever made.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

NEW REPUTATIONS

I

A FRANCO-AMERICAN NOVELIST.

IT would not be difficult for even a casual reader of Mr. Chambers's books to construct from them alone a fairly accurate outline of the external events of the author's life. Not that his stories seem to be in any sense autobiographical, but the things which he knows well and the places familiar to him force themselves into the settings of his stories so surely that we may read there a naive account of his earlier career.

Fish and France seem to have occupied him most; the one sure thing is that his story will either be of France, or in the manner of France, and that, lurking somewhere, will be a tremendously erudite reference to fishing with flies.

During the most impressionable period of a young man's life, he was in Paris, nominally a student of painting at the École des Beaux Arts, at Julien's, and at Carmon's. Paint, Mr. Chambers indisputably did; he exhibited at the Salon in '89. But he found time as well to study the picturesque byways of Parisian life.

A whim to know something of anarchists took him to an apartment in the Boulevard de la Villette, and made him frequent the famous club of the Château Rouge, where Louise Michel was a prominent figure. He made himself familiar with the French military organization, and acquainted especially with the history of the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune. Weeks at a time were spent with the army making sketches and notes. His knowledge of military matters extends to details; he was lately the designer of the shako, band uniform, and officers' tunics of the 23d Brooklyn regiment. If Mr. Chambers did not find it amusing and profitable to be a novelist, it is probable that he would attempt to be a military historian. Indeed, in Lorraine, The Red Republic, and a third story yet to be published, he attempts to give the story of the French-German war of '70.

Time to be spared from the cafés, the studios, and the slums of Paris, and from the barracks and drill ground, Mr. Chambers spent in the woods, whipping every available trout stream and chasing moths and butterflies with scientific ardor.

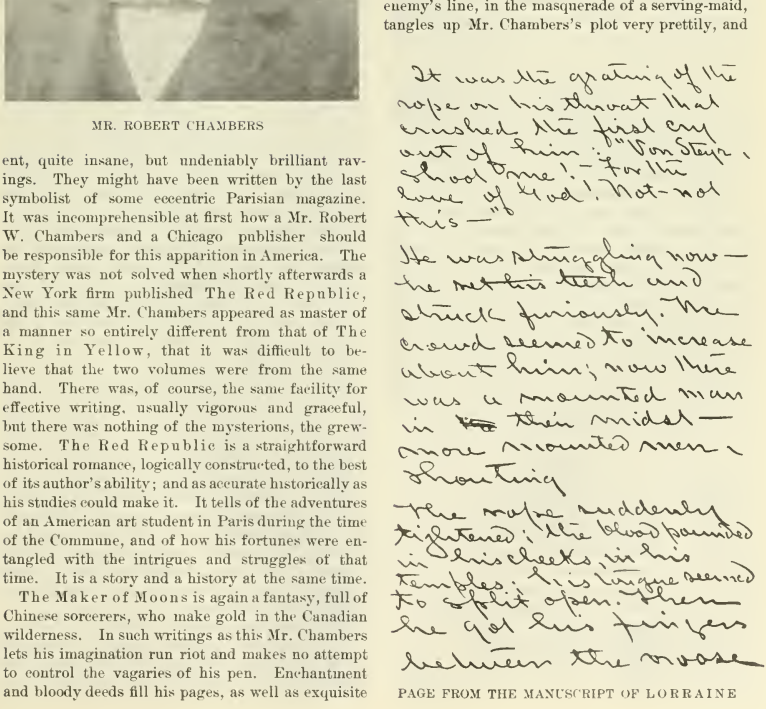
In the winter of 1894-95, some few people discovered Mr. Chambers between the lurid covers of a volume called The King in Yellow, brought out in a most unprepossessing form by a second-rate publisher in Chicago. The stories in this volume were grotesques in the fantastic manner of the modern French school. They were rambling, incoher-

MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS

ent, quite insane, but undeniably brilliant ravings. They might have been written by the last symbolist of some eccentric Parisian magazine. It was incomprehensible at first how a Mr. Robert W. Chambers and a Chicago publisher should be responsible for this apparition in America. The mystery was not solved when shortly afterwards a New York firm published The Red Republic, and this same Mr. Chambers appeared as master of a manner so entirely different from that of The King in Yellow, that it was difficult to believe that the two volumes were from the same hand. There was, of course, the same facility for effective writing, usually vigorous and graceful, but there was nothing of the mysterious, the grewsome. The Red Republic is a straightforward historical romance, logically constructed, to the best of its author's ability; and as accurate historically as his studies could make it. It tells of the adventures of an American art student in Paris during the time of the Commune, and of how his fortunes were entangled with the intrigues and struggles of that time. It is a story and a history at the same time.

The Maker of Moons is again a fantasy, full of Chinese sorcerers, who make gold in the Canadian wilderness. In such writings as this Mr. Chambers lets his imagination run riot and makes no attempt to control the vagaries of his pen. Enchantment and bloody deeds fill his pages, as well as exquisite bits of woodland life and charming glimpses of the pleasures of the fisherman and the hunter.

Next appeared, in the spring of '96, A King and a Few Dukes. Mr. Chambers would be neither human, modern, nor versatile if he had not made his own experiment in writing an Anthony Hope story. The imitation is not servile, and the book is an amusing trifle. There is the usual light dialogue, the delicate jest, and the affectation which Mr. Laurence Sterne invented before Mr. Anthony Hope. There is the half farcical, half heroic political complication which suits the manner so well. An American retired to a mountain valley in Servia finds himself undertaking to restore the deposed King of Boznovia to his throne, and so to thwart the intrigues of the Princess, known as Witch Sylvia, who has put her brother in power. But Witch Sylvia, venturing into the enemy's line, in the masquerade of a serving-maid, tangles up Mr. Chambers's plot very prettily, and


It was the grating of the
rope on his throat that
crushed the first cry
out of him. "Von Steyn,
shoot me! — for the
love of God! Not — not
this —"
He was struggling now —
he set his teeth and
struck furiously. The
crowd seemed to increase
about him; now there
was a mounted man
in the midst —
more mounted men —
shouting
the rope suddenly
tightened. The blood pounded
in his cheeks, in his
temples. His tongue seemed
to split open. Then
he got his fingers
between the rope

PAGE FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF LORRAINE

leads his hero a lively dance through battles and some pleasant love scenes.

Last autumn appeared almost simultaneously a book of short stories, The Mystery of Choice, and a long novel, Lorraine. The first was full of all Mr. Chambers's imaginative tricks. The second was the story of the military operations at the frontier of France in '70. The heroine Lorraine is a graceful and poetic figure, and her love story, happening in the very thick of war, when armies surged backwards and forwards over the devasted province, is the slight thread which carries along with it the whole story of those unfortunate campaigns. The spectacle of war really dwarfs everything else in Mr. Chambers's writing. Late studies of campaigning have made much of the problem of individual courage or cowardice, of the psychology of a trembling recruit. For Mr. Chambers the great sweep, the overwhelming magnitude of the thing is what has been worthy his attention. It is a view of war as true as the other, and yet more romantic.

Consideration of Mr. Chambers' work in verse is not in place here, although the charming if somewhat affected lyrics scattered through his books add much to their peculiar flavor. His one volume of verse, With the Band, was a frank attempt to do Barrack Room Ballads, for the American army.

Six books in barely four years is an unusual record for a new writer. If Mr. Chambers did not write several kinds of fiction, and know how to keep them rigidly separate, his energy must long since have flagged. As it is, his career has been that of a minor meteor in the literary sky. He has written readable and popular books, and he has made many critics look upon him kindly. He knows something of good style and he shows a real striving to learn more. His imagination is untiring, and his interest and belief in his work unabated since the beginning. Mr. Chambers is one of our young men of greatest promise.

H. G. R.

WINTER

THE wind blows high, the wind blows low,
The buried prairies in the snow
Lie warm and deep.
Safe under Winter's soft white wing
A little seedling dreams of spring,
Stirs in its sleep.

The wind has gone, and softly come
Small furry friends from drifted home,
Hungry—afright—
The marks of tiny footsteps show,
Like frozen music-notes, on snow
All silent, white.

MARY BALDWIN.

THE PODMORE LETTERS

V

A PLEA FOR SCIENTIFIC COLLABORATION.

Periwinkle Podmore
Literary-Journalist
Gossip Bought and Sold

NEW YORK, February 15, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

WHAT has become of the Art of Collaboration? Has it succumbed like the art of wood-engraving to the mechanical processes of production now in vogue? Is it dead, and if so, why in a day when it is so much needed has it been allowed to die for want of practice? I ask this, Mr. Editor, in all sincerity, not only as a consumer of literature, but as one who needs the stimulation of real literature in his professional work, for the journalist is quite as much in need of his tonic as is any other malarial subject.

When we look back upon the famous collaborators of the past and consider what they have produced, we cannot but see what tremendous values lie in the scheme. With that greatest of books, the Bible, in which one scripturist is so ably supplemented by another, that the whole becomes literature; with Shakespeare, who, aided and abetted, if not wholly made by Bacon and Raleigh and other able persons of the Elizabethan Court, becomes the god of English letters, and in the eyes of the distinguished Professor Brander Matthews, the source of all our Americanisms; and Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrian, who have produced much that was good, —when we look back upon these, I say, and consider their works, how much they did for letters, and how little they are doing now, one cannot but ask why this beneficent plan has been permitted to lapse into disuse.

See, sir, what the combined efforts of Messrs. Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner resulted in. Before the publication of The Gilded Age, Mr. Warner was not known as a humorist, Mr. Clemens was not ranked as a literary person. The publication of that wonderful biography of Col. Sellers changed all this, and Mr. Warner became famous as a man of wit, and, as the world knows, Mr. Clemens was able to write the Recollections of Joan of Arc with a reasonable assurance that it would be taken seriously—which assurance, let me add, I have reason to believe was justified by the eventuation.

Then there were the Tales Told in Partnership, by Messrs. Brander Matthews and the late H. C. Bunner, which collection is known as the best book Professor Matthews ever published, par-

ticularly the portions written by Mr. Bunner. This helped both these gentlemen. Mr. Matthews began to be known as a clever man, and Mr. Bunner ceased to be identified in appreciative minds with the red, white and blue weekly upon which he had hitherto wasted his genius, but to which, up to the hour of his death, be it said, he was as loyal as is the needle to the pole.

Then there were Mr. Balzac of Paris, and Miss Wormeley of Boston. All New England knows what Miss Wormeley has done for Mr. Balzac, and vice versa. Even Salem has waked up to discover that Miss Wormeley has made Honoré de Balzac a fireside companion, and has done him into English so thoroughly that even a boarding-school girl of sixteen may read him with impunity —nay, not only may read him, but may be urged to do so, for where Mr. Balzac has seemed worldly, the talented translator has softened him down until he now fits into almost any nook or cranny to be found betwixt Bangor, Maine, and Cos Cob, Connecticut, which, when I went to school, comprised very nearly the whole Brook Farm district.

And finally, what a great wave of kindly feeling, prosperity, and general happiness has swept over the world since the publication of Mr. Le Gallienne's If I Were God! Has not the universe been better managed since the Almighty has had the advantage of Mr. Le Gallienne's views? Should not the idea of collaboration, from this very incident alone, gather unto itself renewed vigor and become once more honored in the observance?

I am sure, sir, that the answer of all enlightened folk will be, Yes. See how successfully China is being divided by the many, where, single-handed, no nation could have hoped for success. Let us, by all means then, have more collaboration, but let it be practiced as a fine art, not haphazard. Haphazard collaboration is worse than none at all. Scientific collaboration, in which one author, even with his defects, supplements the other, would prove a godsend to us who read.

It would avail nothing, if authors so eminently alike in their methods as Hall Caine and Miss Libby, for instance, should co-operate in the production of a novel. Richard Harding Davis and the author of English as She is Spoke could not have helped each other. Nothing which should give promise of a step forward in letters could be expected from the collaboration of poets so alike as Alfred Austin and Dr. Arlo Bates, the official poet of Harvard. Collaboration between Mark Twain and Harry Thurston Peck could accomplish little; but would not a scientific application of the advantages of collaboration help all of these gentlemen?

Can you fancy what superb work could be expected from the joint efforts of Mr. James Lane Allen and Dr. Peck? How the classical beauty of Mr. Allen's English would soften the rugged rhetorical crags upon which the antelope of Dr. Peck's fancy disports itself; and how, on the other hand, the seething vitality of Dr. Peck would melt a little of the ice which hedges about the greater part of Mr. Allen's writing. This very juxtaposition of hilarity and polarity would work for much, and if by a judicious mixture of the two the one could soften the other, would not we who read be vastly benefited by the stream of mellow literature that would surely flow from the fountain pens of the combination? Would not Dr. Peck seem more godlike, and Mr. Allen more human—and is not this a consummation devoutly to be wished, even from their own standpoint? Surely Mr. Allen does not wish to stand so far aloof from his fellows that none but a literary Nansen would dare brave the perils of his acquaintance, and equally sure is it that Dr. Peck would not wish to be handed down to posterity as the Yellow Kid of the American Academy.

Inspiring as the collaboration of these two men would be, what even more gorgeous results would come from the co-operation of two writers like Hall Caine and the author of Chimmie Fadden. What a healthy graft that would be, and how far more interesting than they are would each become in his new environment. Chimmie Fadden transported to the Isle of Man, with all his robust Bowery ideas and manners, his shoulder-hitting expressions of opinion, his breezy common sense, would gain in dignity to just the extent that the Isle of Man is greater in romantic interest than New York's offshoot of Palestine and Seven Dials; whereas the work of Caine, with a little of the milk of human kindness, which is so strong a factor in Mr. Townsend's nature, poured into it, would gain visibly in strength. It ought not to be difficult to see the obvious advantage of the suggestion, but some of the things most plainly visible become the hidden things as we walk our way through life, wherefore to prove my point even crudely, let me recommend any fair-minded reader to purchase a copy of The Deemster and read it through. Then let him obtain a copy of the first Chimmie Fadden book and read that through. Whereupon, let him start in again on both and read a chapter of each alternately. I venture to assert that he will find relief from the heartaches of Caine, and surcease from the side-aches of Fadden instantly. The transition, however, would be sharp and unsatisfactory—but the blend, the result

of scientific collaboration, would this not be full of a flavor that would prove delicious to the taste?

Other combinations, once the mind sets to work seriously, suggest themselves. Stephen Crane and Henry James, for instance. If Mr. Crane were to walk through one of Mr. James's stories with a pot of red paint, who can deny that Mr. James's color would seem warmer, more home-like, more real? And if Mr. James, with a blue pencil, were to stalk through one of Mr. Crane's stories with his usual niceness—it's a bad word, Mr. Editor, but bad words are sometimes useful, as the little boy told his mother—who can gainsay the fact that Mr. Crane's work would become English, and not essentially United States in its phrasing? Indeed, sir, if our local colorists could get away from the tints of environment, and occasionally dip their work into a pot of solid color, would there not be more literature of universal application, and less of the sewing-circle kind? And, conversely, if the sign painters who now write were occasionally to drop their primary-notions and study the art of our water colorists, would they not gain something of the quality of those men of old who wrote of human nature so convincingly that they still live, and with every passing year wax greater? I am inclined to think that a graft of these two schools would give promise of a Balzac, but standing alone we shall be fortunate if they produce a Peacock.

Then Mr. Crawford and George Meredith—Crawford to supply lucidity of expression, Meredith, with his slow, laborious method, to act as a guard against over-production; Mr. Howells and Mr. Bangs, the Idealism of the one and the Unrealism of the other to soften each other into something which resembles life as it is lived; Mr. Aldrich and Will Carleton, the one to furnish technique, the other to introduce his knowledge of the heart of man, each remedying thereby a conspicuous defect in the other; and finally, Andrew Lang and everybody else, for it would require the combined efforts of every pebble on the literary beach to collaborate actively with this furnace of thought whose fires are ever lighted, and who sends out an overpowering amount of heat through the various flues at his disposal, yet who, in spite of his exquisite workmanship and fine knowledge of all things, is scarcely in that advanced position where there is no hope for his future.

Mr. Editor, I submit my idea to you humbly. It may be all wrong. I think it is all right, but the best of us sometimes err. Present it to your public or not, as may please you. In any event I beg to remain, Yours truly,

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P.S.—I have just outlined my notion as expressed above to a prominent literary person of New York. He thinks it good, but impracticable, because a combination of forces invariably results in a division of royalties. If this objection is valid perhaps, after all, you would better throw my letter into your waste-basket. In days when literature has become a branch of commerce I should be very sorry to advocate any policy which might lead to a worthy scribe's losing his rating at Bradstreet's.

P. P.

PRIMER OF FAMOUS FICTION

IN Adam Bede
We love to read.
In The Beth Book
Few care to look.

The Christian's style
Makes critics smile.

On The Descendant
Fame is attendant.

Equality
Is by Bellamy.

In Flames we find
A morbid mind.

George Tressady
Seemed dull to me.

Hugh Wynne is said
To be much read.

In Kedar's Tents
See strange events.

Jerome is keen,
Clever, and clean.

Kate Carnegie
We did not see.

The Little Minister
Sets critics in a stir.

The Martian will be
Read less than Trilby.

The Naulahka never
Seemed very clever.

Ormont's Aminta
Floored the printer.

Some think that Phroso
Is only so-so.

Quo Vadis is long
And rather strong.

A Rose of Yesterday
Is good in its own way.

In St. Ives read
Of daring deed.

Sentimental Tommy
Deserves praise from me.

In The Unclassed
Much woe 's amassed.

Vivette is bright,
A real delight.

What Maisie Knew
Invites review.

The Express Messenger tales
Tell of fun on the rails.

The Yellow Aster
Was a disaster.

Ziska, I'm told,
Is being sold.

CAROLYN WELLS.

COLONIAL TIMES

MR. SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER, the author of this book, says in his preface that there was little or no interest in, or knowledge of colonial history in America twenty years ago, and that whatever had been written about the colonial period was so dull and full of vague generalities that no one cared to read it. The time might be shortened to ten years, and in that decade what a change! Social and economic histories of colonial times, monographs, biographies, essays, tracts, reprints, have poured forth in vast numbers. But these are almost wholly of the northern colonies, a few on old Virginia, many on New England.

The charm of Mr. Fisher's book is in its variety; in the vivid and picturesque succession of pictures he gives of the entire fringe of settlements on the eastern coast of the new continent, from Georgia to New Hampshire; a narrow fringe whereon most of the settlers lived close to the shore, and all within two hundred miles of it. The very felicitous titles of some of his chapters, such as Cavaliers and Tobacco, The Land of Steady Habits, The Isle of Errors, Landgraves Pirates and Caziques, Bankrupts and Mulberry Trees, clearly show the varied character of the colonies, and his power of characterization.

Mr. Fisher has been for years a careful and profound student and collector of historical facts for this book, and he is a keen and quick-witted observer; to these two important qualifications he adds the very soul and quickening life of historical writing—a power of interpretation—without which items and facts from whatever sources, monuments, or remains, are but barren milestones on a weary road. In this interpretation, however, his imagination is ever under firm control, for in every chapter, on every page, a most satisfying and welcome common sense gives an air of stability to his narration.

Throughout the pages he has also ever ready some analogy, some comparison, some proof, or illustration drawn from modern times, that in a few well-chosen words gives a living and present interest to the old-time stories.

As must ever be, the chapters on the southern colonies are the most glowing and attractive, Virginia easily leading, and the adventurers and undertakers (in the old-time meaning of these terms) of Georgia and South Carolina, ever picturesque in retrospect, only less attractive than Virginia because necessarily less clearly outlined.

Georgia, the plantation of Oglethorpe, which started out as "a sort of a picnic foundation of a colony," is described with much vivacity, and the various woes and vicissitudes of the colony, varying in quick succession from imminent danger of extermination by the Indians, through explosive conflicts with the Florida Spaniards, the unscrupulous and crafty plotting for a confederacy by a German Jesuit priest, the domestic complications and dissensions brought on by the simplicity and susceptibility of the Methodist missionaries, Wesley and Whitefield, the ravages of strange climatic diseases, and plaintive and persistent pleadings by the settlers for many years for the privileges of the forbidden rum and slavery, till the colony barely survived; and it took a century of slow improvement before these bequests and characteristics were subdued, and Georgia could take her proper place among honorable states and commonwealths.

In no part of this book is more satisfactory evidence given of the good common sense of the author than in his account of Virginia life; it is neither the exaggerated halo of imaginary cavalierdom of one class of historians of Virginia, nor the cold reprehension of a dissolute and demoralized community of rakes and reprobates, as shown by other rigid narrators; it is a true and exceptionally happy picture of that happy colony, and in certain portions shows much strength of description. Exceptionally well told is the story of Bacon's Rebellion, in 1676, that forerunner in boldness, bravery, and revolt of our war of the Revolution; a story which lived only in vague tradition for over a century after the sudden and speedy death of the rebel commander, until the manuscript accounts were discovered in England and made public by Jefferson.

There is found in these pages more narrative of public events and history than might be inferred from the title, but there is also ample description of domestic manners and surroundings, and plentiful anecdote and illustration. Naturally the chapter on Quaker Prosperity is somewhat curtailed on account of Mr. Fisher's more ample accounts elsewhere in his books entitled, The Making of Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania Colony and Commonwealth; but the chapter is pleasing, showing a life not so reckless and exuberant as in Virginia, nor so repressed and somber as in New England, but full of solid comfort, which in and after Revolutionary times changed to unbounded extravagance and luxury.

The chapter of Manhattan and the Zuyder Zee is written with a spirited pen, scant of praise to the Dutch settlers, either as to their deeds or their influence; dwelling largely on the political life of the province, and comparing it amusingly and pointedly with New York ring politics to-day.

According to Mr. Fisher, the government of New York has ever been unfailingly and unstintedly corrupt; the first Dutch governor of New Netherland, Van Twiller (Irving's Walter the Doubter), enriched himself at the colonies' expense, became the largest land-owner who was not a patroon, acquiring all the islands in both rivers near Manhattan, including Governor's Island. His successor, Kieft (William the Testy), was a bankrupt merchant whose portrait had been hung on the gallows in his Dutch home. His administration cost the colony four hundred thousand guilders over its returns, and he sailed away with four hundred thousand guilders. Then Stuyvesant "came like a peacock, and soon became a hawk or vulture." He ruled everything, grabbed everything, was everything; and "the Dutch lost the colony, and deserved to lose it."

MEN, WOMEN, AND MANNERS IN COLONIAL TIMES.—By Sydney George Fisher. 16mo. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co. 2 vols.

The corruption continued under the English governors. Each invented new and ingenious ways of getting the public money. Dongan abolished charters to sell new ones; Fletcher sold protections to pirates; Cornbury appropriated funds, and took outrageous bribes; Hunter imported German workmen at the cost of the government and sold their services to his own profit; Clinton made £80,000 and Clark £100,000 in seven years—this latter equal to over two million dollars to-day. They destroyed deeds, invalidated titles, grabbed lands, invented back claims, paid false bills; and to add to the devastation, New York had far more governors than any other province, so all could have a "whack." Through it all the bench, Dutch and English, was under political control, and through it all the people of New York then, as in our own day, let the officials rob and plunder at their will; while in Virginia the first certainty of such corruption produced a rebellion which annihilated the governor's authority. Rather unjustly, I think, Mr. Fisher attributes the responsibility for the corruption, the stultification, and the indifference, even under the English, wholly to Dutch influence and example.

When we read this brilliant recapitulation of Mr. Fisher of these aspects of New York history, we recall and appreciate President John Adams's remark in old age: "Man and boy, I have watched and known New York politics for seventy years, and they have always been one of the devil's incomprehensibilities."

Let me add one item to Mr. Fisher's chain of suggestive incidents of Dutch-English-American political history. The first Dutch ship that sailed into and landed at the harbor of Manhattan commanded by the Dutch captain, Adriaen Block, was named The Tiger.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

REVIEWS

MR. GRANT ALLEN AS A SCIENTIST

THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEA OF GOD: AN INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGINS OF RELIGION.—By Grant Allen. 8vo. Henry Holt & Co.

MR. ALLEN has gathered in this volume a mass of materials illustrating primitive religions and explaining Christianity and other high monotheisms. The preface assures us that it is written in "a spirit of earnest anxiety to learn all that can be learnt by enquiry and investigation of man's connection with his God, in the past and the present," and also that it is the result of some twenty years' study. The results of this earnest and long investigation Mr. Allen regards as a contribution of considerable value to the history of religion. Of all these results one is paramount: Most existing religious systems have their origin in the "deliberate manufacture of gods by killing." That is, a god is a deified dead man. Among new ideas of secondary rank (of which Mr. Allen gives a partial list covering three-quarters of a page) are the importance of the sacred stone, stake, tree, and the preserved head of the deified dead man; the evolution of Jahweh from a sacred stone; the origin of Jewish monotheism from the cult of the jealous god; the horrible evolution of god-eating sacrifice from the honorifical eating of one's dead relations; the identification of Christ with these elements, and those of the ubiquitous corn-god. As Mr. Allen modestly suggests, if any one of these propositions "turn out on examination to be both new and true," his work will have justified its existence.

It is somewhat difficult for one who is not under the inspiration of the author's sympathies to take all of his propositions soberly. In fact, the day when it is fashionable to hold that resemblances imply genetic relations is so far past that one may be pardoned a trace of impatience at discovering so much learning devoted to a lost cause. It is rather late, also, for one who knows anything more about the origin of Christianity than is to be found in the author's source of information on the subject—Frazer's Golden Bough—to leave the existence of Paul and Jesus (p. 378) an open question, or to identify the religion of Christian people in the fourth century with Christianity. No historian will deny that Christian tradition and worship has absorbed many elements from ethnic heathen cults, or that it is possible to find heathen gods and goddesses masquerading as Christian saints. We may leave to the champions of phallicism the derivation of the symbol of the cross from the sun-wheel of the Gauls (p. 391), and to the historian the naïve belief that Constantine would have made the worship of Mithras a world religion (p. 395), but we cannot help feeling that because men came to worship one whom they regard as an incarnate God, and because, in his death, they see some religious significances, and because they sacramentally eat of his flesh and blood, and because he speaks of himself as a vine, and because he was mocked as a king, no one but a devotee to a learning iridescent with imagination would think of such facts as the descendants of the customs of those who eat men in lieu of gods, or bow in worship before corn-gods or other personifications of the reproductive forces of nature.

In a word, the book is a collection of interesting and curious facts, and of as untrustworthy conclusions—a monument of research as wide as it is devoid of historical sense.

HEROIC FATUITY

EIGHTY YEARS AND MORE.—Reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. 8vo. European Publishing Co.

EIGHTY years and more of heroic fatuity. Listening as a child unnoticed in her father's law office, to the tales of wronged wives and mothers, and so all too early possessed of one of those fixed ideas that work wonders only for their possessor, Mrs. Stanton has literally devoted a long and peculiarly capable life to the exposition and cure of women's wrongs and rights.

To have taken an evolutionary view; to have seen the history of her sex straight and whole; to have been more concerned with her limitations of mind rather than of condition—this would have been at once fatal to the cause. It would have put a stop

alike to speeches and to writings, and have left nothing more exciting than the education of the plain and uninteresting individual.

Fortunately for the reformers, these considerations have ever been too cold, too prosaic, too reasonable. They must have things well dramatized, even if they must stretch the ill they would cure.

After all these years of such inveterate campaigning, people are about where they were; they are of the opinion that when the women really want more rights they will get them pretty easily. Most of the women, however, shrewdly prefer their privileges, wisely wondering if it is n't "nicer" after all to be a superior than an equal.

It is a pretty, rosy, wholesome little girl, playing in the great kitchen of the old Johnstown homestead, or dancing to the sound of big black Peter's fiddle; going to school and beating the boys at games and studies, too; later arguing valiantly, and often victoriously, with the visiting sprigs from Union College, that this book is most interesting. After the decision to "agitate, and agitate, and agitate," is once fully made, the book becomes rather hard reading. Impossible, indeed, were it not for its exhibition of an untiring energy, its records of contact less strenuous with the worthy of the old and new world, and above all, for its invincible cheerfulness. Nor must it be forgotten that Mrs. Stanton was also a notable mother and housewife, and brought up in comfort a good-sized family to an honorable majority.

All who admire pluck of a rare kind, and a certain large-heartedness as rare, will read the chapter on that "fine old girl," Susan B. Anthony. One is forced to the final conclusion that after all Mrs. Stanton was not a "born reformer," but an ungovernable activity. She had none of the acerbity and gloom of the former; her own life was singularly clear and open, and people really loved her much.

Those not of the elect will read the record of her reminiscences for its human side. It is not a literary, it is a human document,—the life of a good, old-fashioned woman, who happened to be a reformer by accident.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN AND HIS GENRE

SHREWSBURY. By Stanley J. Weyman. Crown 8vo. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

PERHAPS there is no field in which the formal critic feels more inept and self-deprecatory than in that of historical romance. The reason for this lies in the fundamentally popular nature of such work. Its appeal, he feels, is to readers not such as he. Historical romance is a popular development. It is for the people at large, about the people at large, and sprung from the demands of the people at large. Your formal critic tells you this, and, moreover, that both Dumas and Scott created their heroes to meet a desire of the people, and that it is in response to another demand for the same kind of romance that Mr. Hope and Mr. Weyman in England are reviving and refurbishing the genre to-day. Moreover, he explains with authoritative voice that the work of these latest authors of romantic fiction is the natural rebound from the long reign of realism just passed; and goes on to compare this small revival of the romantic spirit, expressing itself popularly in stories of adventure with the Waverley novels which, he declares, were the popular expression of the great Romantic Movement, in itself a reaction against fact.

That the field of historical fiction is full of attractions for the new writer, your formal critic acknowledges. Success may usually be counted on; for the beginner has his audience predisposed in his favor, and the work itself is, commonly, a kind mistress. A taste for browsing among musty tomes, a journeyman's skill, and a generous capacity for industry are the usual requirements. If the writer be provided with a vivid imagination, it will help him to conjure up his background, and a leaning toward intrigue, a high sense of honor, and a naturally valiant spirit will aid him. But at the start even without all these gifts he need not despair. Much can be done by dint of hard work.

To this school of writers, constructed rather than heaven-sent, belong Mr. Hope and Mr. Weyman. Miniature toilers they seem beside the Herculean labors of Dumas and Scott. For Scott, though the peculiar bent of his imagination attracted him to a secondary literary genre, was one of the great men of his day and generation. It was the expansiveness of his mind and his fondness of large effects which marked him for the broad canvasses of secondary fiction, and kept his eyes from the "O altitudo!" of genius. And Dumas's mastery of technique alone is sufficient to set him head and shoulders above any mere imitators. Hitherto Mr. Hope and Mr. Weyman, for their parts, have had little more than charm to offer in place of greatness, and one of them, Mr. Hope, has probably reached his limit of excellence.

Mr. Weyman, on the other hand, takes his work more and more seriously. From his first appearance on the booksellers' shelves, his novels have been good reading. The French tales which he has hitherto affected, have been at times, perhaps, a trifle superficial, and in their share of local color and historical detail have shown Mr. Weyman's ability to economize and make both ends meet with a restricted expenditure of knowledge. But in Shrewsbury, his last novel, which deals with the reign of William and Mary, Mr. Weyman's puritanical thrift is not so obtrusive. He has rectified his old faults, and impresses his reader with a confident feeling that he has chosen his details wisely and well from a throng of competitors. Local color he uses throughout the book with happy plasticity, filling in a stratum of life here, another there, until he has presented a final and artistic picture of the times. Perhaps his fitness for his present vein of work comes out nowhere so notably as in his descriptions of Jacobite intrigues, the dare-devilry of the men, and their swagger. The tavern scenes, the secret signs, the stealthy meetings, the fetching and carrying of warning notes by the wretched tools of the conspirators—all these are described with a realness which gives a zest to the historical events of the story.

The craftsmanship of his school Mr. Weyman has now well in hand. He complicates his plot skillfully, and keeps the reader alert with a new suspense or dénouement at every turn of the story. He handles the history of the times with ease, and looks to it that sufficient variety of intrigue relieves the mere historical foundation of the work. And in drawing the historical characters of this last story, markedly Shrewsbury and the king, he distinctly improves on his earlier work, and shows himself more nearly imaginative than the thoroughgoing journeyman worker who regards his historical romance on the whole as a job to be turned off. Furthermore, Mr. Weyman's use of obsolete words, characteristic oaths, and local references has now reached a fairly high level of excellence. He succeeds in reproducing the atmosphere of the time, and suggesting its speech without making the common error of surcharging his work with expressions unintelligible to any but students of the period.

As vouchers for Mr. Weyman's accuracy in most matters of history, the critic finds two English worthies at least, Green, the ever-trustworthy, and Macaulay. It cannot be denied, however, that as Mr. Weyman presents the Duke of Shrewsbury to his readers he assumes a position astonishingly like that of first peer of the realm, whereas every one knows that Lord Marlborough, whose control of state affairs during the ensuing reign of Queen Anne was of the utmost moment, already in William's day had the reins of government in his hands. On the whole, though, the incidental glimpses of the political aspect of the times will bear identification in the histories.

In selecting his point of view, Mr. Weyman has not, perhaps, shown himself altogether wise. In common with many historical novelists, and in accordance with an earlier taste of his own, he narrates in the first person singular, using one of Lord Shrewsbury's dependents for his organ of speech. As a result, he falls first into the most obvious difficulty consequent on the use of that method, viz., shifting the point of view. Toward the close of the book he permits Richard Price to recite with great detail an interview occurring in London between the lords Marlborough and Shrewsbury at a time when the teller himself was in France. Information transpired in this interview necessary for creating the final climax of the story so that, cleverly as Mr. Weyman, up to that point, avoids the trap, he is finally obliged to walk into it, the critic is generous enough to suppose, open-eyed. Furthermore, the first person point of view was peculiarly ill-adapted to the plot Mr. Weyman had here in mind. By its use the final effect of his story is one of divided interest. Two claimants, with equal rights technically to the heroship, exist side by side. And the reader feels some doubt as to the fairness of Mr. Weyman's disposal of places when he allows Richard Price, the ex-schoolmaster, to do the work of the book, and Lord Shrewsbury, sans peur et sans reproche as he is, to carry off its honors, posing on the cover in the full splendor of seventeenth century court costume.

MAXWELL GRAY

Ribstone Pippins.—By Maxwell Gray. 12mo. Harper & Bros. $1.00.

Sweethearts and Friends.—By Maxwell Gray. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. $0.50.

WERE it not for the device of a rivulet of prose wandering through a meadow of margin, this small "country tale," Ribstone Pippins, could barely be expanded into its present slender volume. The prose appears to be deftly divided—after the well-known manner of Miss Murfree—into alternate layers of dialect and description. One suspects that the latter may be designed to heal the blows of sound made by the intolerable consonants of the peasant "yearmers."

Jacob, the carter, is no clod to whom a yellow primrose is yellow and no more, but has "clean, young, healthy blood leaping in his strong pulses," and can gaze at the harvest moon o' nights and sigh with any man. And of course he goes courting with eleven red apples—Ribstone pippins—in his handkerchief, taking his wool sacks to the town at the same time as becomes a farmer poet.

A pretty enough journey it is, too, with Thunder, the big stallion, and Charlie, the sober thill horse, as they ride along the early English ways, scattering vowels of strange shire-song along the morning peace. It would have been better and fairer and more humane had Jacob's journey ended as lovers' journeys should in lovers' meetings. The quite needless insult which meets him at the little door, where he had pictured his Alisbeth's face, quite mars what should have been all pure joyous pastoral. For having ruthlessly plunged her sweethearts into woes of her own making, their author is obliged to drag them out again perforce. This is done by one of those deathbed recoveries which are the despair of science and the recourse of the hard-pushed romancer. If, indeed, desperate illness fled at the approach of a proper carter, how might that fading trade look up.

Shorn of its willful fine writing, the book would barely amount to more than a pleasant sketch of magazine length. To put it forth with the full pretentions of a book seems to have but little other ground than that once—or twice—its author has done better.

LIBRARIANS are wont to say that one successful book will float a number of others by the same hand, be they ever so poor.

Sweethearts and Friends bears intrinsic marks of being one of these floaters. It has for its thesis—now somewhat belated in interest—the proposition that young women may become doctors without losing their feminine charm or their chance of a husband; though the particular doctor lady of this tale was obliged to shin up a rope to save her prospective husband from fire—while the London fire department waited—in order to make good her ability to have both him and her practice.

It is such a volume as cannot serve the cause of letters or the reputation of its author in even their most modest aspect. It is a good book to throw away—before reading.

STRANGE!

THE STRANGE STORY OF MY LIFE.—By John Strange Winter. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.

THIS novel moves like nothing in the world so much as an ancient progression of Juggernaut, leaving a trail of dead and dying devotees as it goes. A review of it, to be entirely accurate, would require a list of the killed and injured quite as much as any other catastrophe. The heroine, Dorothy, alias Dollikins Massingham, alias Doremy Hamlyn, alias the Princess Barzadiev, alias Lady Clovelly, was evidently born under all the malign influences known to astrology. In swift succession she loses, or persuades herself that she loses, her mother, her father, her daughter, her nurse, her husband, her husband's cousin, his uncle, her second husband, and several more, besides a number who survive, but only as persons afflicted with incurable diseases. Battle, pestilence and sudden death flow in her train, and to love her is to blight one's life.

Dorothy was born in India. She was going to England when her mother died. She is married just in time to have her father pass away. Almost dead herself, she is ordered to Italy, and there her little girl, her nurse, and a large portion of the outlying population succumb. A set of newspaper accounts which do not deceive the reader for a moment, serve to convince her that her husband and nearly all his blood relations have perished. This somewhat important matter elicits no inquiry from her whatever, though she proceeds to act upon her knowledge even to the point of making an Enoch Arden of her unhappy spouse.

It is all very sad, made sadder by Mrs. Stannard's insistence upon dividing her narrative between the army life of which she has nothing new to tell, and life on the continent of Europe of which she seems to know nothing distinctive whatever. All of this is set forth in that wonderful British which, after the feeling of shock has passed off, leaves us wondering why a people addicted to it have ever ventured to speak of Americanisms. And, finally, just as all the women in the story are pale simulacra of Mrs. Stannard, so all the men are slightly modified doubles of Mr. John Strange Winter. The history is rightly termed "strange."

THE EASY CHAIR

ARS RECTE VIVENDI: ESSAYS CONTRIBUTED TO THE EASY CHAIR.—By George William Curtis. 12mo. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

THE title of this slight volume very aptly describes its subject matter. It consists of the more obviously didactic of the Easy Chair essays, written in that genial spirit and refined journalese which joined to make George William Curtis always an unoffending, though persuasive, critic of manners. It is perhaps a characteristic of the most convincing advice that it never strikes one as revolutionary, or even open to debate, but always as the phrasing of what must be one's own views. This mildness, combined with considerable force, is in every page of this book.

The papers sometimes seem abrupt, taken as they are from magazine pages and placed, without revision, in book form. But they range rather widely over questions which have not, in the seven years since the latest of these essays was written, been laid aside. Extravagance in College, Athletics vs. Study, Theater Manners, Woman's Dress, Hazing, are some of the themes for light and entertaining comment.

The last few years would, perhaps, have made some changes. The question of smoking in the presence of ladies would resolve itself in 1898 into the question of ladies smoking before gentlemen. Duelling in 1883 may, perhaps, have been an issue, though moribund; now it is surely quite dead. The most interesting change is found by the examination of the essays on Newspaper Ethics in the yellow light of modernest progress. Mr. Curtis, at that time, was commenting, for the most part, on the political activity of journalists, on the unfairness of vituperation and "mud slinging" as weapons, on the responsibility of the hack journalist for the political opinions in the editorials he writes, on the necessity for political integrity in general. Current criticism of journalism does not follow as its main lines these of '83. The indecency, the irresponsibility of the '90's has for the most part more to do with the newspaper treatment of murderers and actresses than with injustice to politicians.

Nearly all, however, of the volume, is as pertinent as when first written. It is a book which fathers might give to their sons, and which, strangely enough, the sons would find good reading. It would not be wise for them to model their style upon it, but their lives might be much improved thereby.

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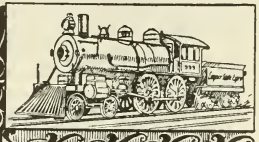

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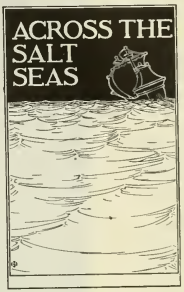

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THE CHAP-BOOK

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NOTES

MR. MARION CRAWFORD is responsible for the somewhat erratic theory that a novel is essentially the same thing as a drama. He himself does not demonstrate the fact in his own work, and instances are not lacking to show what pulling and hauling it takes to turn a story into a play. But this very fact demonstrated that there might exist a new kind of story, a convertible novel-drama. And it is from this point of view that a book by Mr. Winston Churchill, entitled The Celebrity, looks important. The stage has been meekly following the novel writers for some time; the romantic melodrama followed the romantic school of fiction, and the kailyard drama is close upon the heels of Mr. Barrie and the Rev. John Watson. But the stage has at last begun to react upon the novel. Mr. Churchill has unconsciously written what is nothing more nor less than a farce-comedy, a little padded, and bound between covers designed by Mr. George Wharton Edwards. There is the good old plot of one man trying to pass himself off as another, ending with the screamingly funny scene where the second man having embezzled a large sum of money, his impersonator is forced to play the farce to its bitter end, and hide in a cave in the woods to escape the detective. The story is written with all the high spirits and the whoops and hurrahs of its prototype upon the stage, and only needs a little blue penciling here and there to be ready for Mr. Charles Frohman. It has, it is true, no traces of indecency such as enliven the usual farce "taken from the French." But it is by so much a newer genre. The simple farce-comedy as a novel is a new thing, but The Celebrity will not long stand alone. The new farce-novel is the curious outcome of the determination with which critics of late have been insisting that the novel's only function is to amuse, always to amuse, and only to amuse.

This war-cry was intended to down at once indecency and any tendency to character-study. Four years ago it was the cry of the advanced critic, two years ago it was the doctrine of the ordinary newspaper critic, and now it has become the slogan of the New York Tribune. Meanwhile, as fiction has been becoming more thin and watery a slight reaction has begun, and now the Tribune shows forth as the belated disciple of a somewhat flippant theory of art. The Tribune is always delightfully crabbed in its literary columns, and we quote with pleasure its remarks on the novel embodied in the following attack on Mr. Arthur Symons:

> The best thing about the silliness which is afflicting current literature to such an extent is that when you have given it all the rope it asks for it is sooner or later bound to hang itself. Mr. Arthur Symons, for example, has been disporting himself of late in better company than usual. The Yellow Book and The Savoy have faded more or less into the background, and The Saturday Review has opened its serious pages to his deliverances. The opportunity was not to be lost. Mr. Symons proceeded to do himself justice, raising his wonted preciosity and absurdity to their highest power. Writing of M. Huysman's novel, En Route, he says: "It is perhaps the first novel which does not set out with the aim of amusing its readers. It offers you no more

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entertainment than Paradise Lost, or the Confessions of St. Augustine, and it is possible to consider it on the same level." Is it? Well, you may defend this kind of thing on the basis of "art" or "strength," or anything you like, but it remains an illustration of uncommonly vile taste and uncommon stupidity.

That Mr. Symons has been occasionally in the past a silly figure we are far from denying. But in the passage quoted by the Tribune he seems to be repenting of his sins. Remodeling his intentionally striking phrases, his meaning is perfectly clear and reasonable. It seems to us the sanest and most salutary attitude possible towards the novel at the present moment. The Tribune probably does not quite realize what it is saying, but in effect it is setting up work, like The Celebrity, amusing though it is, as a model for novelists and attempting to limit rigidly one of the most elastic forms of artistic expression.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is noted as the champion of forlorn causes. It is with some fear that we see in its March issue that it is entering upon the task of inventing a new international language, a second and more successful Volapük. Such an invention would be a curious and interesting, if not a useful thing, and we certainly hope that The Cosmopolitan may succeed. But it is enough for most magazines to manage the English language.

CRITICISM OF QUO VADIS is going through the inevitable reaction which follows a great popularity. At first, when perhaps only a hundred thousand people considered the novel a masterpiece, a large number of critical writers, after taking a frightened look at the bulky volume, were only too glad to accept the popular verdict and shirk the labor of reading the book. But now that not merely a hundred thousand, but a million or more of our people have indulged in the emotional debauch of a Sienkiewicz reading, the critics are sounding the note of alarm everywhere. The truth is gradually being told, at so late a date that to most people it will seem only the result of the jealousy that follows a great success. Quo Vadis, the people must learn, is not a masterpiece, is not even Sienkiewicz's masterpiece. It is a big, lurid potboiler, the poorest work of a genius, and so full of strength that its faults seem very small. But its million readers are deceiving themselves if they think that their enthusiasm has been a tribute to pure art. Quo Vadis is full of its author's tremendous talent, but the editor of the New York World could tell the people that there are many things in Quo Vadis which would insure its popularity had it been written by Edgar Saltus. The orgies in the House of Nero and the pictures of Roman vice have been the bait which has lured many to the reading, although they would never confess it. From the World man's point of view, a story of the Christian martyrs with lascivious interludes is a dainty tidbit, whose piquancy is sure to attract many who find it impossible to read improper novels boldly. We do not mean at all that Quo Vadis is a claptrap book, or that any great portion of its readers is guilty of low tastes. But it is sometimes well to be jealous enough of the true interests of literary art to try to distinguish in the homage paid it, which is the true and which the false. The reaction of the critics is for the time being a useful thing.

AN ENGLISH EDITION of Judge is to appear shortly. We have no doubt of its success. "American humor," of the kind typified by Judge, has for some time been the almost exclusive property of Englishmen and American barbers. The undoubted vogue of Judge in America is largely due to its political cartoons, which have been important factors in every political campaign. The "jokes" which fill the greater part of the paper and which have the conventional "American" quality, are valuable chiefly because there are so many of them. Judge is not a paper one reads at home; it is read perforce when one is waiting and time must be passed somehow. There is a bulkiness about the paper and a persistency in being funny which we think must surely appeal to the British taste. If the cartoons can be properly done, the paper will have an added chance of success.

Few of our humorous papers would bear exportation to England, and still fewer to France. A few years ago, however, some women in Paris were seriously considering the feasibility of a French edition of Life. The plans were never carried far enough to be made at all public, and it is even doubtful whether the publishers of Life ever heard of the affair. The women interested had been complaining that every journal amusant in France was so improper that it was quite impossible to have a copy in one's home. (We foreigners too often lose sight of the fact that there is a home life, and a decent one, in France.) It was therefore projected that a weekly using Mr. Gibson's pictures and most of Life's jokes should be established in Paris. It was to be run by women, and a few original interpolatious were to give something of native flavor to the whole. It was to be witty, artistic,

light in touch, and never improper. This at least was the aspect of things when the plan was first discussed. But the fatal mistake was made of consulting some experienced editors, who at once pronounced the projected paper hopelessly flat, and doomed to failure from the first. It is a rather sad commentary on the French editor's idea of his public. We wish the original movers in the affair might be induced to make the appeal direct, and discover whether French popular humor is necessarily salacious.

THE SPANISH DIFFICULTIES have been a source of some considerable profit to the theaters all over the country. Patriotic music from the orchestra and patriotic allusions from the actors have made audiences enthusiastic and plays successful. One orchestra in New York follows a melody of patriotic airs with Johnny, Get Your Gun, and in many places the audiences join in singing The Star Spangled Banner. Another enterprising manager put on a short play with Uncle Sam and Miss Independence as characters, while the Herald Square Theater has a drop curtain showing the White Squadron. One press agent made the whole thing rather ridiculous by inventing a story to the effect that one of the El Capitan chorus girls wanted to go with the American army in the costume of a vivandière. Whatever people may think of the policy of war outside the theater, they are belligerent, once inside the playhouse doors. It is curious how surcharged with emotional possibilities the atmosphere about the footlights is. Rather strangely the outbreak of sorrow and indignation over the Maine disaster shows itself most violently in places where people have come professedly for amusement and diversion. Why does n't some political orator engage a theater and speak to as much of the audience as will stay to hear him? It is probable that he would dismiss them in a frenzy of conviction.

DURING THE SECOND WEEK of her engagement in New York, Madame Modjeska played Magda, Camille, Isabella, and Lady Macbeth. All of these performances showed that her art is still as fine, as true, and as varied as it has ever been. A few of the critics thought they discovered in her acting a loss of physical power, but this Madame Modjeska never possessed to a marked degree. Her success, in spite of so serious a handicap, makes her genius appear only the more remarkable. Her Magda showed her at her best; it was a most subtle, finished, and perfectly-proportioned characterization, the Bohemian qualities of

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO

From a pastel by M. Michetti.

the woman being most adroitly suggested, as well as those sterner traits that render Magda one of the most interesting figures in the modern realistic drama. As Camille, Madame Modjeska put to shame all those actresses who make this part an expression of their own coarseness and vulgarity. Her reading of the speeches assigned to Isabella, in Measure for Measure, made one realize how fine a literary sense and human sympathy were necessary for the adequate interpretation of this character. There is no other actress on the English-speaking stage who could approach Madame Modjeska in the rôle. As Lady Macbeth, however, the artist showed that she had not as yet mastered this most difficult part. She was fervid and impassioned, but she frequently missed the full significance of the lines, a fault that can very rarely be brought against her. On the whole, however, her work was infused with a really splendid exaltation; she made a glorious figure in the earlier episodes, and in the sleep-walking scene she gave a heartrending picture of despair.

Of the supporting company there is little to be said in praise, and as for the scenery and the supernumeraries, they were most disheartening. It has been stated in Madame Modjeska's defense, that the actress has sustained heavy losses of

property and could not afford the expense of elaborate production. But she certainly could have surrounded herself with a better-drilled company. Mr. Joseph Haworth did some good work during the week, notably in his Macbeth, which was a superbly vigorous performance. What a pity it is that, with his intelligence and his sonorous voice, he should be unable to acquire a distinct utterance and to overcome his theatrical mannerisms.

THE WRITER WHO INVESTIGATED a short while ago the habits of celebrated writers, and compiled a table exhibiting the rates of speed at which they compose, should have extended his researches to the writers of plays for the Hebrew theater. His results would have put Mr. Crawford to the blush, and utterly discomfited Mr. Clinton Ross.

The Hebrew theater is not an extensive institution, but its patrons demand great variety of repertoire. The company which has lately been playing in New York at the Bush Street Theater carries with it the manuscript of two hundred plays, and other companies are correspondingly rich in material. Yet four writers furnish the Hebrew drama for almost the whole world.

Abraham Goldfaden is the best known Hebrew dramatist. He started a company of players in Roumania twenty years ago. It failed there, but when transferred to Odessa, succeeded. Since then it has traveled all over Europe, and is now in Paris. The entire repertoire of the company, over a hundred plays, is by Goldfaden.

The American theater is supplied by two writers. Joseph Lateiner, who is the more successful financially, has written two hundred plays during the past ten years. According to the manager of the Bush Street Theater, he is under contract to write for one New York playhouse eight dramas each year.

On the authority of the same person, Mr. Abraham Horwitz seems to us more extraordinary than Mr. Lateiner. He has also written two hundred plays or so, and is capable of working eighteen consecutive hours. To quote from the Bush Street manager: "About two years ago one of Mr. Horwitz's plays failed so completely that after the first night the managers told him they must take it off and put on a tried play instead. Far from being downcast Mr. Horwitz at once set to work, and three days later he called at the theater with three finished acts of The Love of Jerusalem.

If Mr. Greenberg, of the Bush Street Theater, can be relied upon as an authority, he has given a curious glimpse into an almost unsuspected corner

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
WHO IS NOW LECTURING IN THIS COUNTRY
From a photograph by Russell & Sons, London

of the world of letters, which might well be worth a more careful study than was made by a reporter from the New York World, aided by Mr. Greenberg.

"IF YOU WANT TO WRITE plays go on the stage and act! Then you 'll know how to get your effects from the other side of the footlights." This was the advice recently given to an aspiring young dramatist by a New York manager. It was probably offered a few years ago to H. V. Esmond, author of One Summer Day, which John Drew lately put on in New York. Mr. Esmond certainly had some good examples to follow, the last being no less a dramatist than Mr. A. W. Pinero, who for about ten years was an actor, "and a deuced poor one," according to a famous comedian who used to play with him. At any rate, Mr. Esmond has learned his trade of dramatist by smirching his face with grease paint. But, together with a few good things, what a lot of bad things actors learn —what foolish notions about manners, and bearing, and speech, about "getting effects," "making points," "working up situations"—not to speak of a score of other fallacies expressed in their jargon! Some of these Mr. Esmond has either es-

caped learning or has worked out of. But he has not escaped the alluring glitter of the stale, old dramatic expedients. When he wrote the first act of One Summer Day, he was every inch an actor. Those tedious old gypsies! What device could be more theatrical? Then, too, that affair of the dead brother with the gypsy girl—and the child he left behind. Oh, he had married her! Perhaps that marriage represented a new touch. But it made the living brother's pretense of being the father of the child all the more ridiculous. Of course, the nice girl who loved the hero was allowed to suspect him for a while, and to give her hand to that other fellow, and, of course, it was all explained in the end. How tiresome it seems in retrospect! And yet, after that first act when Mr. Esmond became interested in his work and forgot about the footlights and the paint and the black stuff under the eyes and the dusty wigs, he actually wrote some charming love scenes and some pretty bits of comedy. But, after all, the piece left you tired in the end, and wondering if the evening had been really profitable from any point of view. Perhaps it is always profitable to see how gracefully and naturally John Drew can act under nearly all circumstances. In Miss Isabel Irving and her companions he had excellent support.

HENRY MILLER has made a hit at the Garden Theater, New York, in his new piece, The Master, by G. Stuart Ogilvie. The comedy, which has nothing to do with Mr. I. Zangwill's novel of the same name, is a simple and straightforward treatment of a natural and old-fashioned theme. The Master is one of those great-hearted, wrong-headed devils who are fond of asserting their parental authority by turning their children out of doors. They occur frequently enough in melodrama just as they occur in life. But Mr. Ogilvie has been too clever to treat his hero melodramatically. On the contrary, he has endowed The Master with very human attributes and made him the pivot of a pretty, old-fashioned story. Of course, in the end, the children come back, the girl with her honorable husband and her honorable baby, and the boy from the wars, with honors galore. Everybody leaves the theater pleased, after a very pleasant evening's entertainment. The piece is, on the whole, uncommonly well played. As The Master, Mr. Henry Miller indulges, as usual, in the plain chant. Before he took to acting, Mr. Miller must have been a choir-boy. In his most impassioned moments he sings his lines like a—well, like a choir-boy who has lost his soprano.

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT
AS ANGELICA KNOWLTON IN CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY, NATHAN HALE
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

AT THE BERKELEY LYCEUM in New York, the Criterion Independent Theater has lately given a week's performances of El Gran Galeato, a drama adapted from the Spanish of Echegaray, by Miss Maude Banks. The work, though strongly dramatic, is altogether too psychological to appeal to the average audience; in other words, it is exactly the kind of play that ought to be produced by the kind of organization exemplified by the Criterion Independent Theater. Consequently, as the performance proved to be thoroughly competent, and in several particulars, exceptionally fine, the production may justly be said to have greatly redounded to the credit of the promoters.

El Gran Galeato deserves distinction as the first drama to lift the sordid subject of gossip to the height of a great psychological motive. Echegaray has, furthermore, adapted this motive with marvelous cunning to the purposes of the theater. In the earlier scenes of the first act, with a few simple and effective strokes of character, he presents his case. We are introduced to a delightful household in Madrid, consisting of three people, an enthusi-

astic and generous-hearted husband of middle age, a high-minded young wife, and a serious youth, whose mind is absorbed in the poetic drama he is writing. The husband loves the youth, who is the son of his old friend, now dead, as if he were his own son, and the three are living in unclouded happiness together. Suddenly the envenomed tongue of Madrid poisons the atmosphere of their home. All three hear the insidious slander at the same time. The husband repudiates it; the wife and the youth turn their eyes from each other in shame. But the poison has already begun to do its work. In a short time it drives the husband nearly frantic, and it develops a series of disasters leading to his death and to the enforced union of the two other unfortunates. Every step in the drama is logical, every step serves the play of character. The only suggestion of theatrical device to be found in the whole work is at the climax, which is perhaps a little too well rounded to carry absolute conviction. Here Echegaray betrays his old devotion to the romantic traditions. Your dyed-in-the-wool realist, instead of boldly projecting the forcing of the young people into each other's arms, would have merely suggested it as the inevitable outcome. This, however, is very close criticism. El Gran Galeato must be accepted as one of the strongest dramas representing the new movement in the theater, which has come to us from Europe. Miss Maude Banks deserves our praise for adapting it so admirably, with so rare a fidelity to the author's spirit, and the Criterion Independent Theater has fairly won our gratitude for its courage in producing it before ungrateful, skeptical, and contemptuous New York.

The acting was worthy of the drama. It is worth noting that in realistic plays actors nearly always appear at their best; the natural material has the effect of making them natural. The best work was done by Mr. Eben Plympton as the husband; he played with really splendid fervor in the strongest scenes, and with a delightful discretion in the lighter situations. Mr. John Blair, as the poet, made the hit of his career; early in the evening, he appeared somewhat heavy for the rôle, but when called upon to express intense emotion he gave a most inspiring exhibition of power. As the wife, Miss Maude Banks showed that, after years of hard work, she has become one of the most effective and intelligent of our realistic actresses.

AN UNFORESEEN AND UNSUSPECTED peril is dogging the steps of the young lady-novelist. Miss Virna Woods, writing An Elusive Lover, makes the story depend upon the double personality

MISS JULIA MARLOWE
From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

of her hero—a blandly-conceived and mildly-executed Jekyll-Hyde study in "psychics." But, for simplicity's sake, she effects the transformation from the rich pleasure-seeker to the struggling artist by means of wine or strong drink. Had it been a question of law, the lady-novelist could have consulted a lady-attorney, or, if a matter of therapeutics, a lady-physician. Being a matter of mere drunkenness, the writer is forced to draw upon her imagination. The draft is met by abundant funds in bank—for does not the novel disclose that the two individualities are jealous rivals for the hand of one girl, and that one of them is charged with the murder of the other? Therefore, when the rich young man desires to become the painter, he calls to his man, saying,

"Bring me two bottles of Mumm, a pint of Sauterne, and a flask of Burgundy from the new case of Pommard."

Even the man ventures the assertion, "You know what 'll happen if you drink that yourself," as he brings the bottles, and the totalest of abstainers can picture the probable result. Still the episode is unconvincing—lacking in the corroborative detail

which Mr. Gilbert points out as leading to verisimilitude. Careful study of the text reveals the fault: There is no answer to the natural question, What did he want that pint of Sauterne for?

Why cannot some clubman of mingled benevolence and experience set up as literary adviser in the premises?

NOT THE LEAST interesting feature of the trial of M. Zola, says the Academy, is the opportunity it has given Mr. David Christie Murray to prove himself still a special correspondent of unusual vividness and vigor. Mr. Murray is, of course, heart and soul with the novelist, and letters inspired by such zeal, and so colored with enthusiasm, are, of course, more moving than letters written from a dispassionate standpoint. For sheer interest Mr. Murray's descriptions in the Daily News have excelled those in any of the other papers.

THIS PASSAGE from Mr. Murray's description of Maître Labori's speech will explain his method:

> Time and again he awoke the anger of the crowd, and time and again he jungled it down. Whenever they raised a disdainful laugh at a fact or an argument, he turned with a repetition of it more uncompromising than the original, and the many interruptions seemed a spur to him. The words, "A patriot like Zola," evoked a storm of groans and hisses. He turned like a lion. "I say it. A patriot like Zola—a patriot with a braver heart, a clearer vision, a loftier love of his own land than is owned by any of the shallow-minded swallowers of phrases who rage at him. One of these days you will recognize your own folly and his greatness." He stood a second or two, as if challenging a new outburst. There was complete silence. "Ah, well, then," he said, with a touch of fighting laughter in his voice, "I continue." And he went back to his argument.

IT IS TO THE HONOR of M. Anatole France that he signed the letter of protestation in favor of a revision of the Dreyfus trial, and expressed in court his belief in M. Zola's sincerity, inasmuch as he has already expressed in print his views of Zola's character and work. The passage appears in the first volume of La Vie Littéraire:

> That M. Emile Zola formerly had, I will not say a great talent, but a large talent, is possible. That he still retains some shreds of it is credible, but I avow that I have all the difficulty in the world to admit it. His work is bad, and he is one of those unhappy beings of whom it may be said that it would have been better had they never been born. Truly I do not deny to him his detestable glory. Nobody before him has raised up so high a heap of filth. That is his monument, the greatness of which cannot be contested. . . . There is in all of us, in the little as in the great, among the humble and the proud, an instinct of beauty, a desire for that which adorns and for that which decorates, which, spread over the world, constitute the charm of life. M. Zola does not know it. There is in man an infinite need of loving which renders him divine. M. Zola does not know it. Desire and modesty mingle in certain souls in delicious gradations. M. Zola does not know it. There are upon earth magnificent forms and noble thoughts; there are pure souls and heroic hearts. M. Zola does not know it. Many weaknesses even, many errors and faults, have their touching beauty. Their grief is sacred. The holiness of tears is at the bottom of all religions. Misfortune would suffice to render man august to man. M. Zola does not know it. He does not know that the Graces are decent, that philosophic irony is indulgent and good-tempered, and that human things inspire only two sentiments to well-constructed minds—admiration or pity. M. Zola is worthy of profound pity.

RENÉ DOUMIC

LITERARY EDITOR OF THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES NOW LECTURING AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

NOT THE LEAST DISTINGUISHED of Les Jeunes whom he celebrates, Professor René Doumic has just been lent us by France, as M. Brunetière was last year. He has already begun at Harvard his brilliant lectures on Romanticism.

Though not the professor of a new method in criticism—this, France does not need at present—M. Doumic is so fortunate in his presentment of criticism that he may be said, à la M. le Comte de Montesquiou-Fezenac, "to have raised litera-

ture to the dignity of a sport." Newly come to his thirty-ninth year, a licentiate in letters summa cum laude before he was twenty, first in the agrégation examinations three years later, dramatic critic and contributor to the ablest journals of Paris, for twelve years professor of belles lettres in the capital and provinces, author of eight vividly-written books, all critical and designed for use in schools, the lectures this distinguished young man has prepared for delivery in America will soon form a part of his ninth volume, Mouvement Intellectuel en France au XIXme Siècle.

Not the least of the charms which, as a lecturer, he adds to his sparkling essays, lies in his "shooting without a rest," as the Scotch dominie said. Reference to notes, even, he does not permit himself—he holds his audience by that direct appeal which so seldom fails. Of all the material he is to use during his American visit, there is no space here to speak. But it will include a general consideration of the romantic development of French literature, both prose and verse. The preliminary classic period he calls impersonal, unpicturesque, unindividual, and without an historical point of view. In 1820 Lamartine laid the foundation for the romanticists. With him is considered Alfred de Vigny, Victor Hugo in his earlier work, Sainte-Beuve and Alfred de Musset—this last affording an opportunity for comparison with Mr. Swinburne's delightful essay on The Two Alfreds.

Finally, it is to be noted that in M. Doumic comes an orator of finished style and precision, who adds to the wit for which he is famed, all the prime excellence of being always and insistently of his own time—contemporaneous—of this day itself.

CORRESPONDENCE

MINOR POETS AGAIN

New Brighton, Pa., March 1, 1898.

To the Editor of The Chap-Book:

I REMEMBERED, upon reading Pierre La Rose's article on Very Minor Poetry in a recent number of The Chap-Book, that I, too, had years ago read the wonderful poem entitled The Maple Dell. Pleasant memories of its charms impelled me to a search for the long-lost volume, and it was at length found—I tell it with shame—its light hidden under many bushels of rubbish in a garret. I had already sympathized deeply with Mr. La Rose in his sorrow for the disappearance of his copy of the book, but only upon finding and re-reading it did I realize the full extent of his loss, and I determined, thereupon, to do my utmost to rescue from oblivion this treasure which an unappreciative public has allowed to slip from its grasp.

With the hope that The Chap-Book would lend its columns to the praiseworthy undertaking of perpetuating at least in part a work of art which otherwise seems likely to become entirely lost to the world of letters, I have ventured to prepare a few extracts, calculated to exhibit the beauties of form and color possessed by the poem, and have endeavored, at the same time, to tell in outline the story, which is in itself—apart from the telling—a masterpiece of dramatic conception.

The curtain rises upon the tender scene of a mother pleading with her daughter to reject an objectionable suitor, saying:

> Adelia, wait longer; 'tis solemn to wed,
> You would be safer, Adelia my child,
> If you would reject him.

But Adelia, true daughter of Eve, persists in her purpose, and pleads:

> O mother, I love him! Do, do let me go!
> Without him my heart is an organ of woe.

What fond mother could resist such an appeal? She relents, and Adelia marries the lawyer, although

> Her mother and brothers refuse to attend,
> To see her united to Jurist, her friend.

Alas! Her mother's prophecy is fulfilled. Jurist, actuated by mercenary motives in marrying Adelia, secures possession of her money and dissipates it in riotous living.

> He mixed ale and porter, wine, brandy, and beer;
> They boiled in his stomach, the riot was near.

It was near and it arrived. He abuses his wife in his drunken fits, and when she remonstrates, replies:

> Adelia, I swear that you are another
> Pious fanatic, and worse than your mother.

After a year or more of such treatment, even Adelia's patience is exhausted; she flies with her child to the mountain and takes up her abode in a deserted cabin.

> There the sweetest berries grew,
> And spiders and mosquitoes, too.

But deserted and destitute though she is, her hopeful nature prompts her to say:

> While life remains there still is hope
> That erring ones will cease to tope.

And indeed, though the erring one does not "cease to tope," he does return to her, attracted by the pittance she is earning by teaching school, which he appropriates to his own uses.

A new actor now appears upon the scene, for Jurist tires of Adelia, and we are informed

> A gay new love he 'd sought and found.

This "new love" is Delilah, who is from this time to occupy the center of the stage, only relinquishing it to Adelia to enable her to say farewell before the curtain falls. Now are described at length the loves of Jurist and Delilah in the Maple Dell, to the leafy shades of which we are introduced. Jurist's powers as a lover are here so faith-

fully portrayed that we cease to marvel at Adelia's infatuation.

In his first interview with Delilah, while

> The full-orbed moon shines nice and bright,

he declares in impassioned accents:

> Most beautiful you skate and swim,
> There 's agile grace in every limb;
> You 're like the fleetest horse or hound,
> Winning all admiration round.
> So gaily you dance o'er the earth
> You must be of Titanic birth;
> Themis and you must surely be
> Of the same consanguinity.

Jealous Delilah, not satisfied, rejoins:

> The best of girls proclaim your praise.

and implores him:

> Now promise 'neath the maple leaves
> To never get in love with these.

But the wily and practiced Lothario is not to be entrapped, and stops her lips with honeyed words:

> Delilah, your fine liquid eyes
> Will always charm the great and wise;
> Yours are the handsome bust and neck
> That gifted artists love to deck.

Delilah's doubts are swept away upon this torrent of admiration, and she tells Jurist that h e must get a divorce at once, that Adelia is an unsuitable mate for him, and says:

> With her no lawyer could reside.
> His gifted mind of polished lore
> She 'd think was rusty iron ore.

Jurist, enraptured, cries:

> Delilah, with you I agree,
> You are my true affinity.
> Affectionate, sweet little miss,
> Come to my arms and get a kiss.

But Adelia stands in the way of their happiness. They decide that she must be removed from their path, and Jurist says:

> The law will not impede my course,
> She went to grass, I 'll have divorce.

Many more touching scenes are depicted, but we have already spent too long a time in the Maple Dell, and must turn the page. Jurist institutes proceedings in the courts of Pennsylvania for divorce, and it is in the following plea before the court that he uses the words quoted, or rather misquoted, by Mr. La Rose:

> My heavy yoke is hard to bear.
> It often makes me drink and swear;
> Oh! Penn, have mercy! Set me free
> From clanking chains of slavery.
> Give Adelia fits of mania,
> Ring the bells of Penusylvania.

Eloquent though his plea, it is in vain. Adelia appears before the court and tells her pitiful story. Justice prevails, and his case is dismissed.

Nevertheless,

> It was the lawyer's legal scheme
> To bury her in Lethe's stream,
> While he went chaperoning on.

And not to be balked, he sues in the state of New Jersey, and by dint of dishonorable strategem secures a decree of divorce unknown to Adelia.

She, incensed at this injustice, indites a stinging philippic against the New Jersey courts, in which she asks:

> Did perjury in a fleece of wool
> Over your eyes securely pull,
> Till your orbs turned a handsome pink,
> Red as the best vermilion ink?

But her fate is sealed, her fight is over, Jurist and Delilah have gone their way, and the last we see of the wronged wife is this pitiful picture:

> Adelia stands on a mountain side
> And gladly leaves the past,
> With conscience clear to walk alone
> Where dangers are less vast.
> She stood at the altar a trusting bride,
> And thought of no breakers near
> To wreck their love on the boiling tide
> Of foaming lager beer.

What could be finer than this? The poem was written by Mrs. O. A. Powers about the year 1876, and was published by Lippincott's.

EDWARD HOOPES.

THE LAST WORD

BEFORE the April night was late
A rider came to the castle gate;
A rider breathing human breath,
But the words he spoke were the words of Death.

"Greet you well from the King, our lord,
He marches hot for the Eastward ford;
Living or dying, all or one,
Ye must keep the ford till the race be run."

Sir Alain rose with lips that smiled,
He kissed his wife, he kissed his child:
Before the April night was late
Sir Alain rode from the castle gate.

He called his men-at-arms by name,
But one there was uncalled that came:
He bade his troop behind him ride,
But there was one that rode beside.

"Why will you spur so fast to die?
Be wiser ere the night go by.
A message late is a message lost;
For all your haste, the foe had crossed.

"Are men such small, unmeaning things
To strew the board of smiling Kings?
With life and death they play their game.
And, life or death, the end 's the same.' "

Softly the April air above
Rustled the woodland homes of love:
Softly the April air below
Carried the dreams of buds that blow.

Is he that bears a warrior's fame
To shun the pointless stroke of shame?
Will he that propped a trembling throne
Not stand for right when right 's his own?

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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HAROLD FREDERIC

THE personality of Mr. Harold Frederic is probably the one least discussed of the better American novelists. The goings and comings, the manners and the countenances of our leading men of letters are commonly limned with glee and some precision by the popular journals. Frederic has escaped much of it through the fact that his duties of correspondence have obliged him to live the last fifteen years in London, and so has been beyond the range of our inferior artillery. It is probably not very graceful to appear now in the guise of an advanced patrol ultimately potting at a man who has enjoyed the finer kind of peace for fifteen years; and if it were impossible to use these paragraphs to write about the books, the potting of the man would not be done.

One approaches certain sections of the American colony in London with a stealthy footfall. In England, there is sometimes a cousinly outdoing of the English in those matters which are particularly unimportant. A certain sympathetic and singing chord of the mind induces one to advance upon the field with caution. It was my fault to conclude beforehand that, since Frederic had lived intimately so long in England, he would present some kind of austere and impressive variation on one of our national types, and I was secretly not quite prepared to subscribe to the change. It was a bit of mistaken speculation. There was a tall, heavy man, moustached and straight-glanced, seated in a leather chair in the smoking-room of a club, telling a story to a circle of intent people with all the skill of one trained in an American newspaper school. At a distance he might have been even then the editor of the Albany Journal.

The sane man does not live amid another people without seeking to adopt whatever he recognizes as better; without seeking to choose from the new material some advantage, even if it be only a trick of grilling oysters. Accordingly, Frederic was to be to me a cosmopolitan figure, representing many ways of many peoples; and, behold, he was still the familiar figure, with no gilding, no varnish, a great reminiscent panorama of the Mohawk Valley!

It was in Central New York that Frederic was born, and it is there he passed his childish days and his young manhood. He enjoys greatly to tell how he gained his first opinions of the alphabet from a strenuous and enduring study of the letters on an empty soap-box. At an early age he was induced by his parents to arise at 5:30 A.M., and distribute supplies of milk among the worthy populace.

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC

In his clubs, details of this story are well known. He pitilessly describes the gray shine of the dawn that makes the snow appear the hue of lead, and, moreover, his boyish pain at the task of throwing the stiff harness over the sleepy horse, and then the long and circuitous sledding among the customers of the milk route. There is no pretense in these accounts; many self-made men portray their early hardships in a spirit of purest vanity. "And now look!" But there is none of this in Frederic. He simply feels a most absorbed interest in that part of his career which made him so closely acquainted with the voluminous life of rural America. His boyhood extended through that time when the North was sending its thousands to the war, and the lists of dead and wounded were returning in due course. The great country back of the line of fight—the waiting women, the lightless windows, the tables set for three instead of five—was a land elate or forlorn, triumphant or despairing, always strained, eager, listening, tragic in attitude, trembling and quivering like a vast mass of nerves from the shock of the far away conflicts in the South.

Those were supreme years, and yet for the great palpitating regions it seems that the mind of this lad was the only sensitive plate exposed to the sunlight of '61-'65. The book, In the Sixties, which contains The Copperhead, Marsena, The War Widow, The Eve of the Fourth, and My Aunt Susan, breathes the spirit of a Titanic conflict as felt and endured at the homes. One would think that such a book would have taken the American people by storm, but it is true that an earlier edition of The Copperhead sold less than a thousand copies in America. We have sometimes a way of wildly celebrating the shadow of a mullein-stalk against the wall of a woodshed, and remaining intensely ignorant of the vital things that are ours. I believe that at about the time of the appearance of these stories, the critics were making a great deal of noise in an attempt to stake the novelists down to the soil and make them write the impressive common life of the United States. This virtuous struggle to prevent the novelists from going ballooning off over some land of dreams and candy-palaces was distinguished by the fact that, contemporaneously, there was Frederic doing his locality, doing his Mohawk Valley, with the strong trained hand of a great craftsman, and the critics were making such a din over the attempt to have a certain kind of thing done, that they did not recognize its presence. All this goes to show that there are some painful elements in the art of creating an American literature by what may be called the rattlety-bang method. The important figures, the greater men, rise silently, unspurred, undriven. To be sure, they may come in for magnificent cudgelings later, but their approach is noiseless, invincible, and they are upon us like ghosts before the critics have time to begin their clatter.

But there is something dismally unfortunate in the passing of Seth's Brother's Wife, In the Valley, the historical novel, and The Lawton Girl. Of course, they all had their success in measure, but here was a chance and a reason for every American to congratulate himself. Another thing had been done. For instance, In the Valley is easily the best historical novel that our country has borne. Perhaps it is the only good one. Seth's Brother's Wife and The Lawton Girl are rimmed with fine portrayals. There are writing men who, in some stories, dash over three miles at a headlong pace, and in an adjacent story move like a boat being sailed over ploughed fields; but in Frederic one feels at once the perfect evenness of craft, the undeviating worth of the workmanship. The excellence is always sustained, and these books form, with In the Sixties, a row of big American novels. But if we knew it we made no emphatic sign, and it was not until the appearance of The Damnation of Theron Ware that the book audiences really said: "Here is a writer!" If I make my moan too strong over this phase of the matter, I have only the excuse that I believe the In the Sixties stories to form a most notable achievement in writing times in America. Abner Beech, the indomitable and ferocious farmer, with his impregnable disloyalty or conscience, or whatever; Aunt Susan always at her loom making rag-carpets which, as the war deepened, took on two eloquent colors—the blue of old army overcoats and the black of woman's mourning; the guileless Marsena and the simple tragedy of his death—these characters represent to me living people, as if the book breathed.

It is natural that since Frederic has lived so long in England, his pen should turn toward English life. One does not look upon this fact with unmixed joy. It is mournful to lose his work even for a time. It is for this reason that I have made myself disagreeable upon several occasions by my expressed views of March Hares. It is a worthy book, but one has a sense of desertion. We cannot afford a loss of this kind. But, at any rate, he has grasped English life with a precision of hand that is only equaled by the precision with which he grasped Irish life, and his new book will shine out for English eyes in a way with which they are not too familiar. It is a strong and striking delineation, free, bold, and straight.

In the mean time he is a prodigious laborer. Knowing the man and his methods, one can conceive him doing anything, unless it be writing a poor book, and, mind you, this is an important point.

STEPHEN CRANE.

LOVE LAYE SOE STILLE

LOVE laye soe stille upon the snowe
I thoughte him dead and turned to goe,
Sighynge that I was free from care,
That many thynges I nowe colde dare;
Henceforthe no follie wolde I knowe,—
To Art alone my life wolde vowe,
And to the chillie worlde wolde showe
That all in vain a mayde was fayre,—
Love laye soe stille!

But o'er the whyte breste of the snowe
She came with carelesse step and slowe.
Her swayinge shadowe brushed his hair;—
He scarcely stirred . . . and yet . . . I sweare
That he was only sleepynge, though
Love laye soe stille.

ELIZABETH DIKE LEWIS.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS

II

TO HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: You will excuse the fond familiarity of the address, for you and your works really are "dear" to the faithful. What is it that makes us love some authors from whom we are separated by Time, and the River "which none may cross in a black ship?" These writers, I conceive, thus cherished, were in life the most amiable of men, kind, generous, brave, loyal, and, perhaps, endowed like you, Sir, with the engaging quality of recklessness. These make the man, and, in your novels, we always find the man behind the artist. In our age it is common, indeed, to dwell upon the generosity and untutored virtues of the poor or the degraded, while every critic throws his flint at the self-regarding virtues of the respectable. But to your century this mode of considering things was novel, though it is conspicuous in a not unfamiliar set of writings, by no means new, wherein we read about the Publican and the Pharisee. We are almost inclined to go too far, I think, and we have many Publicans who thank (not God, but) their luck that they are not as other men, nor even as that Pharisee. The new posture has its humor, and it is entertaining to watch deboshed men who plume themselves on being "no hypocrites." In the interests of their wives and families I could wish that they were hypocrites, if hypocrisy includes temperance, honesty, industry, decent language, and soap and water.

You and Mr. Richardson, Sir, I doubt not, understand each other by this time—I mean Mr. Samuel Richardson, who also shone in virtuous peasants, like Pamela. You will not permit Mr. Richardson to see these imperfect lines, in which I venture to congratulate you on Joseph Andrews. To me the virtues of Pamela, I confess, appear like the calculated wiles of a finished minx; and ah, how grateful I am to you for introducing us to that lady after her marriage with Mr. Booby! The good Colonel Newcome has, I am sure, pardoned you for that scene with Joseph in which Lady Booby, after a silence of surprise, exclaims "Your virtue!" Though it shocked the Colonel's excellent aunt, and left a painful impression on his own mind, it appears to myself one of the most comic situations in the world.

You, Sir, were a Whig, and it is too late for us to quarrel over a political question long ago settled in your favor. "On the lovely Tenth of June," you say (the birthday of the best of kings and of men), "the amorous Jacobite gathers a nosegay of white roses to deck the whiter breast of Celia, who, with a voice, the sweetness of which the Syrens might envy, warbles the harmonious song in praise of the Young Adventurer." It was a great pleasure to me, Sir, as I perused the brown letters, like fallen leaves, of the Young Adventurer, to find that he was an admirer of your delightful genius, and consoled the hours of exile in an obscure retreat, by reading Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews, both in French and English. He requests Mlle. Ferrand ("a scholar, a critic, a wit, and a Jacobite," as your Colonel James sums up the qualities which he dislikes in woman)—he asks this young lady, I say, "de faire avoire une ouvrage de Mr. Fildings, (auteur de Tom Jones) qui s'apel Joseph Andrews, dans sa langue naturelle, et la traduction aussi." With what emotions must His Royal Highness have perused those chapters of Tom Jones in which he himself seems just about to enter the fictitious stage, and how ruefully he must have smiled at the portrait of his Platonic adherent, Squire Western. In politics alone was the worthy Squire a Platonist. Certainly, Sir, you had nothing to fear from the Restoration of a House which did not "hate Boetry and Bainting."

Of your trilogy of novels, Tom Jones will, no doubt, always be the most famous. In construction the learned are agreed that your romance rivals the famed Œdipous Rex of Sophocles. I do not, myself, rate construction so very high among the gifts of genius. Shakespeare, Sir Walter, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Dickens, do not shine in construction, and only the last of these authors makes any serious attempt to do so. How hastily does Shakespeare convert his villains and marry them off to ladies far too good for even better men! How carelessly Sir Walter huddles up his plot! But it is certainly an added charm when a writer with humor so rich, and knowledge of human character so profound and kind as yours, chooses also to be finished, ingenious and complete in workmanship. It is probable that there are too many Odes of the Chorus in Tom Jones; I mean, of course, that your chapters of humorous reflection are apt to be hurried over by the hasty reader. I love them, myself, but, as you were about writing essays, you might have put them forth separately in that form, like Addison, Sir Richard Steele, and others of the wits. It is known that precisely the same objection has been urged, not without bitterness, against Mr. Thackeray. He followed that example of yours, of which his mind was so full that he sometimes repeats the very turn of your phrases—"Amelia's inclinations, when she gave a loose rein

to them, were pretty eager for the diversion, she being a great lover of music, particularly of Mr. Handel's compositions." That phrase might indifferently be Mr. Thackeray's or your own.

In one respect, you appear to me to outshine not only your great follower, but all of our authors: I mean in the portraits of ladies so beautiful, kind, good, manly, and humorous that we must needs fall in love with them. You remember that little picture of Amelia which was stolen? I please myself by thinking that I have discovered it, and am its owner. It is a miniature of a lady with soft, dark hair, drawn up from the brow and piled high on her head. She is dressed in a white evening robe, with cherry-colored slashes (or whatever they are called by the learned), she has the largest and kindest of gray eyes, an expression of much humor and sweetness, and—traces of the celebrated accident to her nose which Dr. Johnson could not overlook. Is not this, Sir, the admired Amelia? I have ventured to scratch "Miss Emmy's" name on the back of the silver case which contains this treasure. Our affections shift between Amelia and Sophia. Each is the perfect woman, neither has the slightest trace of that smallness or jealousy which Mr. Thackeray appears to have been so unfortunate as to find in almost every good woman, except, perhaps, Ethel Newcome and Theo Lambert. But Ethel had other faults, from which Sophia and Amelia are free. How happy must you have been, Sir, if, as we are told, these paragons are drawn from Mrs. Fielding! For you have the art, without small and fatiguing touches, and an elaborate description, to paint these ladies as beautiful as they are good, that rare art which we admire in the portrait of a lady who was a Jacobite, Mistress Beatrix Esmond.

Your heroes are, by your confession, not entirely worthy of such wives—no man, indeed, could be worthy. There is a verse of a foolish song, which appears to express a part of the result of your moral contemplations—

> It does not matter what you do,
> If your heart is only true;
> And his heart was true to Poll!

Mr. Jones' heart was true to Sophia, but we fear that Sophia had a great deal to overlook. The offense of Mr. Booth would be cynical, in the hands of any writer but yourself,—in your hands we smile at it, like the nymphæ faciles of Virgil. Mr. Booth, too, has the grace to be sincerely ashamed of himself, which reminds me to say how admirable a character is Miss Matthews. We hear a mort of talk about "analysis," and "psychology," and other pedantry; for our pedantry differs from your own, and it is not in Greek that our critics and wits now shine. Miss Matthews would have been stippled and niggled at, by our psychologues, while you paint her, and to the life, with a full brush and a masterly sweep of the pencil. And so you paint all the humorous throng of your world, as Hogarth painted them, but with an added beauty and classical largeness which were not given to your friend. Colonel Booth is certainly a masterpiece of caricature. Would that he could have met that other masterpiece, Squire Western! Surely they exist in some world not ours, and Dominie Sampson has conversed with Parson Adams.

I do not know, Sir, whether your novels are widely read, and I have fears, well-grounded fears, that our critics know very little of them. One of these gentlemen I lately detected, talking of you very learnedly, as inferior to the Muscovite masters and the Irish wits. But he was egregiously and conspicuously ignorant of your books, as I took the liberty to inform him and the Town.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obliged and grateful servant,

A. Lang.

A WOMAN

IF you deceive me,
Ah, deceive me well and kindly!
Lead me, since I follow blindly!
Keep your mask; with roses wreathe it;
Save me from the lie beneath it!
Worn for once, to serve your art,
Breaking it, you break my heart.

If you bereave me
Of the love that nourished me,
Ah, bereave me utterly!
Never leave pale Hope to languish
'Twixt suspense and certain anguish.
Cold gray ashes cannot sear,
Nor a few faint embers cheer!

If you leave me,
Let it be within the hour
When Love loses life and power,
Lest dull disenchantment borrow
From the splendor of my sorrow.
Wait not till the heart is dust;
Leave me soon, if leave you must!

If you believe me
When I vow my heart to you,
Ah, believe belief is true;
Turn a doubting ear to doubt;
Drive jade Jealousy without,
All Love's hurts were bravely borne,
Save—from you—one moment's scorn!

Louise Betts Edwards.

FEEDING A FLAME

THE valet was speaking — a weazened, swarthy bit of a man with fierce moustachios and meek brown eyes. He had rushed in, breathlessly, to impart the wondrous news to his master, knowing that all Mexico would ring with it that day. It was as much his duty to keep Don Luis de Vivero, Count del Valle de Orizaba, in fresh news as it was to keep him in fresh linen. A great compliment, indeed, would it be to hear the Count's nonchalant "Ah, yes, Pedro has told me all about it," when great lords would speak of the matter later on. They would be sure to speak of it. There was no doubt that the Jew, Treviño, had desecrated the blessed Image by scourging It with a lash in the dead of night. After he was imprisoned by the agents of the Inquisition, the Dominicans had found It full of purple welts and gaping red scars, as if the little wooden Holy Infant had been actually a babe in the living, mortal flesh. That was the miracle. It would bring fame and valuable votive offerings to the Convent, where it would be exhibited to the greater glory of God and the eternal damnation of all heretics.

"It was most plainly to be seen in the face, your Excellency," went on the valet, in an awed tone.

"H'm!" muttered the Count, incredulously.

"My lord, with these, mine unworthy eyes, I beheld It."

"H'm!"

"This very morning, Don Luis."

"Pedro," said the Count, warningly, "Master I-Saw-It leads many men to hell; and sometimes even to jail."

"But I did, most Excellent. If you will deign to accompany me, I will—"

"Make me a party to thine inebriate mendacity?"

"I do not know what that may mean. But I do know that whoso will may see the marvelous sight even now in the blessed church of Santo Domingo, my lord Count. The holy priests have it in their keeping. They permitted me, in their kindness, to behold it. I was the first in the city to see it. Friar Anselmo said: 'Thou art of the household of the Count del Valle de Orizaba?' 'I am, your reverence, and very proud to serve Don Luis,' said I. 'I know thy master,' he said. And then I went in, while the crowd gaped."

"By virtue of my reverend friend's condescension, thou art the poorer in purse by how much, Pedro?"

"Only a mite, a mere trifle, which I vowed would be paid as soon as I had had word with your Excellency. Indeed, the good fathers did not ask me for it, but I thought it well, since your livery has been so honored before all Mexico, to promise to pay eight pieces of silver in return for seeing the miracle; and also in payment for the miraculous prayer of the Convent's patron saint, justly famous throughout this New Spain," answered the valet, producing a piece of printed paper and crossing himself devoutly.

"But thou canst not read."

"Your Excellency and the truth are twin brothers. But Father Anselmo said that merely by having it with me and praying nightly three paters and six aves for the space of a mouth, I should gain one hundred years of indulgence for my soul, to begin immediately after the payment of the diminutive sum in question."

Don Luis smiled, ever so slightly; but he said nothing. One of his friends, betrayed by a servant, had gone before the Inquisition for much less than a sneer against so popular a saint as Santo Domingo.

"But, what of the miracle?" he asked, with a show of interest.

"Oh, master, it was so pitiful. The scars of the lashes on the holy Image's back—"

"On the back? Thou saidst a breath's life ago it was the face that bore the marks of the dog's impious act."

"The back also. When the Jew, in his blasphemous rage, scourged the holy Image of the Child Jesus, the wood, like living flesh, bore the marks of the lash, that he might later be convicted of the horrid deed. Two gaping red wounds across each sacred cheek; likewise the blessed thighs and the holy calves; and three of the beatified toes are missing, torn off cruelly—oh, I cannot go on! And touching the matter of the eight—"

"By all means protect thy soul. Speak to my steward. And, if thou art not too sleepy, an extra pater or two—"

"Ten shall I say, seven being for your Excellency's soul—"

"Am I, then, twice needful of mercy as thou? There, there, go; and if thou hearest aught more of the miracle, come to me."

It was in sooth marvelous, this case of the Jew, Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, who was accused before the Holy Office, the dread Inquisition, of having reverted to the faith of his forefathers.

It was the 29th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1649, and King Philip's most loyal city of Mexico was all astir with the news. As the Count walked forth from his wonderful blue-tiled palace, which was one of the sights of the old capital of

Montezuma, he saw low-browed, sullen Indians ambling through the streets; in their eyes the fire of hatred for the dominant race had died out; in its place there was now a sinister blackness, that showed through the besottedness of their pulque-drunkard's heavy stare. It might have been a half-awakened interest in their eternal souls due to what they had heard of the probable fate of the Jew. Everywhere groups of interested listeners surrounded impassioned and vehemently horrified orators who were talking of Treviño. It was evident that witnesses would be as abundant as the leaves of the forest, and as voluble as the mountain streams. Imaginations were vivid in New Spain.

"The store of faggots for the Jew's pyre is growing apace," said the Count to himself.

Ah, the fearful ejaculations, the devout crossings! Old women would stop to listen; and then hurry away to church, mumbling prayers to their patron saint, imploring him to intercede with the Son of God, that a terrible plague might be averted. They felt that the city reasonably might expect some stupendous punishment for having harbored the blasphemous wretch so long.

All that Don Luis knew was that Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte had become "reconciled"—as the delicious euphemism was for confessing heresy, and becoming reconciled to Catholicism—before the Holy Inquisition at an imposing auto da fé celebrated in the church of the Convent of Santo Domingo many years before, and had solemnly promised to forswear the gods of Israel and the worship of Forbidden Things. He had not only been false to his oath and to the true God, but had even continued to act as a sort of leader among his black-hearted and evil-souled co-religionists.

In the Alameda a half-breed was speaking, and Don Luis paused to listen. The crowd made way for him respectfully; he was a well-known noble and one of the best swordsmen in the kingdom. Also, the life of an Indian was unimportant, and he was said to be choleric.

"I lived in Guadalajara when this cursed heretic had a shop there. Woe is me, I frequently purchased things from him, for the dog sold his wares very cheap, and I never was intimate with Mistress Money. He was then known as Jerónimo de Represa. My confessor says I must make a pilgrimage barefooted to some holy shrine. I much fear my offense, unconscious though it was, will not soon be forgotten of the saints; and if any of you know some good and well-tried prayer for such cases, I pray him give it me without delay, for sleep and I are as much strangers these eight nights past, as a widow and modesty."

"What didst thou, Guadalajaran?"

"What did I? Have ye, then, not heard? The mere mention of it is a grievous sin."

"Tell us!" chorused the crowd, eagerly.

"Good friends, would that I dared!"

A babel of imploring voices rang out. An old woman crossed herself hastily as a precautionary measure, and said: "Go on, my son. Do."

"It is known that others than myself fell into the same sin, unconsciously, but none the less—"

"Tell us of the sin, not the sinners," interrupted the old woman. She forgot to cross herself in her impatience. Later she would remember her omission and tremble.

"Friends, the dog's shop had two entrances. *Under the one he had buried an image of the Holy Christ, so that whenever a Christian went into the cursed place to buy, he unwittingly trod on the sacred Crucifix!*"

A shudder ran through the crowd. The tale exceeded their wildest hopes of horror. The old woman crossed herself tremblingly. Her face was like that of a corpse—an Indian corpse.

"And," continued the speaker, "those customers who entered by that door always secured the better bargain; they ever found the Jew laughing good-humoredly. Little did they know that it was his joy at seeing good Christians insulting their God!"

"Cease, wretched man!" cried a stern voice.

It was Friar Anselmo of the Convent of Santo Domingo. His ascetic face was well known; his mysterious office was suspected; both were feared.

"Thy name?" he said.

The half-breed grew livid. "I—I—" he stammered.

"Thou shalt bear witness against the heretic before the Holy Office."

The crowd dispersed hastily. It was not well to go before the Inquisition in any capacity whatever. Mild testimony against a Jew might subject the witness to suspicions of his own orthodoxy; and even the most zealous son of the Church cannot always invent uncontradictory evidence on the spur of the moment. Besides which, the Inquisition punished other offenses than heresy.

Don Luis stayed because he and the Dominican were old school friends, and because he was curious to hear more.

"Thy name?" repeated the monk.

"Cayetano Medina, your reverence's servant." He looked ill at ease; he was telling the truth now.

"Thou knowest the thing whereof thou wert speaking?"

"Ye—yes."

"Thou canst repeat it, then, to the Holy Office. Don Luis, you heard this man, Cayetano Medina, say incredible things of the dog of a blasphemer. We may need you if peradventure this man's memory should fail him, through the sorcery of the heretic, as has happened with other witnesses ere this. The black arts of the accursed blasphemer enable them to warp weak men's tongues at certain times by the aid of the Evil One, whom they worship."

"I heard this man say truly horrible things. But, if he knew the Jew had buried the sacred Christ under the door, why said he nothing then? How does he know it now?" asked Don Luis.

"That is for him to say, at the right time and proper place. Surely, you do not doubt the possibility of the deed? Beware, my lord Count, lest busy tongues—"

"The Count del Valle de Orizaba is responsible only to his King and to his God," interrupted Don Luis, haughtily. "Suspicions of his faith, as of his honor, are to be entertained by none, be he priest or layman."

"Curb your temper, my lord. I am of the Lord's anointed."

"Nay, Anselmo," said the Count, in a friendly tone, using the familiar "thou;" "nay, thou art my old playmate, and I am thine. But I love not to mingle with the low in any capacity."

"Luis," said the Friar, earnestly, "thou art a loved brother, but there is One I love more than thee, and in His service thou must appear before the Holy Tribunal to bear witness of this man's speech. I am preparing the charges against the heretic. They are numerous and incredibly horrible. In a fortnight we hold an auto da fé. Thou, too, must come. God be with thee."

"Adios."

They went their ways, the priest wondering at the unspeakable evil of all heretics, and the Count marveling at many things he dared not say to any man, woman or Indian in the loyal and opulent kingdom of New Spain.

In the mean time even more horrible stories circulated freely—dark tales of sacrilegious ceremonies in the dead of night, of unutterable desecrations of the Host, and hideous mockeries of sacred things. Good folk slept ill that week in Mexico. Old women did not sleep at all; they spent the night in the churches, praying ceaselessly. In the daytime they helped the stronger sex curse the heretic, his father, his mother, his co-religionists, and all the fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, children and household animals of his co-religionists. For of such was the Kingdom of the Seven Hells. Amen.

The Holy Inquisition determined to hold the most imposing auto da fé ever celebrated in the New World. The Black Drag-Net was cast, and one hundred and nine heretics were gathered, four-and-seventy men and thirty-five women. By good luck, one man suspected of belonging to the accursed sect of Luther and Calvin was discovered; the species was relatively rare, the last specimen having been Enrique de Baz, a Hamburg Lutheran, "reconciled" in 1621.

Accounts of the "sumptuous" affair of the 11th of April, 1649, were later to be printed and circulated throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom—curious little pamphlets like the English chap-books of that period—in archaic orthography and quaint diction, containing the complete accusations, the particular forms of torture used, and minute details of the behavior of the tortured.

Arm in arm, on the morning of the fateful day, Friar Anselmo and Don Luis started for the Plaza del Volador, where the auto da fé was to be held. Never had the streets been so crowded. Ill-clad Indians, whose highest aspiration was a never-realized sufficiency of pulque, elbowed thrifty Spanish shopkeepers and pushed King Philip's men-at-arms recklessly in their haste to be in at the deaths. But all made way respectfully at the Count's haughty Paso, or to the Dominican's stern "Free way for the Church, my children"—chiefly to the latter. The Count's rapier might pierce limbs or lungs; but it did not compare with boiling oil or the rack as a discomforter.

A platform of extraordinary dimensions and brilliant decoration had been erected against the principal façade of the College of the Dominicans of Portacœli, looking on the Square del Volador. One of the windows of the College served as a door, through which the judges and the accused could pass on to the stage. The structure alone cost 7,000 pesos. The canopy over it cost 2,800 pesos more, 4,300 varas of cloth having been used on it.

"Judging from the private examinations of the one hundred and nine accused," observed the Dominican, regretfully, as they entered the College, "Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, I fear, is the only one who will be burned. The others all have acknowledged their guilt and profess penitence. The rack or the garrote will do for them."

The Count took a seat on the stage and looked out on the Square. He saw a sea of covered heads —straw hats and felt sombreros, cloth caps and steel helmets, women's mantillas and martial casques; for nobles and villains of both sexes and of all colors were there. Later, the headgear of the multitude was doffed, and the cranial sea swayed and undulated, as Inquisitors and accused appeared

on the platform. The billows of humanity, the Count thought, were interesting to watch, while mirthless monks read lengthy and arid accusations through their noses. The eagerness that shone in the ten thousand eyes which seemed to be staring straight at the Count made him pensive. It was truly a mighty thing, the True Faith.

Overhead, the sky was of a wonderful limpid turquoise; the clouds were of fluffy new cotton—bunches of tangled silver yarn that moved indolently over the blue world-roof. It was a ravishing sky, a perfect day. There were more than five-score of heretics on trial; many of them must of necessity be tortured. The crowd drew in a thankful breath and kept a difficult silence, for taciturn reverence struggled with vociferous fanaticism. If shouting in the benches of the bull-ring were forbidden under penalty of death, the toreros would doubtless starve for lack of patronage. But at times a hoarse rumbling sound would come to the Count's ears—the strange noise of closely-packed thousands of human beings that merely moved forward an inch.

The curtain rose at last on the grim tragedy. The well-known actors of the day, Ignorance, Stupidity, Superstition, Fear, Credulity, and Mendacity came out, bowed, raised their eyes to heaven, said their speeches, and sat down. The audience shouted hoarsely. The clouds glimmered argently. Thy sky turquoised incredibly. Then the old Duke, Merciless Superstition, took the center of the stage, inflated his chest and declaimed. His elocution was faulty; he ranted; but then his sentences were death-sentences. The audience gave little gasps of awe, and the Count jotted down results on the tablets of his memory. Seven embraced by the "maiden" for relapsing into Judaism; eight, ditto ditto for having falsely professed penitence—six of the latter being females, ever a deceitful sex; ten, broken on the rack—compressed, bent and twisted until their bones resembled bundles of toothpicks wrapped in raw beefsteak; seven-and-forty other Jews sent to Abraham's bosom by that expeditious conveyance, the garrote. The Count then lost the number.

Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte came forth to know his fate. It was to differ from that of the preceding victims. The management had adroitly reserved the choicest morsel for the last. It was a most judiciously considered climax, and reflected great credit on the dramatists. The simultaneous indrawing of five thousand breaths was the sincerest praise. The multitude felt that they had not misplaced their confidence in the Inquisition; and the Inquisition felt pleased and looked complacent.

Friar Anselmo had drawn up the case against the Jew. He had gone about it enthusiastically and thoroughly. He had rounded up hundreds of witnesses. The Dominican was conscious of having performed a sacred and pleasing duty in a way to compel praise from his colleagues and admiration from the Deity. From time to time, as he read from his notes, he glanced toward the Count for approval. But Don Luis was busy, watching Sobremonte's deep-set, haggard eyes. Violent shudders, tremors of the limbs, twitchings of the hands, were merely conventional manifestations of physical fear, the nervousness of uncomfortable reminiscences. But the heretic's eyes told stories. He seemed to realize that he was doomed. The racial stubbornness of the Jew was beginning to show in the firmer-set jaw and in the sullenness of the eyes. Later, it would be replaced by religious exaltation—the soul drunkenness of the martyr—and the Count would be repaid for his unblinking scrutiny.

"Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, at one time calling yourself Jerónimo de la Represa, native of Medina de Rio Seco, in Castile the Old, son of Antonio Treviño de Sobremonte and Leonor Martinez de Villagomez, the latter having once appeared before the Holy Inquisition of Valladolid for Judaism, you stand accused of the double sin of heresy and of falsity to the oath sworn by you," read the Dominican, nasally, "at the private auto da fé celebrated in the Church of the Convent of Santo Domingo, in this city of Mexico, on the fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord 1625. Your offense is beyond commensurate human castigation. The Lord in His just wrath will doubtless punish you as your deserts call for, that the majesty of the Deity may be vindicated for all time. Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, you have been consistently and sinfully a Jew, the evidences thereof being manifold and beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"These things are known: No sooner were you set at liberty by the mercy of the Holy Office in 1625 than you resumed your relations with your black-hearted accomplices, covering with the mantle of secrecy your own guilt and their impious deeds and acts. You imparted to them the knowledge of the practices and customs common in the gaols of the Holy Office, that they might govern their actions in the event of being justly imprisoned, and thus be enabled guilefully to evade merited punishment. It is known that you have repeatedly said to your accomplices: 'Deny, deny, and always deny! In negation lies your salvation!'

"You sought in marriage Maria Gomez, the

daughter of Jews and known to be a Jewess. On the day of the wedding you invited thereto, as guests and witnesses, many accursed sectarians of Moses. You observed Judaic rites and ceremonies; at eating time placing a cloth about your head and beginning the meal with a dish of a certain cake or biscuit and bees' honey, and making references to some apocryphal story in the Scriptures, which decreed that it should so be done. Your mother-in-law, Leonor Nuñez, by means of a knife, cut the throats of the chickens that were to be served at the meal; your father-in-law observed like ceremonies, turning his eyes towards the East and thrice muttering ridiculous prayers, subsequently washing his hands three times in cold water.

"In 1635, when your mother-in-law, your sister-in-law, Ana Gomez, and your brother-in-law, Francisco Lopez de Blandon, were cast into prison for heresy, you induced your wife and your sister-in-law, Isabel Nuñez, to appear before the Holy Office and voluntarily acknowledge their Judaism and make false protestations of their desire to embrace the true faith, hoping to avoid, by such abominable hypocrisy, the punishment meted to recalcitrant infidels.

"It is known that you continually practiced prolonged fasts, alleging false illnesses and fraudulent lack of appetite. Also, you confessed, after the manner of Jews, kneeling in a corner and with divers other ugly and unbecoming ceremonies. Also, you would not attend Mass.

"Also, when you walked forth in the streets among Catholics, and passing acquaintances greeted you with Good morning or Good evening, you would not reply, Blessed be the Most Holy Sacrament, but say instead, I kiss your Mercies' hands, an obvious subterfuge to evade a response usual and pleasing to all true Catholics, hoping by excess of simulated humility to avoid suspicion of your true character.

"It is known that your wife called you a Saint of the Law.

"It is known that when you visited your brother-in-law, Francisco Blandon, imprisoned for Judaism, you made use of the Aztec tongue in your speech with him; manifest evidence of guilt, since the truthful and the righteous have naught to fear from the overhearing of their conversation.

"It is known that you have repeatedly cursed and blasphemed against the Holy Office, its ministers, its founders, and the kings that allow its existence within their kingdoms.

"And other heinous offenses against the true faith, and horrid deeds and blasphemies and sacrileges incredible for the depth of their infamy, but attested to by veracious sons of the Church. Of saying the Mass backwards, and spitting and trampling upon the consecrated Host, and making a mockery of the Lord's Prayer after the manner of Jews, and of unutterable calumnies against the blessed saints. A miracle has been vouchsafed to us in the person of the Holy Infant now in the Convent of Santo Domingo, the blessed Image bearing the marks of the scourgings you inflicted upon It in the dead of night, while holding diabolic orgies with other heretics, according to their own testimony against you wrung out of them on the rack. And other misdeeds and blasphemies, wherçof the mere enumeration would fill a thick volume. All incontrovertible proof of your relapse into Judaism and of an utterably depraved heart. You have committed the Unforgivable Sin."

The Dominican finished speaking. Then looking sternly at the accused Jew, he said: "Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, what have you to say to the statement I have read to you?"

The Jew was silent, his eyes soft with pensiveness. At length he said, very quietly: "I have perforce listened to lies, most reverend sir, having had daily dealings with Christian men and women in this New Spain. Otherwise have I committed no sin. I have had no other gods before God; I have not taken His name in vain; I have remembered the Sabbath day and kept it holy; I have honored my father and my mother; I have not killed; I have not committed adultery; I have not stolen; I have not borne false witness against my neighbor; I have not coveted his wife, nor have I coveted his house, nor anything that is his. I have lived an honest life. No man may say I have wronged him."

"Thou art guilty of heresy!" thundered Friar Anselmo. "Thou hast sinned in the sight of God!"

"Of your God," corrected the Jew, mildly. His glance passed from one implacable face to another. In all he read his doom. He realized the hopelessness of his cause, and into his eyes there came the gloom of a great despair. He thought of wife, children, kin, friends, of all that earthly life had held dear to him, and a sob rose in his throat. Then he thought —so his eyes told the Count—that all denials were useless, all protestations vain. Once, twenty-four years before, he had, under torture, forsworn the God of Israel. He was young, then, and life was sweet. Moreover, the elders had told him that compulsory vows of Christianity were no sin. It was permitted by the Law. Among his people he was known as an anús, a secret Jew. But, he nevertheless had felt uncomfortable, unmanly.

He looked toward the East, where the sky was as a vapor of turquoise and silver. For the space of a half-minute he stared. Then he drew in a deep breath; his face took on a calm, resolute look, and gazing steadily at the monk before him, he said, in a ringing voice: "I believe in one God, the true God, the God of Israel, the God of my forefathers. I am a Jew! And I thank my God that I am a Jew!"

Horrified voices rang out.

"Wretch!"

"Dog!"

"Diabolic pig!"

"Blasphemer!"

"Cursed heretic!"

The Jew's face grew exultant, and in his eyes shone the light of a strong resolution.

"Your sentence, my masters?" he asked, almost mockingly.

Anselmo held a whispered colloquy with his fellow-Inquisitors.

"Thou shalt be burnt at the stake," he said, stridently.

The Jew's eyes still shone. "The sooner the better," he said, and laughed. "Your faith? The faith of asses! Fit for animals. Of all beasts of rapine, know ye which most resembles man outwardly? A monk on the Dominican order! Your faith! Oh, misguided men, you have had to split your God into three and worship idols in your temples, the wooden images of men, perhaps even the stone statues of unintelligent Dominicans!" He was laughing; it was a very curious laugh, and went very well with the look in his eyes, the Count thought.

They dragged him from the platform and gagged him, that his blasphemies might not be heard by God or by His Faithful in Mexico. On the next day he was taken to the stake.

In the open, midway between the Convent of San Diego and the Alameda, lay the Burning-Place. All Mexico had flocked thither, partly from curiosity, and partly to gain the indulgences which the witnessing of the act was said to confer on the fortunate beholders.

The Count del Valle de Orizaba accompanied his friend, Friar Anselmo, to the College. The Jew, dressed in a sanbenito, the garb in which the convicts of the Inquisition marched to their death, was led to a waiting mule. They offered to him the Green Cross to carry, after the manner of the condemned, but he spat upon it and uttered vile blasphemies; so they gagged him again and forced him to mount the mule.

It is actually a matter of history, gravely set down in the veracious chronicles of contemporary writers, that no sooner had the discriminating animal felt the heretical burden on its back than it began to kick and buck, and show every sign of great displeasure. Several true believers were severely injured by the hoofs of the indignant quadruped.

Another mule was brought. It followed the example of its pious predecessor. A third, famous for a long life of sanctity and sedateness of behavior, was even more violent.

The muleteers were astounded, the priests were shouting exorcisms, the entire front row of spectators were writhing in pain. Then a great cry arose, and the multitude shouted: "Lo! even the mules refuse to be contaminated by the touch of the dirty dog!"

The Dominican started, and looked intently at the struggling beast.

"An intelligent animal," observed the Count, tentatively.

"Aye, a most Christian mule!" replied Friar Anselmo, gravely.

A horse, hitherto unsuspected of atheism, was then brought. The Jew was set astride on it, his face toward the tail. A shudder ran through the crowd, which edged away from the disgraced equine.

"Who would have thought that a mule knows more than a horse?" muttered an old woman. She crossed herself, on general principles. Perhaps she but expressed gratitude for the marvelous tales she would be able to tell some of her bed-ridden cronies of many a night.

The horse followed docilely the Indian peon that led it. Another Indian, a thick-set, pock-marked Oaxacan, walked beside the Jew. At frequent intervals he struck Treviño in the face and in the body with his clenched fist and cried: "Believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, dog of a Jew!" It was the first time since the Dismal Night that one of the Dominant Race had been publicly beaten by one of the Conquered. The Count thought a little and said less. Indignation was uncalled for, and compassion was a sin.

The Jew and his escort went across the Plaza del Volador, then by the Street of the Silversmiths and by San Francisco until it reached the Burning-Place.

They bound the Jew fast to the stake and piled faggots all about him. Probably not less than ten thousand people saw him, from the streets, from the windows of the houses, from the roofs, from the church towers of San Diego and San Hipolito,

from the trees of the Alameda. Several millions of indulgences were to be gained at one fell swoop. Another such opportunity might not come in two years.

The gag was removed from the victim. Perhaps the sight of the stake had made his tongue more reverent, they thought.

"Make haste," said the Jew. "Priest," addressing Friar Anselmo, "is it polite to keep me waiting? What will thy God say of thy dilatoriness in His service?"

Friar Anselmo approached and fumbled the steel and flint.

"I shall wait for thee UP THERE, Dominican!" said the Jew, in such somber tones that the crowd shuddered.

The monk's face was paler as he set fire to the carefully-selected faggots. They were tinder-dry, highly inflammable. Gaunt red specters sprang as by magic from the piled wood and threw their arms about the Jew and licked his face, dog-wise, with candent tongues. Swirling draperies of black smoke rose from the pyre hastily to be borne away by the wind. They seemed glad to leave the scene.

Between a rift of flames and the smoke, the Count caught a glimpse of the heretic's face—it was distorted, not with pain nor with fear, but with anger, a mad, demoniac anger. And above the nasal chants of the priests, the hoarse murmur of the spectators, and the spiteful crackling of the wood, came the voice of the Jew, shrill and penetrant, that cried, as he thought of his confiscated possessions:

"Pile on more wood; I've paid my good money for it!"

All of which is strictly a matter of history. The house of the Jew stands to this day in the Street of the Peanut-Field. Also, his co-religionists own nearly the entire foreign debt of the Mexican Republic. But it took two hundred and fifty years to avenge him.

EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

SONG

AH ME! How slow the sad years pass;
What do the swallows sing?
"Only a flutter of leaves and grass
Between the Spring and the Spring."

Ah me! How long the sad nights seem;
What do the children say?
"Only a bridge of golden dream
Between the Day and the Day."

Ah me! How blank life's weary hours;
What hath the mourner said?
"Only a green mound strewn with flowers
Between the Quick and the Dead."

BEATRICE ROSENTHAL.

FOLK TALES OF THE SOUTHWEST

UNDER the title of Ole Mr. Rabbit's Plantation Stories, Miss Mary A. Owen's interesting volume, formerly published by the Putnams, and entitled Ole Rabbit, the Voodoo and Other Stories, is re-issued by George W. Jacobs & Co., of Philadelphia. As in the first edition, it is prefaced by an introduction and supplied with footnotes by Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, that many-sided man, who, in spite of the fact that he is a humorist of world-wide reputation, knows how to be too serious at times. Mr. Leland is the occasion of the only genuine piece of American humor (so-called) that was ever originated in the British Isles. In the recent discussion over a monument to Heine, an English writer remarked that such a memorial would not be complete without a footnote from Charles Godfrey Leland.

Mr. Leland is too serious in regard to this business of folklore. He prefers it in its direst state. He would not have it made over into romances that the whole world may enjoy—as the Grimms made over theirs—but would have it preserved in all its nakedness ready for the dissecting table of the scientific professors of folklore. To what end, nobody knows but the Lord, Mr. Leland, and the fussy folklorists. Whether Miss Owen was of Mr. Leland's mind to begin with, or whether he prevailed on her to curb the story-telling instinct, it is impossible, of course, to say. The result is the same. Some of the most interesting stories collected by Miss Owen are made dull and dry by the "scientific conscientiousness" which all true folklorists insist on.

And it is a pity, too, for there is abundant evidence throughout this book to show that if the author had not been handicapped by a fatal belief in the importance of "scientific" folklore, she would have made a volume calculated to entrance children as well as grown people. There are occasional lapses from the "scientific" attitude, and then the story in which it occurs takes on form and hue, and we are straightway whirled into the atmosphere that is native to such stories and their readers. But not for long, for, suddenly, we come plump upon one of Mr. Leland's footnotes, and—pouff!—the illusion is gone. We find that we have not been reading a genuine story at all, but a milk-and-water survival from the Etruscans and Sabines.

May everybody be delivered from stumbling

OLE MR. RABBIT'S PLANTATION STORIES.—By Mary A. Owen. 12mo. G. W. Jacobs & Co.

upon such matter as this in the midst of a story! It is not exasperating—it is worse; it is torture unexpected. It is extremely unfortunate for the public that Miss Owen ever heard of scientific folk-lore. She knows how to collect stories; the probability is that she has never been surpassed in this respect; and she knows well how to tell them. But her folklore conscience will not permit her to tell them as they should be told.

It is only necessary for such writers as Miss Owen to ask themselves which the world can better spare—the vague speculations of the folklorists or the entrancing survivals that set their speculations going. The reply is obvious. But if we are to have these speculations, which would be harmless if they did not hamper some very accomplished people and hinder them from giving their talents free rein, let them take their proper place in the literary procession. Let them stand for what they are worth, and not for what the folklorists think they are worth. Let the professors do their cataloguing and their ticketing humbly as become those who are really not agreed among themselves as to what they would be at.

First, let us have the folk tales told as they were intended to be told, for the sake of amusement—as a part of the art of literary entertainment. Then, if the folklorists find in them anything of value to their pretensions, let it be picked out and preserved with as little cackling as possible.

All this is not to say that Miss Owen's book is a failure; the point is that it might have been better—a great deal better. But it is full of interest. Some of the stories are newly retrieved, and many are delightful. The setting lacks simplicity, but that is owing to the folklore conscience. The illustrations are far enough from art, but a few of them are unexpectedly humorous.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

REVIEWS

RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM, QUID VETAT?

THE COMING OF LOVE, AND OTHER POEMS.—By Theodore Watts-Dunton. John Lane. 1897.

WE are given to understand that a number of persons hold Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton in awe; that select society cries for him, and is only now appeased by a largess from the press of Mr. John Lane. It is nice to know what 's what, and to be the oracle of The Athenæum; it is still nicer to be "the hero of friendship," as Mr. Watts-Dunton indeed is, and as one of his many immortal friends said that he was. Our quarrel with him is another story. We do respectfully submit that Mr. Watts-Dunton as a bard is,—well, profoundly useful; he shows with such lucidity, such insistence, such gentle disregard of self, the whole Ars Poetica with the bar sinister. No common rhymester can so point the literary moral; it takes mind, invention, exquisite culture, to go to the dogs in this difficult and illustrious manner. The theme is too subtle for exposition. Let any one who has fed upon the Real Thing, see how he likes the taste of

> Wide new-litten eyes,
> New-litten by thy kiss's re-creation!

Take the final long-rolling iambic line, of which Randolph makes use in his Ode to Master Anthony Stafford, or Shelley, in the Ode to the Skylark, or better yet, the martial crowded measure of The Revenge; and what is to be done with a lyric recital in the same world with these, which fumbles and stumbles into its own gaps at every crisis and yet flies for flag the enchanting title of Christmas at The Mermaid?

> There's never a wave of ocean
> The wind can set in motion
> That shall not own our England, own our England queen.

Again:

> And once he dealt a blow
> Against the Don, to show
> What mighty hearts can move, can move in leafy Wales!

This sort of verse is like that game enjoyed by children, where two occupied chairs are presumably connected by a board under a cloth, and where the innocent newcomer, cordially invited to seat himself, does so, quite audibly, upon the unfeeling floor. Another stanza from the same long composition is worth quoting. There are no man-traps in it, but there are other objects to be noted by the judicious.

> Fiercely do galley and galeasse fight,
> Running from ship to ship like living things,
> With oars like legs, with beaks that smite;
> Winged centipedes they seem with tattered wings.
> Through smoke we see their chiefs encased
> In shining mail of gold where blood congeals;
> And once I see, within a waist,
> Wild English captives ashen-faced,
> Their bending backs by Spanish scourges laced
> In purple weals.

Did any one ever accuse Mr. Watts-Dunton of belonging to "the Fleshly School?" He is conscientiously physical. You are to know, from him, that a Mother Carey's chicken's

> —feathered skin,
> Tingles in answer to a dream of brine.

and in Westminster Abbey,

> —such bones are laid
> As Time can only breed in our loved isle.

Trilby's bones, it will be remembered, were "beautiful." King Edward I, too, had thigh bones of famous size, and they are still in the Abbey. These curios are now proclaimed according to a protective tariff; nothing "made in Germany," can compete with 'em. Hardest to bear, the trusting reader jumps into a bramble-bush of gypsy jib in The Coming of Love.

> Nock, danniers, moey, yockers, canners, bal,

is hard lines; until the benevolent note in the margin instructs you to read (as it were in Ahn or Ollendorff) "nose, teeth, mouth, eyes, ears, hair."

Ah, but the back-handed Mr. Watts-Dunton shall give it to you all over again:

Bal, danniers, canners, yockers, moey, nock!

Like the votaries of the deceased Marquis of Queensberry, he strikes not below the belt. All the same, it is "wot human nature itself can't indure."

The Coming of Love imports a new note into literature, in this lavish Romany dialect. But the use of it demonstrates that it was an ill thing for one gentile gentleman to have walked with George Borrow, among his beloved vans. Two passages only in the complex machinery of the poem can be said to stand alone; and these are the two phonetic letters which Rhona writes, with their capital naïve refrains. Even here the author, in the triple brass of linguistic boldness, manages to have a qualm, an infamous misgiving, an eye to the reader. Mention of "my blessed mammy's mollo" (ghost) and of a night that 's "bleak and kollo" (black) is accompanied by an asterisk, indicating that in the Midlands the two weird words (words of what inestimably suggestive value in a rhyme-famine!) are sometimes so pronounced; but usually "mullo" and "kaulo." O fie! Why, after a Life and Crimes of the first water, should we not die game, and without benefit of clergy?

The prose extracts in the book are integral, and if the scheme of them had penetrated into the brain of Homer, when " 'Omer struck his bloomin' lyre," much international sweat of schoolboys had been mercifully prevented. Mr. Watts-Dunton cannot sing, you understand, forever and ever; and yet he would wish to wear the large and smooth melodic continuousness of Schubert. Argal, he breaks off frequently into recitative, scene-shiftings, pantomime. A gentleman in love in Prophetic Pictures at Venice, gets up at night and opens the window: all in a cosy parenthesis. (His emotions, or the author's, are really too violent for metric bonds.) Through the window comes, not a draught or a burglar, but a supernatural necklace, slung from without. Our hero must be supposed, from our written instructions, to say "O, my!" and "Did you ever?" many, many times. Thinking he will go out, he begins to dress; but the gods dissuade him, in some manner not apparent, and "he throws off his clothes" and goes to bed again, having just festooned the rubies and things over the bedpost. Then he proceeds to see mystically into the past, present, and future, by their dæmonic light, and forthwith returns to common prosody. At a much more thrilling moment, this habit of deliberation attacks Mr. Watts-Dunton's other poet-hero, the suitor of the Romany lass, Rhona Boswell. She is on the marge of the stream opposite him, when the villain of the piece leaps through the brushwood.

Then the neo-Greek chorus. "He prepares to plunge into the river in order to swim to her, when Rhona meets the onrush of her assailant with a blow in the mouth from her fist, which causes him to totter and then stumble over the bank." In fact, he never comes up. After this episode, English scenery has "a haunting effect" on the third person's mind; and he tries Norway for a change. His unique "note," however, is struck in the stage-direction just quoted. "He prepares to plunge." In the circumstances, major and minor, there is great virtue in that "prepares."

The preface proclaims how seriously Mr. Watts-Dunton contemplates his works. His friend, William Morris, it seems, was to have printed them in his sumptuous Kelmscott style. At his lamented death, the Bodley Head won the honor of unveiling them to the greedy world. Whereupon the author: "And now, whatsoever pleasure I may feel at seeing my verses in one of Mr. Lane's inviting little volumes" (the book is a handsome, portly green-coated affair of some two hundred and seventy pages) "will be dimmed and marred by the thought that Morris's name also might have been, and is not, on the imprint." A full-grown Irish bull may be seen prancing in this explanation. Explanations, at all times, have their perils, and their fauna long ago became painfully familiar. Mr. Lane has been so magnificent a pioneer in the matter of modern poetry, that it is well to have something to pardon him. Let us consider The Coming of Love as his concession to the Victorian drawing-rooms, whose ideas of art he is doing so much to overturn.

Is it necessary to add that in aught from so accomplished a hand, there are not lacking touches of real beauty? Beauty, but not authority. Ancestral Memory, Midshipman Lanyon, the Toast to Omar Khayyàm; and especially A Talk on Waterloo Bridge, and, just beneath that in point of charm and clarity, the song of the Golden-hearted, dedicated to Mr. Swinburne; these are happy both in conception and expression. But not a line of them all draws blood; unless the "purple weals" count under a Spanish bastinado! no man can wish to shake them off, as one does the electric clinging phrases of Francis Thompson, of Kipling, of Yeats, of Davidson, of Alfred Housman, of Stephen Phillips; no man can endure them for a moment who remembers the vital music of the masters newly passed away. If we have dwelt upon details, in a not wholly irreverent survey of Mr. Watts-Dunton's long-noised, but not memorable book, it is only because there is no organic whole to consider. Not even the stories, as such, "move forward in order;" they halt and blur, they have no evolution, either practical or intellectual; they all lose themselves before the end, and go off in smoke. There is no trend, for most of the numbers are born of given occasion, and rarely dominate it; yet this is writing which is the output of many fortunate years, which has grown its wing-feathers in the very eyry of English song. Its excellency is in a certain moral poise and genial dignity of feeling; its defects are the fatal two—commonplace and lack of humor. We cannot conceive of the book's exciting interest in America, where the personal estimation is absent. Its material is most immaterial; its workmanship, elaborate as it looks, is all wrong. We sum it up, in mournful dismay, as an architectural hoax: too Late Perpendicular, and papier-mâché at that.

MARK TWAIN

FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR.—By Mark Twain. American Publishing Company. Sold by subscription.

VIEWED as a work of art, this volume is monstrous, and as a book of travel it is impossible. The only way to view it is as a bundle of haphazard thoughts, jotted down by the author à propos or mal à propos, of the things he saw in the course of a journey undertaken for literary and lecturing purposes. Mark Twain being the author, the result is not so bad as might be expected; especially if the book be read in the proper way. The proper way to read it is to disregard the order of the chapters and the numbering of the pages, and dip in here and there with no respect for sequence, for there is no sequence. The worst mistake that a reader can make is to read it through conscientiously in the order in which it is written. Mark Twain would be the best man to do it if he were the reader and not the author.

The book was apparently written under some kind of constraint, such, for instance, as a contract calling for so much a day, or so much a week, without regard to moods. At all events, it is very uneven in respect to matter. Long stretches of hack-work and cyclopædic padding mark his dull days; while many pages bear witness to pleasure in the making.

Mark Twain has, as we all know, broken forever with his old style—the style of Innocents Abroad, The Gilded Age, and Huckleberry Finn—and is no longer persistently or even primarily a humorist. But from mental habit we instinctively look for the joke and feel cheated if he turns out serious; and when he becomes ethical-minded and solemn, it is almost shocking. This makes fair judgment difficult. It is the nemesis of the reformed humorist.

Not that he has altogether reformed. He has packed his book with anecdotes and personal reminiscences, many of which are amusing, and he says a number of very good things; but even in his frivolous moods he is less funny than he used to be and more thoughtful. He is forsaking humor and aiming at wit. Witness the new stock of Pudd'nhead Wilson aphorisms and cynicisms, some of which are clever, if laborious; none of which make you laugh, or are meant to. He appeals more to the head and less to the diaphragm; and we honor him for it. The rule is, once a humorist always a humorist, and nothing more. Imagine Bill Nye, or Phœnix, or Artemus Ward, or the Danbury News man being anything more than funny! Apart from limitations of temperament, it is a hard thing for an American writer to leave, of his free will, a vein which he has successfully worked. He usually has to be starved out of it by the public. Fancy Stockton writing anything but Stocktonese, or Bangs rising on the stepping-stone of his dead self to anything in particular. Even if they could change, business prudence forbids the shifting from what has proved profitable to what is new and untried. But Mark Twain defies this economic law of letters, and when he writes a new book now there is no guessing at its contents beforehand. The real and deserved success of his earlier books makes this course appear as heroic as it is exceptional.

But after all he must be judged by deeds and not by attempts. Following the Equator is very dull in places, and these places are just where the author is most conscientious—where he remembers that he is writing a book of travel and goes in for facts and description and history. His comments are often shrewd, and his first-hand impressions are always interesting, but he has felt it his duty sometimes to be instructive, and this is painful to both him and the reader. Indian temples, Hindu traits, Thuggee, the rights and wrongs of the Kanakas, the history of Hawaii, and a hundred other topics are discussed as if they were novel. He gives information, and worse than that elementary information, which could be picked up in a school library. It may be that he padded purposely in order to make a big subscription book, or that he wanted to increase the sales among Chautauquans, literary circles, school boards, and the other lovers of the useful commonplace. In either of these cases he is to be forgiven. But if he wrote it because it interested him, or because he thought it was new, there is no hope for him.

When facts supplant fancy in the literary brain, when the writer goes to his memory for his ideas, he were better dead or teaching school. It is impossible to believe this of Mark Twain. He must know that he has no business with facts. He shows it by his shyness and awkwardness in their presence. He does not know how to manage them. They restrain him and make him ridiculous, like a tennis player in a high hat. He is above and beyond all facts, and it is pitiful to see him wasting himself on them. What the public expects of him is that he will lie genially, consistently, and delightfully, that is, make literature and not compendiums. Fortunately, the compendium style infests a comparatively small part of this book, and the rest is very good to read. The variety of the topics he manages to treat is amazing. They range all the way from Waterbury watches to religion; and the chapters ramble on in the most charmingly irresponsible way, with a heading that has no bearing on the subject matter, and an end that in no way follows from the beginning.

Although Mark Twain is at his best when he spurns duty and eschews facts, he says some rather convincing things on serious topics now and then, and he says them well. It would be hard to square his views on the subject of the rights of savages with any known system of political science, but he expresses these views in a very pointed and forcible way. His chapters on South Africa, with his account of the Boers and his ironical comments on the Jameson raid, are well written and entertaining. He is interesting when he comments on facts, but he is far too good a man for the drudgery of detailing them.

The cuts are for the most part reproductions from photographs—often bad artistically, but usually amusing. Mark Twain's photograph recurs so frequently that it must be extremely embarrassing to that diffident man.

THE LION OF JANINA

THE LION OF JANINA; OR, THE LAST DAYS OF THE JANISSARIES. —By Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Harper and Brothers.

THAT an author is most interesting to a foreign public, most valuable to the student of letters, when he writes about his own people, is a sufficiently obvious truth for one to let serve as a text. From this point of view, it is a pity that when we have so little of the purely indigenous work of Jókai in English, when a good translation of, say, Egy Magyar Nábob is yet to be written, a conscientious translator should trouble himself with Janicsárok vegnapjai, where Jókai is simply playing Scheherezade. Waiving this point, however, and granting the exotic charm of his Turkish stories, our own choice for translation would have been Törökvilag Magyarorszagon, the superior of The Lion of Janina in point of form, or Fehér rozsa, its superior in imaginative distinction.

In reading The Lion of Janina, it is difficult, at first, for an Occidental to get his bearings, to orient himself, so to speak. For, although the date at the beginning of the story is as recent as 1819, the hero, a Turkish rebel as well known to the European world as Ali Tepelenti (Ali Pasha), yet one finds one's self suddenly in the land of the Thousand and One Nights, beset by jinn, soothsayer and portent, and straightway cares little whether the ruler is Mahmoud II. or Haroun-al-Raschid. Straightway the story exerts the same magic that readers of the Arabian Nights are familiar with, although the poetic charm of the Arabian tales is missing. One forgets the fact that Jókai's account of the revolt which, in the early part of this century, nearly overthrew the Ottoman Empire, fantastic though it seems, has decided historical merit; that his Oriental coloring is singularly exact, his assumption of the Oriental point of view an achievement of high distinction: one is interested only in the absorbing, although tortuous plot, and in the hero, no longer a beautiful, androgynous Arabian prince, but the octogenarian Ali Pasha, certainly, as Mr. Bain says, "one of the most brilliant, picturesque, and, it must be added, capable ruffians that even Turkish history can produce." After finishing the book, however, one feels that one has been the victim of an extremely clever story-teller, rather than a great artist—as some would have us believe Jókai. While one is interested one is never stirred; while one accepts Ali Tepelenti one does n't really believe in him, for Jókai's method throughout is purely dramatic, and essentially superficial. The conviction grows that we have had an English author who could have done the thing as well, if not better—to an Occidental's way of literary thinking—the author in mind being Macaulay.

The translation, as translations go, is thoroughly good. Mr. Bain, however, has got into his diction a naïveté that, to a Hungarian, is absent from Jókai's style. The presswork, on the other hand, is thoroughly ugly.

MR. STEAD ON THE WARPATH AGAIN

SATAN'S INVISIBLE WORLD DISPLAYED.—By W. T. Stead. R. F. Fenno & Co.

FOR a second time that gifted impressario of literary vaudeville, Mr. Stead, has made us bounden to him for the tribute of his genius. For a second time our municipal life has demanded his attention. Time and opportunity denied a personal glance. Cuttings from the corkscrew probings of the Lexow Committee suited quite as well. Their five stout octavo volumes of 1,100 pages each, "were mastered in the attempt to construct a readable and authentic narrative which would make this great object-lesson accessible to the world." The picturesque title is borrowed from one Hopkins, a seventeenth century expert in witches, who uses it as the title of his "history and secret mystery of the infernal regions."

The plunderings of an appointed banditti, their perfect organization for the sake of prey—their abetting of all manner of evil, their highhanded brutality, their defiance of the popular will, these were the elements in the reign of terror which is described. In a sense, the entire book is a criticism of democratic rule. From the history of these official crimes the author passes on to a discussion of the charter of Greater New York, which he regards as a reactionary expression of the deep distrust of her citizens in the principle of government by popular election. A czar mayor, and hamstrung at that, is the remedy which the misrule of Tammany has forced upon the city. Thus far Mr. Stead has been retelling a tale long since told. That part of his majesty's invisible world which it is Mr. Stead's peculiar privilege to display, is located in the brain of the present boss of Tammany, and is set forth in a "character sketch" at the end of the book, in which the character in question sketches itself in the recurring theme, "I have done only good all my life."

The tale is well told—there is dramatic action on every page—more dramatic because it moves in a reality so familiar and immediate. But beyond the readable narrative there is nothing. The pedagogic interest which was expressed in the preface is not realized. Mr. Stead has indeed saved a ne'er-to-be-repeated experience from the voiceless tomb to which its record was entrusted, but he has in no measure organized it for us. True, he has made a statement, but an object-lesson is never a statement —the experience itself is presented; where this is impossible the lesson is in no sense objective, it is interpretative. The object, the raw crude fact, cannot re-exist. It is useless to memorialize it. It can become dynamic only by being adequately organized. Thus, analysis, which is not scientifically exact, and which results in no form of synthesis, is not teaching, but an indulgence. It is not sufficient to have said, "It is awful, horrible, the Turk could do no worse." For we have had a raw product thrust upon us—an uncooked fact—and for the moral indigestion which is sure to follow, we may thank the chef who did his work so badly. He has indeed succeeded in popularizing the findings of

that committee, but the method chosen has defeated, in a large measure, the usefulness of his task. To have displayed the conscious and unconscious villainy which is cloaked beneath the "unctuous rectitude" of contemporary political life is a worthy service. To have analyzed it into its elements and so have pointed out a remedy would have been a great one. Mr. Stead is a literalist, who knows the power of a one-stranded, rapid-action tale. Time is as nothing to this theme, and all events seem to fall within a single day; there is no restful background, no palliating circumstance, no mitigating virtue, only the isolated succession of his hypnotic spell. Truth suffers by exclusion. The entire life of New York seems to be expressed in acts of these official bandits who plundered, beat and bribed to their stomach's full—for surely such things do not fill the heart.

The truth contained is damaged by its setting—is not treated as serious enough to demand a sober statement. Its reporter cannot see things without seeing them grotesque. Mr. Stead believes in the pyrotechnic of the press. It is his stock in trade and his criterion for estimating others. This predominating quality finds its fullest expression in his appreciation of the editor of the New York Journal, who is pointed to as "far and away the most promising journalist whom I have yet come across"—a phrase well classified as an insult to American journalism.

RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY

The Ritschlian Theology and the Evangelical Faith.—By James Orr, M.A., D.D., Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. New York: Thos. Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House [The Theological Educator Series] pp. 276. $0.75.

NO influence has been stronger in German theological thought of the last generation than that of Albrecht Ritschl. It is also to be traced in France, England, and the United States, but, singularly enough, there has been lacking any compact exposition of Ritschlianism as a school of thought. Professor Orr has therefore done the world of theology a service in this admirable little book. In it he has discussed, with great simplicity and directness, the topic embodied in his title, and has given the most satisfactory exposition of the Ritschlian thought that has yet appeared in English. In two particulars, however, one might wish that the author had given a little fuller treatment in his description of the Ritschlian method, and in his use of other sources than Ritschl himself. Indeed, the volume might better have been called The Theology of Albrecht Ritschl. Because of this over-emphasis of the founder of a school, Professor Orr is led to underestimate the mystical tendencies of men like Herrmann. Yet it must also be said that in his notes he has given admirable collections of the various followers of Ritschl on the most important doctrines. Altogether, although it is opposed to the school, the book is written so fairly and frankly that, unless one guesses quite amiss, it is quite as likely to aid as hinder the spread of Ritschlianism in this country.

SOUTHERN SOLDIER STORIES

Southern Soldier Stories.—By George Cary Eggleston. Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THERE is a distinct smack of genuineness in these curt war-sketches. Mr. Eggleston has seen war; even the very war from which his stories come was a part of his early experience, and with the skill of a well-trained writer he condenses much into a small space. There is no claim that all of the stories are true; they are told as they were heard; but some of them bear the marks of coming at first hand with absolute knowledge on the part of the narrator, and they are intensely interesting.

Mr. Eggleston's style is capitally well suited to his purpose. Some of the sketches are bullet-like in their swiftness and suddenness of dramatic stroke; but they are not "literature;" they give the impression of war-stories told by an old soldier over his pipe to his children or grandchildren. Boys will read them with great relish; and while they are Southern—told strictly from the Confederate point of view—they have not a word or hint in them that is not patriotically and broadly American.

A book like this is an aid to the historian; it gives the atmosphere of the war-time with singular truthfulness, and outlines telling incidents of camp-life and battle activities with effective, graphic cleverness. Doubtless the author felt the desire to make good reading for young people, and so laid his imagination in the scale now and again when there was danger of the dull side preponderating; but there is no straining for effect, and, indeed, the most engaging of all the stories are those in which the simplicity of the telling amounts almost to baldness.

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The Sack of Monte Carlo.—By Walter Frith. 12mo. $1.25.

The Lion of Janina.—By Maurus Jókai. Translated by E. Nisbet Bain. 16mo. $1.25.

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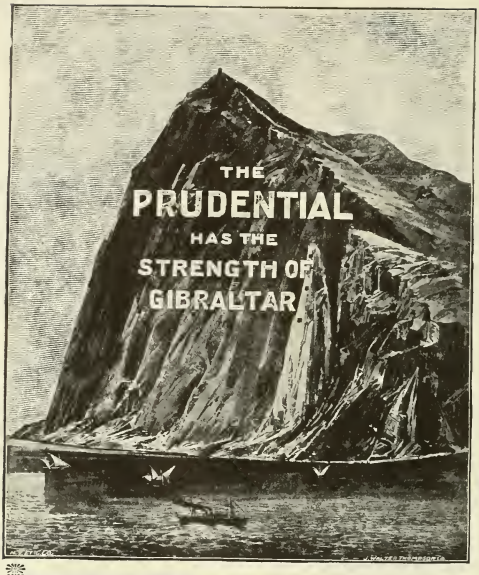

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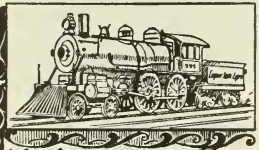

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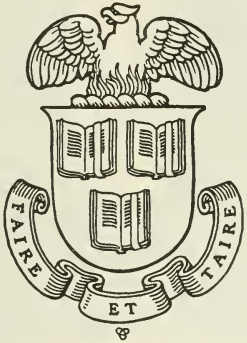

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THE CHAP-BOOK

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NOTES

IT IS WITH GREAT PLEASURE that we give space to the circular which asks subscriptions for the Alice in Wonderland Cot, which it is proposed shall be established in the Hospital for Sick Children, London, in memory of "Lewis Carroll." The memorial is in charge of a General Committee, headed by the Right Rev., the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and including, among many well-known names, those of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Mr. Harry Furniss, Dr. George MacDonald, and Sir John Tenniel. From the circular we reprint the statement of the committee's plan:

It has been thought that many of the personal friends of "Lewis Carroll," and many to whom his name is dear for the sake of the twice-told Adventures of "Alice," would be glad of the opportunity of expressing their esteem for his character, and their gratitude for many happy hours enjoyed, by helping to raise a permanent memorial to his memory.

His great love for children was a conspicuous feature of the man. His kindly sympathy with suffering children was constantly shown,—in a marked way, once, by setting apart the profits of a work for the benefit of some hospitals for sick children.

It is thought, therefore, that the most appropriate memorial to "Lewis Carroll" would be the endowment of a Cot in the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt. Ormond Street, London, to be called the Alice in Wonderland Cot. For this purpose the sum of One Thousand Pounds would be required.

Subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by the editor of the St. James's Gazette, Dorset Street, London, E.C.; J. T. Black, Esq., Soho Square; the London and County Bank and its branches; and the Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. Herbert Fuller, 31 Palace Court, London, W., Miss Beatrice Hatch, Christ Church, Oxford, and the Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The subscriptions in England have already been considerable, and we hope that a creditable amount may go from America. With the years "Alice" has become as much an American as an English child.

POPULAR SATURDAY AFTERNOONS OF POETRY, ancient and modern, at the well-known prices of 10, 20, and 30 cents, are beyond the reach of the British or American imagination. But in Paris, at the Odéon, they have had such a series of readings for two years. And now the Victor Hugo Prize of 500 francs for poetry is actually to be awarded by a popular vote of the season-ticket holders for the Popular Saturdays. The proposition is a startling one; the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts must have extraordinary confidence in the judgment of a French audience. The conditions of the award are curious enough to be worth noting. The poems are to be sent in in the usual way for such contests, the names of their authors remaining unknown.

With the director of the Odéon as president, a preparatory jury is to be constituted, consisting of all poets above thirty years of age, whose works have been read either this year or last year at the Popular Saturdays. (This age is fixed in order that the younger poets, whose works have already been read at the Popular Saturdays, may compete. But such of these recent poets as do not wish to compete, after they have made such a declaration, may form part of the jury.) This jury is to choose from the poems sent in a certain number which seem to them worthy of being proposed for the Victor Hugo prize.

At the regular Saturday's reading of March 26th the prize was to be awarded. The poems chosen by the preparatory jury were to be printed and distributed gratuitously to the audience. The poems were to be read by the principal artists of the Odéon, and then the season-ticket holders were to cast their votes. The ordinary program was then to be gone through with, while in the foyer des artistes the votes were counted. Finally, the envelope containing the name of the fortunate prize-winner was to be opened on the stage before the audience, and the laureate proclaimed.

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Photograph by Sarony

MR. EDWARD S. WILLARD

The eminent English actor who has been forced to give up his American tour on account of illness. He is now sick with typhoid fever in Chicago

We imagine that a New York or a Chicago audience would cut a rather ridiculous figure in the capacity of jury on poetry, however well it might do in prose. Poetry is still, for the French, a familiar kind of thing. It inspires no special awe, and the reading of it is not necessarily an eccentricity. Probably, nowhere but in France could the play which is indisputably the "hit" of the year be written in verse, as Cyrano de Bergerac is.

GRAVE DOUBTS as to Mlle. Calvé's health are entertained. She has been forced to give up singing, and for the time being, at least, has gone to her château in the south of France. This is the château which was near her early home. As a peasant child she used to dream of living in it, and the money which she made from her early American tours was devoted to buying it. The features of the landscape of its grounds have quaint American names, such as Mount Chicago and Lake New York.

SAPHO, in which Mlle. Calvé has been singing this winter, at the Opera Comique in Paris, is, in its very success, a pathetic reminder. Since its production, Daudet and Carvalho have both died; Daudet, from whose story the opera was taken, Carvalho, who for so long had been director of the Opera Comique, and whose name had, for fifty years, been associated with music in France. Perhaps never was a work, in which so many collaborated, done with more enthusiastic accord. In Le Théâtre Henri Cain, who, with M. Bernède, wrote the book, tells something of the story of the beginnings of Sapho. Daudet gave his consent at once to the use of his novel as material; Calvé promised her aid, saying, "You have my promise, from this moment I am your soldier;" Massenet deliberated only a short time before deciding to undertake the music. Daudet worked almost every day with the librettists. He himself was up every morning at five, and, although his fellow-workers arrived at eight, he used to chaff them gaily about the lazy way in which they were setting to work. It was a real delight to be with him. The little note he sent to them the day of final rehearsal is characteristic in the bravery with which Daudet made light of his physical disability.

"Mes chers enfants," he said, "Heure militaire, be at the theater entrance. You will actually have to help me up and put me in the box from which I shall see our Sapho and applaud our great Calvé. Courage!

"Votre vieux camarade,

"ALPHONSE DAUDET."

Photograph by Reutlinger

MLLE. CALVÉ AS SAPHO

THE PARTISAN and cynical, but exceedingly able onlooker, who has been writing on the Dreyfus case for the Pall Mall Gazette, was allowed to print the following "explanation" of Zola's intervention: "What Zola sees in this astounding Dreyfus case is the material for another romance, centering round the picturesque and eminently mediæval figure of Major Esterhazy. And to be sure of the dénouement, the author has accorded to himself the beau rôle. The exigencies of a gigantic sale following upon a "grand succès de feuilleton," are known to no one better than to M. Zola. His last two works, in which the pornographic note is strikingly absent, did not sell in such a way as to satisfy the anticipations of either author or publisher. Seventy thousand copies were printed of Rome (it must be remembered that a French publisher's édition de mille consists of only five hundred copies), and of these only twenty thousand have been disposed of. Paris announced itself from the first as a dismal failure, and its comparative cleanliness is the undoubted explanation of this. When a writer makes a specialty, he must stick to it or suffer it to stick to him. M. Zola himself complained that, owing to the excitement about the Dreyfus case, nobody was reading his novel. So rather than be left out in the cold, he plunged into the actuality of the moment."

We prefer to take the other view of M. Zola's intervention, and with all our heart we sympathize with him in the sentence passed upon him. Whether he has said true or untrue things, he was entitled to a fair trial, and no one can pretend that he has had it.

These remarks are quoted from the Academy: they meet so thoroughly our own views that we reprint them en bloc.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE in a very simple and straightforward card to The Critic, says that all the reports that since his return he had made remarks ridiculing and abusing America are quite without foundation. It is pleasant to have his letter in The Critic, and it is pleasant to have Mr. Andrew Lang abuse Miss Gilder, because in her capacity of Lounger she delicately suggested that Mr. Hope might be a cad, if he had said such things. All this made good "copy" for The Critic, but after all, was there any reason to suppose that Mr. Hope had abused us? It would be impossible, we imagine, to return from a tour anywhere short of the seventh heaven, with absolutely unqualified admiration. And this slight reservation would be enough, in the hands of any newspaper writer, to support of charge of ingratitude and boorishness. We have been tricked so often we ought to be able to see through the game.

MR. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS writes such a prodigious quantity of stuff that it is wonderful to find he can waste humor on a casual correspondent. The quality of humor in a story the New York Commercial Advertiser has told is as good, if not better than that in most things from

Yours very truly Anthony Hope Hawkins

From a copyright photograph by Alfred Ellis

the same hand meant for publication. It is told in two letters and a telegram.

Some time ago Mr. Bangs received the following letter from a city in one of the Pacific States:

"JOHN K. BANGS—Dear Sir: I have been asked to respond to a toast at our Board of Trade's annual dinner next month, and I write to inquire what would be your lowest terms for preparing a good, rattling, funny speech for me to deliver on that occasion. A prompt reply will oblige.

"Yours very truly, ——— ———."

To this a reply went at once.

"Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of the — inst., and in reply would say that my regular rate for after-dinner speeches is $500 per speech. I have not as yet, however, opened up this line of goods in the West, and as I am anxious to secure custom in that part of the country, I will offer you special terms, namely, $250 for such an address as you deseribe, the amount to be sent as soon as shipment is made. If the terms proposed are satisfactory, kindly let me know at once, but in that case I would request you not to mention the matter to Chauncey Depew or Gen. Horace Porter, as I should not like them to know that I am cutting rates. "Truly yours,

"JOHN KENDRICK BANGS."

The unknown humorist sent to Mr. Bangs in reply this delightful telegram:

"Your letter just received. If Chauncey Depew's speeches are written by you, then I don't want one."

With best love from. Aubrey Beardsley

From his last photograph, taken by W. I. Hawkes, at Bournemouth just before his final illness

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

THE death, at Mentone, on March 17th, of Aubrey Beardsley, closes one of the most brilliant careers of recent history. Its inopportuneness, its tragedy came as a shock—for it was but a short time ago that Beardsley's name was heard for the first time. Now that his work is doue and one is called upon to review his life and his achievements, exaggeration is hard to escape.

For a great many persons, genius consists in dying at the right time. It would be useless to maintain that Chatterton or Shelley or Keats would have held the same place in our interest had they lived to a ripe old age. It would be equally futile to argue that men should be rated by their accomplishments rather than their promises—and calm sanity of judgment is hopelessly out of the question when a man is carried away in the height of his success.

Aubrey Beardsley did not reach his twenty-fifth year, yet his name has become known throughout the world. The newspapers have been full of him, his characteristics, his drawings, his writings, and his friends. Obscurely born, of parents in mediocre circumstances, his success can be due to his own talent alone. Of training he had almost none. His schooling was limited to a course at a grammar school, and a term at architectural drawing. This, however, was an insignificant part of his education. By himself, or with his sister, he read at home, and to such good purpose that he was one of the best-informed men in England—not along conventional lines, perhaps, but in specialties. A well-known English writer once said that with the exception of two professors, he had never met a man who knew the Elizabethan dramatists as well as Aubrey Beardsley. It was this reading, his broad intellectual equipment, that made his work distinctive and distinguished in the face of impossible drawing and disgusting subjects.

To a limited circle, he was known to be clever while still a boy, and he and his sister went about giving recitations and small comedies. In 1892, when he was only eighteen, he made his first appearance as an illustrator of books. Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. were issuing a series of Bon Mots, and Beardsley made a number of thumb-nail grotesques to decorate an early volume. His sketches had no connection with the text, and they were of little value from any point of view. But they impressed Mr. Dent to such an extent that he promptly commissioned Beardsley to illustrate Le Morte d'Arthur. It was an enormous undertaking—and demanded steady, regular work. How Beardsley ever finished it has always been a marvel to his friends:—it took two years as it was. Before the last designs were made, however, he did considerable work for other publishers—title pages, book covers, and decorations. At this same time, too, appeared Oscar Wilde's Salome, with full-page pictures by Beardsley. This was the real beginning of his vogue; the drawings attracted endless attention. Some were violent in their praise, others violent in condemnation. It was impossible to be neutral. Joseph Penuell came out with an article in the Studio saying that Beardsley was everything that an artist should be, that no one had ever equaled the purity of his single lines, that he was as great as the Japanese, and so forth—doubtless much of it true, but needlessly superlative. Beardsley was instantly famous. And with his popularity came countless imitators. Every black-and-white drawing reminded one of his work. His influence was enormous. For the most part, artists cheerfully misunderstood his good qualities and widely copied his faults, and he was often damned for things he had never dreamt of.

After Salome came the first issue of The Yellow Book, and to Beardsley was due its great interest. Mr. Henry Harland, the editor, wisely

THE COIFFING

BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

From No. 3 of the Savoy

took advantage of the paper's inevitable vogue to publish really good reading matter, but this was a matter of minor interest. The world bought The Yellow Book on Beardsley's account, and when, after a time, he withdrew from it, the public withdrew also. At this time Beardsley made the mistake, along with Mr. Arthur Symons, of believing the fad would last, and they started a rival to The Yellow Book called The Savoy. It lasted just eight issues, and with its death ended Beardsley's career in the public eye. It is true, he did other things but their circulation was very limited, and they were but variations of the work he had done before. His style had lost its novelty and its followers. During his illness, which lasted nearly a year, he was strong enough from time to time to draw a little, but it counted neither one way nor the other for his reputation.

Of his writings, it is hardly necessary to speak. He was ambitious to become known as an author and he wrote stories, verses, and verse-translations. None of them could be looked upon as more than evidences of a pretty versatility. It should be said that they were not foolishly done; indeed, one or two of his poems showed distinct poetic feeling and some skill at meter—but he could never have attained any position through his labors in this line. His work all showed the affectations that were forced upon him by the imaginative public.

His life was always picturesque; it was quick, brilliant, dramatic, and intensely interesting. He influenced the entire black-and-white art of his time, he created a new style and gave promise of better work, which his failing health prevented his realizing. He will long be remembered as one of the conspicuous figures of the century's end.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

An Illustration to Poe's Story

RONDEAU

WHERE Love is Lord of April's sky,
When April woods afar and nigh
Are fragrant with young buds that blow
In violet's gold and trillium's snow,
Would one dear youth his books put by
To dream a space, while up on high
Through tuneful boughs the soft winds sigh,
A sweeter lore he'd learn I trow
Where Love is Lord:
But he, because the world's awry,
In close seclusion ponders why,
Or that with reason he may show
How from the earth sweet lilies grow,
While loveless 'mid the leaves sit I
Where Love is Lord.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

THE FOX WHO HAD LOST HIS TAIL

THE fox who had lost his tail found out
That now he could faster go;
He had less to cover when hid for prey,
He had less to carry on hunting day,
He had less to guard when he stood at bay,
He was really better so!

Now, he was a fine altruistical fox,
With the good of his race at heart;
And he ran to his people with tailless speed,
To tell of the change they all must need,
And recommend as a righteous deed
That they and their tails should part.

Plain was the gain as plain could be,
But his words did not avail;
For they all replied, "We perceive your ease!
You do not speak for the good of the race,
But only to cover your own disgrace
Because you have lost your tail!"

Then another fox of a liberal mind
And a tail of splendid size,
Became convinced that the tailless state
Was better for all of them soon or late—
Said he, "I will let my own tail wait,
And so I can open their eyes!"

Plain was the gain as plain could be,
But his words did not avail;
For they all made answer, "My plausible friend,
You talk wisely and well, but you talk to no end,
We know you're dishonest and only pretend,
For you have not lost your tail!"

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

THE PODMORE LETTERS

VI

ON COMIC PAPERS

Podmore
Literary-Journalist
Hack-Work done with
Neatness and Despatch.

NEW YORK, February 15, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

BARRING the Ladies' Home Journal, and that charming weekly, Vogue, what really comic papers have we Americans produced for all our vaunted humor? At the cost of much time and sacrifice of some wakefulness, I have gone carefully over the comic papers of America to see, if so be I could, wherein our journals of humor were less stupid than Punch is said to be; and, as I have already indicated, barring Vogue and the Ladies' Home Journal, the differences are not to be found. From the days of Vanity Fair to these weeks of Puck, Judge, and Life, I find nothing which has been so consistently humorous as Punch, or Mr. Bok's diverting periodical, and its swell brother, edited by the New York 400.

Let us, for the sake of our argument, consider first what Punch has been from the outset, what it set out to do, what it has accomplished, who have been its contributors, what influence it has had, if any, upon life, and then let us see what our American comic papers have given us, and what influence they have had upon their contemporaries.

As I have understood the mission of Punch, its platform was contained in the dictum of Thackeray in his essay on English humorists, when he said: "If humor only meant laughter, you would scarcely feel more interest about humorous writers than the life of poor Harlequin, who possesses, with these, the power of making you laugh. But the men regarding whose lives and stories you have curiosity and sympathy appeal to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn of untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life, almost."

My authority for calling this the platform of Punch is a twofold one: First, it is asserted so to have been by Mr. Spielmann, the authoritative historian of England's great comic weekly; and secondly, the invariable course of the journal directly involved has been in line with principles laid down by the greatest humorist of this century. Any person who will take the trouble to look carefully through the pages of Punch from the day of its birth, in July, 1841, to the present time, will be able, if he is of a penetrating mind, to discover for himself that Punch has so guided his course, that, unlike many a political party, he may be said to have lived up to his platform. Mark Lemon, in his manifesto of the paper's intention, published in that first number, wrote: "Our title, at a first glance, may have misled you into a belief that we have no other intention than the amusement of a thoughtless crowd, and the collection of pence. We have a higher object. * * * As on the stage of Punch's theater, many characters appear to fill up the interstices of the more important story, so our pages will be interspersed with trifles that have no other object than the moment's approbation—an end which will never be sought for at the expense of others, beyond the evanescent smile of a harmless satire."

So much for the profession. What of the fulfillment?

Have you a child who is studying history, Mr. Editor? Do you wish certain epoch-making episodes in his own century to be impressed upon his mind? Show him, in their proper sequence, the political cartoons of Punch, by Leech and Doyle and Tenniel; and when he asks questions about them, tell him only that which you may find in the explanatory text printed at the beginning of each volume, and he will be educated without realizing that he is learning. Perhaps he will say to you that he does not relish the cartoons of his hero Lincoln; that he thinks Punch, in this instance, was prejudiced. Let your answer to this be the cartoon and attendant verses upon the death of Lincoln, and ask yourself later if both do not rise to heights of kindliness which reflect a glory upon them that overcame their prejudice in an instant hour!

Do you wish to find a vital principle in humorous writing? I can only commend you, sir, to the columns of Punch, which have given us much,

notably Douglas Jerrold and his Caudle Lectures, the humor of Mark Lemon, which still appeals to the appreciative mind; Thackeray's Book of Snobs, a classic of English humor; much else from the same hand; the Happy Thought Volumes of Burnand; and, latterly, the work of Anstey, who has yet to write a line designed for humor which is not humorous. Do you wish to know something of the dominant social note among people who are socially clean—English-speaking people at home as well as abroad? Let me again refer you to the pages of Punch. There you will find cleanly satire; there you will find the dress of the extreme, and the garments of those who have little; there you will find represented every fad, every folly represented to the full, and always in that spirit of kindly toleration which is the sine qua non of the effective satirist.

Do you seek some knowledge of the illustrators of our times? Does not Punch contain Doyle, Phiz (H. K. Browne), Charles Keene, John Leech, George Du Maurier, Harry Furniss, Lindley Sambornne, Frederick Barnard, and, since Du Maurier died, Phil May, a worthy candidate for the laurels that only Punch can bestow?

Surely, sir, here is an exhibit in art and in letters that may not easily be overcome—and yet we, who feed on American comic papers, sneer at Punch as being dull and inferior! What have we that is smart and superior?

Well, we have had Vanity Fair, which, still claiming a circulation of a million a week, died for lack of funds. Why? Because its idea of humor was to be offensive to as many of its readers as was possible. It had the sting of the wasp; it had the cleverness of a fallen devil; but it was offensive, and it died.

We have had Punchinello, an imitation of Punch in every respect, excepting in its intellectuality and its geniality. It died after a short life, which was too long by its exact limits.

We have had Phunny Phokes, which was merely vulgar, and which therefore died.

We have had Texas Siftings, which, having to live up to the ideals of Texas, lived nowhere else, and was, therefore, I presume, shot because too Texan in quality.

We have left Puck, Judge, and Life—always excluding from consideration those two successful humorous periodicals, the Ladies' Home Journal and Vogue.

What do these amount to?

Let us bunch the two first—or the first two; as a literary journalist I am always puzzled on this point. Puck and Judge are as alike in their vulgarity as they are in their lack of true color. Politically, they have no influence, because, unlike Punch, they have been rankly partisan. They win no thinking man from one side to another; they rather repel the friends of their own party. The day will never dawn when men collect Keppler as they have collected Leech and Doyle. Eternal night will intervene before Gillam's cartoons are quoted in the catalogues of the bookman. Why? Because their work has not possessed that kindliness of spirit, that freedom from prejudice which makes of a cartoonist a man of power. Puck's picture of a naked Blaine, tattooed with his personal record was infamous—and, sir, I voted against Mr. Blaine, so that my judgment is not prejudiced; Mr. Gillam's conception of Mr. Cleveland was not inspired by any notions of decent fairness.

So much for the colored pictures; what of their text? When Mr. Bunner was alive, the editorials of Puck were worthy of their author, and no higher praise may be bestowed. Mr. Bunner was a man of high principle, a practical man, and a literary man. But beyond his immediate influence on Puck's attitude toward public questions, and his own contributions to its pages, lamentably few, what can be said of Puck as a journal to be compared to Punch? I could best indicate this by blanks were I not compelled to compare Puck with Judge. Puck is to Judge as James Russell Lowell is to Chimmie Fadden. Puck tries to be of society; Puck tries to do well, but Puck, possibly realizing that Vogue is ahead of it, becomes sour. Every man who is in society is an ass, and only plumbers are truly wise. Women are fools, and their husbands worse. The fathers of pretty girls are all irascible; their lovers are always kicked out, or lacerated by bulldogs. The farmer is a dolt; the broker is a gambler, and the doctor and lawyer are always charlatans. What a beautiful picture of the Human Comedy! Puck has produced but one lasting thing in literature—Mr. Bunner's Short Sixes. Its cartoons teach nothing, influence nothing, are nothing, save paint.

As for Judge, a visitor from foreign shores, judging America and Americans by that which he sees in its pages, might imagine that we have no citizens save dishonest Hebrews, to whom cheap clothing and arson are the inspiring influences of life; save jackass Irishmen and razor-wielding negroes; whisky-fed cowboys and bunco-steerers. I shall not attempt to discuss the point of view with the persons who put Judge together every week. I would rather indicate a line of thought and leave them with their consciences. Some day they may realize that there is a large body of readers who are fond of humor who do not dwell in barber-shops, and who regard the pictures of alleged life that Judge's artists—beautiful word!—grind out week after week as verging perilously on the libelous, and, in so far as they produce any effect upon minds abroad, are to that extent extremely unpatriotic, to say the least.

Finally, sir, there is Life. Life is the best we have, but it is, after all, a bundle of lost opportunities. It is clean—generally—but it is anæmic. It has an appreciation of the refinements of life, for its editors are gentlemen who move among gentlemen; but it is never deep outside of its puzzle department, where, I must confess, it recently got in over its head. Politically, Life is *nil*. Socially, it has no influence. It has yet to wield the keen blade of satire as if it were aught but a bludgeon. It does not prick bubbles, it bats at them very much as a tenderloin policeman with a night-stick would smash at the cranium of a riotous stranger who dared ask him the time, but not with the accuracy of the latter. One rarely remembers this

week aught of that which Life printed last week. Two fine things stand to its credit—Gibson, who has owed much to Mr. Mitchell's keen artistic sense, and the Fresh Air Fund, which every summer sends little tots out of the hot city streets to the joys of farm life. These things must ever redound to the glory of Life, but after all they are not the sole ingredients necessary for a successful journal of humor. Yet we who make so poor a showing aver that Punch is stupid!

The humor of Punch, from beginning to end, has been instructive, kindly, wholesome, properly satirical, intellectual, though often difficult.

The humor of our American journals professing to fill the same field is vulgar, cynical, anæmic.

Is it any wonder that I, an American, blush for our comic papers, accept Mr. Bok's Side-Talks with Old Maids as humor, and permit my children to read Vogue? Truly yours,

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S. Please hold this letter for six weeks before printing. My brother, Wimples Podmore, who keeps an art emporium on Union Square, has just put in a proposal to supply all the red, green, and yellow paint to be used next year by Puck and Judge, and I do not wish my criticism to interfere with Wimple's chances of getting the contract, particularly because he makes better paint than either of these journals now use. Stephen Crane buys all his color from Wimples.

THE SONG OF THE THREE SEASONS

WHEN the smell from off the Sea is the best of things that be,
And the nackered Night lies ready for a kiss,
When the Rose's crimson choir chants the treble of desire
To the distance-sifted violings of bliss,—
When Delight is a flashing pageantry,
This is the Time of Life to Be.

For this is the Time to Be, my lads;
Here 's a cup to the Time to Be.
And here 's to a rout with a hoyden star,
For the heart is moored to a moonbeam bar,—
Toss it off,—to the Time to Be.

When the Fates from out their path turn the phials of their wrath,
And the Sturdy get a buffet from behind;
When we know that gins are laid, and in silent ambuscade
They are marshalling,—the Demons and their kind;
When the stars seem strange that once we knew,
This is the Time of Life to Do.

Yes,—this is the Time to Do, Strong Hearts,
In silence—the Time to Do.
Here 's the teeth set firm and the long sword bared,
With never a thought how the Others fared,
Glass up now,—the Time to Do.

When we huddle to the fire and watch them piling higher
The last feeble sand-lees in the glass,
When the rabble crowds without, with a jostle and a shout,
Are singing of Life's largesse as they pass,
When the Wind has blurred the trail through the snow,
This is the Time of Life to Know.

Ah, this is the Time to Know, Old Friend,
Will ye pledge it,—the Time to Know?
For the shrouded minutes are ticking short,
And a lone dog howls in the Inner Court,—
Here 's a last one,—the Time to Know.

EUGENE R. WHITE.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PROFESSOR

EVEN those who do not think highly of the Right Honorable Professor F. Max Müller will find it hard to read his reminiscences in a critical frame of mind. Those who admire the Lectures on the Science of Language will be delighted, if they have not been already in reading Cosmopolis. Those who have no idea of him, one way or another, will enjoy the book as much as the rest. Auld Lang Syne is a delightful book of memories. The talk and recollection of any fine old gentleman is apt to have its attraction, more especially when it is talk and recollection of life among interesting people and things. Then Max Müller has a great gift of expression, beside having lived amid stimulating circumstances and fine opportunities.

He was born and brought up in one of those minor principalities (more accurately it was a duchy) which, despite his own more correct account, we are apt to think of in the form of Prince Otto's Grünewald or the mediæval Ruritania, preserved for us in the amber of Mr. Hope. He studied at the universities of Leipzig and Berlin, not the equals in romance of Heidelberg and Göttingen, perhaps, but still not without their atmosphere of fascination. He carried on his work further in Paris, though here, unfortunately, he was compelled to miss much of the character of the place in order to spend days and nights in the study of Sanskrit manuscripts. Then, finally, he came to Oxford, where in time he became professor: Oxford is as romantic, in a way, as Paris, Leipzig, or Dessau.

And in all these places he had the gift to appreciate something of the best that they could give. In Germany he loved music and had the chance to hear and know Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Liszt. In the universities he was fortunate enough to have as a guide to his studies the poet Rückert, and as inspirers of non-scholastic emotion the young poet politicians of 1848. In Oxford, where he passed the greater part of his life, he was by no means such a recluse as to miss the chances at the broader intellectual life of England, which, though, it does not center there, at least forms an eddy or so, if not a backwater. And of all this varied atmosphere of thought and emotion, his memories give us a most suggestive hint.

One thing, curiously enough, is missing. Max Müller is often thought of as a great scholar. Such, in one sense surely, he is. And yet those who have in mind something of an ideal which they think of as the spirit of scholarship, will look in vain in these pages for anything of the sort. So far as Auld Lang Syne is concerned, Max Müller might have been the kind of scholar that the Squire was in Robert Elsmere, namely, one imagined by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. We hear that he studied, we hear the subjects that he studied, we hear the names of one or two scholars with whom he had to do. But what more? Max Müller is first and foremost an Orientalist, but he is more

AULD LANG SYNE.—By F. Max Müller. Charles Scribners Sons, $2.00.

Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London
PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER

commonly thought of, and he often thinks of himself, as a comparative philologist. There have been great students of the Science of Language in this century,—Bopp, the founder of comparative philology; Jacob Grimm, the father of Germanic studies; Schleicher, a great mind in spite of his Darwinism.—and there are still men, on whom definite judgment has not yet been passed, as Brugmann, Paul, Johann Schmidt, Delbrück, not to mention our own Whitney, with whom Max Müller had dealings not here mentioned. Yet these others are as absent from Auld Lang Syne as is Whitney. We Americans, who have many of us studied with one or another of these men, and in the traditions of those who have gone, are apt to think that "Made in Germany" is guarantee of a particular mental temper. Max Müller was, to some extent, made in Germany, but he is singularly unlike a German scholar. His passion for scholarship he keeps under strict control, perhaps lest it might overshadow other and more popular interests, musical, literary, and royal, with which he preferred to deal. This great scholar, in looking back over his life, would seem to remember only those things which had no connection with his life-work. But German professors are, of course, not so interesting as poets and men of letters, kings and beggars, and so he says nothing of them. It may be that he had nothing to say. However, no one need fear that they will find in these pages any "shop." There is no talk about scholars and no spirit of scholarship, either, if it comes to that. But after all no one could have expected that there would have been. Max Müller is known rather as a popular interpreter than as an original worker. He makes things interesting. In his works on comparative philology he gave literary charm to his scholarship: here he is thinking of other matters.

He surely got the good out of life. He worked hard and liked to, doubtless, but his life was not all work, and the hours of relaxation which he now remembers, he knew how to fill with social intercourse of the best sort. He could appreciate the best. One smiles a little at the frontispiece of himself in a uniform (is it as a privy councilor?), and at his account of his gaining a sixpence from the Prince of Wales at whist (not baccarat), but really the man was by no means given up, as Macaulay says of Bacon, to things below. He respected royalty in the persons of his own Duke of Anhalt-Dessau and the Prince Consort, just as simply and pleasantly as he respected poetry in the persons of Browning and Tennyson, and no wonder.

In some ways Max Müller resembles another who was for a considerable time a noteworthy personage in England, namely Lord Leighton. Each was primarily a poet; but by what seems a cruel chance, each became eminent in some other walk of life. Max Müller had the advantage over Lord Leighton of being always occupied about poetry, either in the crude state or made up, so that though he perpetually tried, as he tells us, not to be a poet, he was able, in a legitimate way, to express in part his poetical disposition in his work. In the case of Lord Leighton, who was never trained in the art of words or the science of language, the poetry had to ooze out in ways that unfortunately aroused the rage of men who ought to have appreciated him. Each, however, was well equipped to stand in the view of society as representative of the profession into which fate had pushed him, for each was a man of a full, rich nature, and very delightful socially.

HER VIVIEN EYES

HER Vivien eyes,—beware! beware!—
Though they be stars, a deadly snare
They set beneath her night of hair.
Regard them not! lest, drawing near,—
As sages once in old Chaldee,
Thou shouldst become a worshiper,
And they thy evil destiny.

Her Vivien eyes,—away! away!—
Though they be springs, remorseless they
Gleam out beneath her brow's bright day.
Turn, turn aside, whate'er the cost!
Lest in their deeps thou lures behold,
Through which thy captive soul were lost,
As was young Hylas once of old.

Her Vivien eyes,—take heed! take heed!—
Though they be bibles, none may read
Therein of God or Holy Creed.
Look, look away! lest thou be cursed,—
As Merlin was, romances tell,—
And in their sorcerous spells immersed,
Hoping for Heaven thou chance on Hell.

MADISON CAWEIN.

LONGFELLOW THROUGH MODERN EYES

IT is not easy to think critically of a writer under whose magic one has ever fallen. Something of his spell lingers about the porches of the imagination long after the guest is gone. We put aside the infatuation; we feel the charm undone; his power over us must needs give place to another's; yet the memory of his wonderful allurement revives in us at times, like the haunting cadence of some forgotten strain. And after his departure we turn indoors, as it were, to take up again the wonted habit of mind, with a soft wonder at our own incredulity, yet with a certain ineffaceable gladness; while long after, the mere mention of his name can stir too powerfully those personal emotions of love and gratitude which are thought to bias a critical justice. Our opinion is out of court, as the phrase is, in estimating his worth.

To think of Longfellow without a second thought is to think of him vaguely as the companion of Tennyson, the uncrowned laureate of America. His rank and station were long since established beside Whittier, and Holmes, and Lowell, in our affections; to speak of him so is the merest perfunctory jargon of criticism. There is another and more personal estimate of him, on which this paper will venture.

We know quite well what Longfellow's name stands for to-day, here and now, in Boston and London. But what did it stand for yesterday, and in the remote districts? Yesterday? Ah, what does it mean, that "yesterday?" One wakes of a summer's morning to find that twenty years have gone since it was "yesterday."

"Why is it," I said to a friend of mine, himself a lover of poetry and a working journalist, "why is it that you think so well of Longfellow?"

"And why not?" said he.

"Why not? O, well," I replied, "no one reads Longfellow now,—no one but children and shopgirls. He is too unsophisticated for us. I cannot account for the hold he seems to have on you."

"Ah," he said, "you do not understand. It is the glamour of old things—

> I remember the black wharves and the ships,
> And the sea-tides tossing free;
> And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea.
> And the voice of that wayward song
> Is singing and saying still:
> A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

"If Longfellow never took you under his Spanish cloak when you were a boy, you cannot hope to understand him now. It is n't a matter of fact; it is a matter of feeling. You see, I lived as a boy in a river town near the wilderness. We did not know what Boston thought; we did our own thinking, out of traditions of our own. There was poetry enough all around us, though we did n't know it, and none of us ever thought of it. But the 'Forest primeval' came down over the hills to the edges of our gardens, and as soon as we were out of the nursery we made guns and knives out of wood, to play Indian, and undertook fearful expeditions into the unknown skirts of the fir-trees at the back of the pasture lot. And when we came into the dignity of our trousers and our 'teens, we had learned to snowshoe and paddle; and made longer excursions, many miles up the netted waterways into the unbroken wilderness. The great river itself was a wonder—as wonderful as the road where Will o' the Mill lived, which came down over the mountains and went on into the citied plains beyond. It came from the mystery of the unexplored, from a hundred lakes where the moose ranged and the wild fowl gathered in clouds; and it went on silently down to the mystery of the sea. You may never have known the magic of a river bank. But there, by the sides of that river town, was a perpetual enchantment. I tell you I could sit under its great willows when the first bees made a tiny summer storm in the yellow seas of bloom, and watch that smiling current

> 'Till the beauty of its stillness
> Overflowed me like a tide.

"Longfellow was American; he was the only poet who was romantic and knew nature as he saw it. Then, too, we had The Psalm of Life by heart, and The Old Clock on the Stairs. Did we not recite them with quaking courage before the whole school? O, no, you do n't know anything about Longfellow, if you did n't live with him, when you were a boy; and you never will."

All that is a trifle sentimental, and will not bring us very far towards a just estimate of Longfellow. Yet, my friend was correct in part. Longfellow was a prince in his own right, in his own time and land; and we were all his leal followers. But the prince is dead; the times are changed; and his followers are grown up. I do not know whether boys read him now and feed their hungry imaginations on his romances, but I believe they did yesterday—twenty years ago. I do not boast of their poetic insight; it may have been sadly at fault. I know they had the evil taste to be fired by the Lays of Ancient Rome,—those soul-stirring ballads of Horatius and Black Auster, which they have since learned to depreciate. And I dare say, if we had not been reared in the cult of Hiawatha, we might find it, too, a very touchstone for all that is cheap and false in poetry. I, at least, am thankful not to be that one.

A re-reading of the favorites of youth is a perilous thing for middle age, that age when wisdom begins to seem superfluous, and experience unnecessary, when we have neither the easy assurance of the beardless twenties, nor the ex-cathedra weight of the well-fed forties. Even a very ordinary angel might be expected to have enough sagacity to keep him from tracing back along the enchanted pathway of a personal romance, but, alas for men!

Yet this process of disillusion is considered "generally necessary to salvation" in a critic. He must have become disenamored, we fancy, before he can see clearly the merit of the cause on trial. On the other hand, a lively sympathy, a keen alertness of appreciation,—through what other qualities of disposition are we ever to approach, even remotely, the purpose of a master or understand his message?

For no art can be merely a mental thing. To be of any value whatever, it must make appeal to our human nature by other means as well as those of mind. It must have a lure for the senses, a lift for the heart, as well as a light for the groping thought. Not the mere analysis, therefore, of this or that artistic masterpiece, not the mere comprehension of it, will suffice to settle its claim in a final judgment. So that, surely, if your critic who has been profoundly moved by a creation of beauty is to be hopelessly debarred from testimony in the æsthetic tribunal, one who has never been moved at all must be debarred more hopelessly still.

One must entertain some such consideration as this, to offset the seeming temerity of approaching a writer like Longfellow, the most loved, if not the best loved, of American poets, the one man more than all others in our literature, whose name carries with it invariable associations of the gentlest human feeling. His range was not wide, his power was not varied, his insight was not deep; he had no passion and little force; yet, in spite of these almost incalculable defects, he had one of the chief traits of genius,— he had the charm of benignity, the serene composure of an untarnished mind. All sunshine, he wanders through our fancy, this poet of the quiet Charles, with a gracious and winning smile like Virgil's own, a rare classic purity of mien, the influence of a personality undisturbed by vicissitude or doubt. In his pages there is something of that grace,—that unfailing grace and gentleness of nature, that urbanity of tone,—not always found in our greatest English poets, which so marks the Greek and Latin writers, the very quality that has led us to speak of our study of their work as a study of the humanities. The sense of proportion, the scrupulous reverence for art, the untiring winsomeness of manner which only an unswerving allegiance to beauty can bestow,—these characteristics are Longfellow's own. The stress and strain, the hopeless vagaries of whim, the floundering, incoherent, experimental atrocities so terribly prevalent in English letters, these are never his.

In the conclusion of that noble preface to his poems, Arnold says: "If we cannot attain to the mastery of the great artists, let us, at least, have so much respect for our art as to prefer it to ourselves. Let us not bewilder our successors; let us transmit to them the practice of poetry, with its boundaries and wholesome regulative laws, under which excellent works may again, perhaps, at some future time be produced, not yet fallen into oblivion through our neglect, not yet condemned and canceled by the influence of their eternal enemy, caprice."

In that sentence we have the true estimate of Longfellow's worth. He was not an original thinker, like Emerson; he was not a powerful political pamphleteer, like Lowell; he was not a prophet, like Whitman; he was a thorough, modest, conscientious craftsman, who had so much respect for his art as to prefer it to himself, and who, though he produced no work of the first order, nevertheless transmitted to us the practice of poetry, unimpaired by any neglect of his, and uninjured by its eternal enemy, caprice. This is Longfellow's honor; this justifies his reward. And when we are inclined to think harshly of his mediocrity,—his forceless mediocrity of thought, his depressing mediocrity of sentiment, we may well recall his high service to letters in maintaining their traditions, and importing their treasures into a new world. For, while Longfellow was the Psalmist of Philistia, he was also, by his sheer devotion to art, an example to the Children of Light. So that, with all his shortcomings, with all the disabilities of his own endowments, there still was left him an ample accomplishment; for there was left to him a large field of activity, the whole realm of intellectual experience in which the mass of mankind habitually dwells,—the realm of the familiar. He is the laureate of placidity, the poet of the commonplace. He was not, I mean, a master of thought like Browning or Goethe, solacing our disquietude with ever new helps towards a solution of the riddle; nor a stimulator of valorous spirit in the front of doubt, like Shelley or Heine, those brave soldiers in the holy warfare of humanity; nor did he voice, like Burns, the lyrical, stormy cry of the soul in the very ecstasy of daily joys and sorrows. No, he lived in that happy region where all of us average men and women in the world are prone, if not content, to dwell, the region of domestic sentiment and popular thought. And his gravest sin is that he would make us more content, rather than less content to dwell there.

In this fact his fame must find its reason, and his limitations their excuse.

If we permit ourselves to generalize a moment, we shall see that all art, and therefore, of course, all poetry, is a compromise between the inborn conception in the artist's mind and the strictly limited means of expression at his command. He can never perfectly embody his new idea, never perfectly convey it to his audience in all its freshness, since the only means of expression at his command are conventional and already overworn. He must always compromise between a freshness of expression which would completely satisfy himself, and a triteness of expression which would completely satisfy his public. So that it happens every artist, every poet, commands an audience whose size is directly in proportion to this compromise.

Blake, for instance, with his keen vision and his fervent imagination, made the smallest possible compromise with ordinary intelligibility. And, as a direct consequence of his uncompromising adherence to what Emerson would call his "private dream," he is, and must always remain, a poet for the few. The artist, on the other hand, whose mind is a typical average mind, whose feelings are typical average feelings, if he have a faculty for expression of any sort, whether in painting, or music, or poetry, will inevitably embody such thoughts and feelings in conventional forms. His music, or his poetry, will have one virtue at least; it will never be over the heads of his hearers. He will always be perfectly understood, because he never transcends the average imperfect understanding. He will have a great popularity, an enormously wide appeal, because his emotions are

typical average emotions, and he never makes a demand on sympathies which the average man does not possess. His admirers will think there is none like him because he so perfectly embodies their own thoughts and feelings, and voices those sentiments which are endeared to them by age. It does not occur to them that art may have a different function in the world, that its purpose may be, not to give us satisfaction in contemplating our own thoughts and feelings, but to make us profoundly dissatisfied with them, and to give us newer and better ones in their stead.

There can scarcely be any question of comparative greatness between these two kinds of artist. The one is great in spite of his limitations, the other is great because of them. And this is all there is of greatness.

Is it? I think not. I have an idea that, in the last analysis, those qualities of mind which stir the world, which provoke endeavor, which rouse, and stimulate, and encourage, even while they appall with their terrible revelations of the truth, must be considered greater than those which lull us in our wonted content, which conciliate, and drowse, and amuse, lest we rankle under a touch of Titanic misgiving. And this is forever the severest arraignment of your popular artist, that he makes us satisfied with what we are, rather than ambitious of what we may become.

Still, the fact of Longfellow remains, and it is with that we have to deal,—the undoubted fact of his great vogue. And a consideration of any of his more important works will show us the reason of his success. Let us look at Evangeline, for instance, the work most intimately connected with his name, the one by which he is best known.

It has long been my good fortune to be driven northward every season, and lodged, with other migrants, on the slopes above Grand Pré. The whole of that lovely region is often called, "The Evangeline Country;" and its modest villages rejoice yearly in the miraculous bounty of the tourist,—a manna of American silver in a wilderness of poetic association. Thousands every year make that pious pilgrimage to the country which Longfellow described so beautifully, and never had the curiosity to visit. One can understand a man's reluctance to behold a place towards which he had intentions of poetic justice; but one cannot comprehend how he could resist the temptation to look once in reality on the face of a region he himself had already made immortal with his pen. However, Longfellow never went to Grand Pré, and the loss was his own.

But there, last summer, in one of the gardens of the world, under the loveliest of skies, when the orchards were heavy with fruit, there where time goes no faster than the swing of the great pendulous tides, I re-read the moving tale of Evangeline in the most popular poem of American literature. The touching story was there with all its pathos; the glamour of Evangeline's name and her sweet character still hung about the leisurely pages; but for anything of poetic power, of dramatic sense, of lyrical feeling,—they seemed to have vanished. I confess most sorrowfully, the poem seemed to me flat and insipid, a sadly inadequate rendering of an excellent legend. And I said in my haste, "The truth is, Longfellow has spoiled a fine subject. His melody is wooden, his sentiment is sloppy, and his descriptions conventional and common to a degree. He is neither sensuous nor impassioned, and his simplicity is without distinction."

And I wondered what it was could give the poem its immense reputation, in the face of such glaring faults. Then I bethought myself of the fact that it was the very shortcomings themselves that insured its success. I recalled the popular love of descriptions, of sentimentalism, of familiar melody, and the popular hatred of everything that is sensuous or distinguished. And I said, "Mediocrity is the ideal of the majority."

On the other hand, no less a judge than Dr. Holmes has said, "Of the larger poems of our chief singer, I should not hesitate to select Evangeline as the masterpiece, and I think the general verdict of opinion would confirm my choice. . . . . The hexameter has been often criticised, but I do not believe any other measure could have told that lovely story with such effect, as we feel when carried along the current of these brimming, soul-satisfying lines."

Dr. Holmes's conviction that the general verdict of opinion would confirm him, should have been enough to make him distrust his own choice. But aside from that, he seems to me to overstate the matter. Longfellow's choice of a meter undoubtedly helped him to his success; in his hands it is a meter of great facilities,—easy, familiar, homely, melodious; and it has little dignity, or strength, or reserve. The use of the hexameter in English has been a great source of controversy among critics. Matthew Arnold selected it as the meter in which the final translation of Homer is to be made; while Mr. Swinburne execrates it as an alien impossibility. Certainly the movement and the feeling of Evangeline, thinking for the moment of the versification merely, are far enough removed from the movement and feeling of Homer. But it may be that this meter, so little used in English, only awaits a competent hand to give it distinction and nobility. Whether it is Homeric or not is hardly the question here. It is to be considered merely as an English meter, with the individual characteristics given it by the user. And it was for Longfellow, a meter full of peril; an ample, loose, copious means of expression, it was lacking in those very difficulties and restrictions which his talent most needed. It gave him every scope for the conversational manner, the too familiar style. It was a broad and pleasant road, constantly betraying him into swamps of platitude and mires of bathos.

> Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
> Blossomed the lovely stars.

That would be all very well, if it were all. But it is not. The poet had a line to finish. His meter was too easy, too ample; it gave him too much room in which to move; it failed to support and restrain him as good meter should; and he concludes,

> Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

And you descend at one step from the simple,

the unaffected, the beautiful, to the tawdry and ridiculous. I cannot believe that the man who could say,

> Build thou more stately mansion, O my soul,

could find anything soul-satisfying in the line,

> Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

And that bathos, that flatness of expression, that insipidity of phrase are never quite far enough away in Evangeline. The tale, so simply noble in itself, so romantic in all its setting and local color, too often suffers in the telling from lapses into the utterly trivial, the ignoble and the commonplace. In a poet of the first rank this can never happen; but I am inclined to think that in the present instance the fault lay, to some extent, in that easy, irresponsible meter, which left the author's taste entirely free to its occasional undoing.

But all this is not to say that Evangeline is not Longfellow's most successful poem. It certainly is, if popularity be success. It is the work with which his name will always be associated. It has all those qualities of prettiness and sentiment which captivate the average reader and fill her with a gentle sympathy for the unfortunate heroine. Its great fault is its lack of passion. And that, of course, is Longfellow's signal defect as a poet. He is utterly without passion. His single love poem, beginning,

> Lo, in the painted oriel of the West

is almost the only poor sonnet he ever wrote. But I do not mean the passion of love merely, I mean passion of any sort. The story of Evangeline does not evoke the passionate phases of love; it calls up the tender and idyllic phases of it. Consider the incident of the deportation, though. As I am persuaded, that execrable act was the scheme of the dastardly governor, Laurence, unauthorized by his home government. But that fact does not lessen the dramatic horror of the deed; while the peacefulness of the French neutrals engages our sympathy the more. Here surely was the theme to raise the passion of righteousness in the veriest dough-faced caitiff that ever trod upon grass. Longfellow is utterly unmoved before it. He goes on with the tale in that mild tone, as if not a heart were breaking. Not a quaver of indignation in his voice, not an accent of wrath on his lips. "The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn" are not in him.

Now, that mildness of nature, that incapacity for passionate feeling, while they help to a serenity and dignity of tone, at the same time are hindrances to the proper interpretation of human actions. A poet without passion, a poet of tepid emotions, will be well fitted to interpret the meditative moods of nature; he will hardly have the requisite insight to deal with rash tumultuous human deeds forcefully or convincingly. They will not become, in his handling of them, great pieces of literature. They will inevitably partake of the tameness of his own character; and, failing to be great, distinguished, simple, they will be popular, flat, and trite. This is the fate of the Evangeline tale. And it is due, as I think, in no small part to the measure. For a meter, which, of itself, is so prone to fall into an ambling, easy-going manner, is hardly the best medium of expression for an artist whose characteristic is a proneness to a similar habit of mind. Gentleness and ease were qualities of Longfellow's character, and very beautiful they are; but when they find their expression in a medium whose characteristics are a like gentleness and ease, the result is a product in which those qualities are exaggerated to the proportion of faults.

As a sonneteer Longfellow was much more fortunate. That strict form of verse seems to have supplied just the support and restraint his prolixity required. In those large, calm interludes to his translation of the Divine Comedy, in the sonnet on Chaucer, and in the sonnet on Nature, he is at his best, and he is among the masters of the sonnet, with Wordsworth and Milton. His delicate taste and instinctive breeding found their fitting habit in that aristocratic regularity of expression.

Of all Longfellow's more extended poetical works, there is only one, as it seems to me, which still rings true, retaining its old charm, and casting over the reader as potent a spell as it did in those earlier days of innocence before we had eaten of the fruit of egotism, and become as critics, knowing good from bad in poetry. I mean the Song of Hiawatha. Here, too, Longfellow was happy in his choice of a metrical form,—far happier than in those "soul-satisfying lines" of Evangeline. The novelty of the measure alone transports us into an alien region, apart from our accustomed world; the legends themselves are full of the most beautiful poetic interpretations of nature; while that trick of repetition falls on the ear with a strange wildness of refrain. It serves another purpose, too, quite unguessed by the author himself; it saves him from platitudes and superfluities of Evangeline, by putting in his mouth a parallelism, a recurrence of phrase. When he describes the blessing of the cornfields,—

> When the noiseless night descended
> Broad and dark o'er field and forest,

the conventional use of a repetition does not allow him to spoil or weaken the figure; it compels him to strengthen it with a Hebraic thought-rhyme,—

> When the mournful Wawonessa
> Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks.

And then in the same passage, where he tells how Laughing Water rose from her bed to go out and bless the fields, and says,

> No one but the Midnight only
> Saw her beauty in the darkness.

again he is not permitted to ruin the picture, as he ruined the phrase

> Blossomed the lovely stars,

by adding to it,

> The forget-me-nots of the angels.

He is compelled by the convention he is following rather to improve and emphasize the figure, as a Hebrew poet might have done,

> No one but the Wawonessa
> Heard the panting of her bosom.

I spoke of the danger of the personal estimate

creeping into one's judgment of poetry; and it may be I overrate the beauty of Hiawatha. To have known the unfettered life of river and wood, and had the wild things for fellows, is to remember them forever; and it may be they always afterwards fill the mind with pictures and furnishings of their own, so that one cannot judge dispassionately the guest approaching in their name. For me, I am content with Hiawatha any day, transported beyond the reaches of annoyance, almost beyond the touch of adversity. If poetry has a finer boon than this, I have yet to find it.

But there is another and very important aspect of Longfellow's work in which we have not yet glanced. I mean his work as a translator. I have ventured to set down a purely personal estimate of him; but that, of course, is a very small part of the true estimate, and there is still left a large field of his activity unsurveyed. For Longfellow's monumental achievement was that he imported culture into America. He was the first American man of letters to be thoroughly saturated with European savor and sentiment, and this taste of that Old-World relish is through and through his work.

All the delight of art and story and the mellowing beauties of an elder civilization, which is now become the commonplace of travel for thousands of our people, was unfelt in Longfellow's youth. He was the first to come under that potent influence, and all his life it held him. His was the very temper, gentle and romantic as it was, to be moved by the dreamy pageant of historic time, and he passed through the towns and cities of the continent (the only continent) like a pilgrim returning to his native country. The great bulk of his actual translations from so many sources attests his infatuation. No wild White Mountain top, no sweep of his own New England coast, could impress him as keenly as some scrap of legendary lore. His genius rejoiced in the humanities; that calm temperament, so unvexed by any stormy passion, while it felt no need for an intense or vehement expression of itself, felt as little necessity for the stern consolations of wildness and solitude. He was never the priest of nature; he was always the gentle sacristan of art. And it is his great labors in this field that have so endeared him to his countrymen. He gave us an air, an atmosphere which we did not before possess, an air in which art could grow. He made us partakers of the amenities of an unobtrusive culture, and brought home treasures of the ages to our doors, as the clipper-built ships of Salem used to bring those rare bales of outlandish merchandise and handicraft from China or the Indies long ago.

BLISS CARMAN.

THE STORY OF A PLAY

I

CYRANO DE BERGERAC has been more than the most successful play of the year in Paris; it has been the most popular play of many years. Mr. Francisque Sarcey, the best known, if not the most discriminating dramatic critic in France, says, "It is the greatest success that I have seen during the thirty years that I have been dramatic critic." Sir Henry Irving has purchased the rights for England, and will shelve several things which he had in preparation in order to bring out Cyrano; while in this country Mr. Richard Mansfield will play the part which, in M. Coquelin's hands, has already become so famous.

Cyrano de Bergerac is a historical character. He was a kind of soldier - poet under Louis XIII of France, a vagabond, and a Bohemian; he was at once a brave soldier, a dramatist, a wit, and a philosopher. But although the character is taken from history, the romantic story of the play itself is the invention of the poet, and he has caught the Parisian public which was tired of problems and immoralities much as the public in England and America has been.

Photograph by Otto
M. EDMOND ROSTAND

The first act is in the Hotel de Bourgogne, just before a performance by the King's Troupe of Players. The spectators arrive, a tumult of all the picturesque elements which made up the society and the literary Bohemia of the time,—comedians, poets, blue-stockings, dandies, bourgeois, drunkards, and bullies. There is much talk of Cyrano, who has quarreled with an actor named Montfleury and has forbidden his appearing on the stage. Cyrano enters, storms, rages, and finally fights with a young fop. The duel is a most striking scene. Cyrano swears he will compose a ballade and fight at the same time, and that at the last verse, at the finish of the envoi, he will pique his adversary. He recites his ballade while he fences, to the tremendous delight of the audience in the mimic seventeenth century play-house on the stage, and the modern Parisians in the Porte St. Martin theater.

ACT I—CYRANO DE BERGERAC Photograph by Mairet

ACT IV—CYRANO DE BERGERAC Photograph by Mairet

Photograph by Mairet

COQUELIN AS CYRANO

Act II really begins the play. It is at the cook-shop of Maître Ragueneau, which is the rendezvous of the company of the Cadets of Gascony, to which Cyrano belongs. Here, by appointment, he is to meet his cousin, Roxane, whom he has for a long time loved. Roxane is a précieuse, a blue-stocking, with strange ideas of the importance of literature in her life. But she is also a very lovely woman and besides Cyrano, two other men are paying her court. Roxane, with characteristic inconsistency, has fallen in love with Christian de Neuvillette, whose main attraction is his beaux yeux, and who has none of the talents which should win a précieuse. Christian has just joined the Company of the Cadets, the captain of which, de Guiche, is an aspirant for Roxane's hand. The new recruits are sometimes treated to pretty rough merriment, and Roxane has come to ask that Cyrano do what he can to watch over Christian. And in a very graceful scene she betrays her affection for Christian. It is a hard thing for Cyrano, but he receives the blow gaily, and even when his spirits seem the highest, he is planning that if Roxane's happiness depends on Christian, he will do all he can to further it, though he gives up the dreams of his own happiness.

Cyrano knows that Roxane, even when in love, will demand refinements and elegancies in speech, and well-turned love letters. He instructs Christian, and writes his letters, and in Act III, when Christian comes to woo beneath Roxane's balcony, it is Cyrano who stands by in the darkness to prompt him. But poor Christian can only stammer out, "I love you," and from prompting Cyrano comes to taking his very place and pouring out, with all his fervor and wit and eloquence, his own love. His passion rouses Roxane to something more than the vague affection she had felt before; the woman, and not the précieuse, loves at last. She calls on Christian to climb to the balcony railing, and as she kisses him, Cyrano below, like Lazarus at this feast of love, knows that he has won her, not for his shabby grotesque self, but for Christian.

Christian and Roxane are married under the very nose of de Guiche, who in anger orders Christian at once to a dangerous military position with the Gascon Cadets.

The fourth act is in camp, and the Gascon soldiers, proverbial for high spirits, make the act crackle with wit and jest, although they are in tatters and almost without food. Cyrano, faithful to his sacrifice, has written Christian's letters, and these have finally brought Roxane herself to the camp. Her arrival is most welcome to the soldiery, for she brings food. To Christian she brings even greater love than ever. She tells him that while at first she was, perhaps, only infatuated with his beauty and his grace, she has now come to love his heart, his intelligence, his wit. The truth finally forces itself on Christiau; he sees that he has allowed himself to trick her, that it is Cyrano who has won her love, and that it is Cyrano whom she really loves. Christian himself rises to heights of heroism as great as Cyrano's. Stung with self-reproaches, he rushes into the approaching battle, determined to let himself be killed,—it is the only solution of the problem he can see. He fights madly and is wounded mortally, as he had hoped. Before dying he had meant to tell Roxane everything, but the words die on his lips, and it is too late. The secret is now Cyrano's, and he will never flinch, but will leave Roxane's memory of her dead husband undisturbed.

Fifteen years later, however, in the melancholy of an autumn twilight in a convent garden, the secret is betrayed. Cyrano, who has been injured during the day, has gone to see Roxane, who has been guarded by his watchfulness for years. Roxane brings out the letters—Cyrano's—which Christian sent her from camp. The very last one she gives Cyrano to read, and he, forgetting the twilight is so dim he could scarcely see, reads on fluently, rapidly, for he knows the letter by heart, and has suffered from its memory for years. Roxane guesses the truth. The excitement tells on Cyrano, weakened as he is by the accident of the afternoon, and there in the garden he dies, in the moonlight, and with Roxane's kiss upon his brow.

Cyrano is at once a tender, heroic, and ironic figure, with such possibilities of picturesqueness as neither Irving nor Mansfield has had for years.

The critics of Paris have been as enthusiastic as the audiences. M. Rostand, who is not yet thirty years old, has been called the greatest dramatic poet of fifty years. It has been said that he begins the new century.

THE SOUL OF THE ROGUE

IT was a morning in October. Outside the day was sad enough, with a bitter, keen wind blowing, with the clouds hanging low in the sky, and the rain coming down in torrents. It was drearier, however, inside the room on the top floor of Smoky Row.

Here Jocko spent most of his time—here or in jail. He could not have told you the place he preferred; he was so unlucky and so very unhappy everywhere. To say the least his career had been much ruffled—I mean the part of it that he remembered. At some point in the past, he might have died in grace, and at peace with the world, as did those who had cut him off without honor or coin; but he let slip the occasion; he drifted, and once afterwards, at dawn, he awoke on the brink of a sewer with an ear missing and a chip out of his skull. He had gone along certain ways well-nigh as far as one may go. Found by some knaves of Andova and patched by the rough hands, he took up his life of misadventure in new fields, among the unclean spirits of roguedom.

On the morning in October, the gloom weighed heavily upon the rogue's soul. Never was he so exceedingly unhappy. He stood and looked through the window, no glass of which was unbroken, into the street—a distance of four stories. He shuddered. He turned away his eyes and shuddered again as he glanced around the room leading into a second apartment, if anything more desolate. In the chamber there were three stools, an old hammock swinging doubtfully by two ropes, a large chest dyed with umber, a ragged mattress, and a table of common pine. On the table lay a knife by the side of a bottle.

The rogue's throat was hot with thirst. He made a step towards the table and extended his hand—a movement worse than fool's play. The bottle, in fact, was empty. He shivered at first and growled, and then he grew mute and as motionless as the cat that watches the mouse. He was pondering. Suddenly forming a bold resolve, he seized the knife and set its edge lightly against the ball of his thumb. The blade seemed too dull for the purpose, and he would have thrown away the knife if he had not immediately caught a glimpse of the hammock.

In that moment the sad rogue almost smiled. His blood ran warm and he moved nimbly. He quickly severed the long, pendant cords, but these, in turn, proved also worthless, and so he unraveled the web of the hammock, with the twine of which he twisted himself a rope that pleased his fancy.

This accomplished, he drew the table under a hook in one of the rafters and mounted on high. He looped the rope over the hook, made a noose in one end, and very calmly adjusted it at the proper height. Then he got down and secured the other end of the rope to the frame of the window, and at once regaining his perch he slipped the noose, tilted the table, and fell. . . . and his feet reached within twelve inches of the floor.

You may imagine his sensations. I will say merely that in falling he saw all the stars in the universe, and twirled round like a puppet at the end of a thread.

In a rash moment he had counted upon stepping out of life and leaving the pathway to rascals that thrive. He had no pet notions about what was to come, and hence no doubts to annoy and no faith to flatter his soul. The limits of the future measured six feet by two—all things considered, an ample space for an unhappy rogue.

But perhaps there was something he failed to regard. It may be as easy for some to snuff themselves out as it is for others to get into the world, or it may be as difficult, for there is ever the rare chance of a mishap by which a man may find himself neither exactly alive, nor yet quite dead. This happened in the case of the melancholy knave; the last, the finishing stroke, had just lacked being fatal.

Gradually, as he ceased spinning, he became aware of his deplorable plight, and discovered, besides, that every movement was out of question; even the lifting of a nail or the drooping of an eyelid produced inexpressible pain. So he dangled, but he dangled now with his back towards the window and his face towards the open door of the adjoining room. The somber, the familiar, the prosaic scene grew extremely fantastic; the outlines gleamed, and all the colors that danced before his eyes quivered and vanished by flashes.

He looked, and, while he looked, he listened. He listened, and soon he heard footsteps on the stairs—a muffled noise, a curious, velvety tread, and then more distinctly came the sound of the light footfalls. Some one, indeed, had already reached the upper hall. The far door of the neighboring room opened—a door which was not in the line of his vision. He heard it vibrate on its hinges and close with a bang. Certainly at the moment he would have hastened his release by calling aloud, but how was it possible with the muscles of his neck ring-bound in a drawn noose?

So, accordingly, he watched and waited, and at last, in answer to the pulse of his heart, the guest of the morning came in through the door fronting the rogue. Nothing could have been more remarkable than the person of the stranger. He was little and uncouth and hideous, clad in a scarlet jacket and trousers fitting him much like his skin—an impish figure, such as we see nowhere outside of dreams. Barely three feet high, he had short legs and very slim arms, a big paunch, a rounded body, and an enormous head of tawny hair. The face of the dwarf was a dull, grim face, with scowling brows and a crooked, sharp chin, and with eyes glittering like red agates. He puffed and blew as he walked, for he bore a burden on his back larger than himself, a long sack of green felt, gathered at the mouth with a cord, the knot of which was capped with a huge seal of black wax.

After making his way into the room, the dwarf looked up at the knave and feigned profound surprise.

"Hey, by my faith!" cried he, "how now, what have we here? . . . Bless me, why Jocko, is it you—you, my friend, or your picture done in the modern style?"

So saying he eased his sack upon the floor, curled

back his lips, and held his sides, and the peal of laughter shook the nerves of the rogue fearfully.

"God pardon me," said the dwarf, "but it is wonderful, amazing — so whimsical a stroke, a miracle truly! What put the idea in your brain? —here, and with the simple means at hand, you have indeed brought about something to be proud of. Thousands have played this trick of yours, do you know, and died?—but you, my incomprehensible, sad dog, you have outrivaled the rest of them by pausing between the two dire evils—life and the unknown. A lucky pause!—you should feel charmed. . . . And at the same time, what a picture you have made for the eye! In my day I have ransacked nature, hobnobbed with artists, and viewed the best masters, but nowhere have I seen a figure so well drawn or such repose. . . . . Now, at least you must be happy . . . and so am I," added the dwarf.

Thereupon he checked the flow of his compliments and promptly bestowed attention on more serious matters. He lifted the table in place, but out of the knave's reach. He turned around then and around again, and set his cumbrous pack on end. He broke the seal, unwound the cord, and opened the long green sack—his magical sack, from which now issued strange, savory fumes. Plunging his arms within its folds, he drew forth a number of good things—quite extraordinary only in coming from such a source. There were warm, brown muffins, and eggs in shells, and fine cold ham, daintily sliced, and cheese, crumbling and old, and crackers, and buttered toast, and buns; these he arranged on the corner of the table furthest from him, and in a moment he added a great bowl of steaming thick broth, a roasted pullet, a mushroom omelette, a dish of fried chitterlings, all piping hot, and a large platter of ragout, spiced and highly peppered, and rich with garlic,—in all more than enough surely for a brace of famished mountebanks.

And here were the twain, eager after two days' fast,—the smiling dwarf and his sullen mate. For reasons of his own, however, the dwarf ignored the knave. He surveyed the board cheerily, with the naive air of the clown in the pantomime, with lifted brows and droll gestures. Then at a bound he mounted the table, and, sitting on the edge of it, with his heels under his haunches, he thanked his stars devoutly and ate. He ate, nevertheless, with a villainous grace. He chuckled provokingly; he rejoiced. He murmured to himself and jested. He freely boasted of the excellence of the fare, munching the while like an ogre, and groaning heavily with delight. And by and by, the dishes being licked clean, he dipped again into his magical sack, and there he found such pastries as the rogue so often craved, and oranges, filling the room with fragrance, and pears that almost melted at the touch, and plums and sweetmeats in profusion. The belt loosened, his limbs relaxed; unjacketed and at ease, the dwarf regaled himself anew, and fumed, and craunched, and mourned, and so made known his raptures. Meanwhile, his paunch swelled prodigiously, and his countenance assumed a pleased expression that was horrible.

Meanwhile, too, the knave, hanging in the air above the fair array of fruits and viands, lapsed into a mood by no means gracious. He had the feast in fancy, and before his eyes, and the odors of it rising in his nostrils. He was still far more than miserable; as ever in life, he prayed and swore by turns, though now in silence, and the tears that ran down his cheeks were as bitter as secret pangs. Thus, from first to last, he heard the exultations of the dwarf and the clatter of his teeth, and watched his ridiculous mummeries; and, while he endured this eternity of anguish, there passed through his brain only a single thought, the one faint hope that the little, insatiable buffoon might fall into a fit and end the farce.

But the dwarf had better aims in view and no such fears. Besides, he relished extravagantly the humor of the farce. With fortune on his side, soothed by her whims, filled with her favors, he seemed quite in love with the rôle he played, and gave full scope to all his talents. So far, though he had eaten as never a trooper had eaten, he had yet drank nothing. This he remembered, and he therefore searched the deep folds of his enchanted sack, and drew therefrom some glasses and some odd flagons of admirable wine. One by one, as they passed through his hands, he opened the flagons. He stroked the puffed bowls; he sniffed the rims. He arose. He poured out a brimming glass and tasted it, and then he puckered his lips and rolled his eyes. In mockery, he now saluted the knave, toasted him racily, and with a sidelong, languishing glance he smiled and drank. The wine flowed. The pungent aroma scented the air. As the dwarf grew warm, his spirits kindled. He gave fresh turns to his vivacity. He praised the color of the liquor, its exhilarating fire and flavor. He sighed over it like a lover. He sang, and by the clinking of his fingers like castanets he kept time with the cadence of his song. At intervals he nodded, and mused, and sipped the wine drowsily; or, rousing himself, he posed in the rustic braggadocio's style and drank off heroic bumpers. Ever and anon he made game and good cheer, and crew, and chirped, and once, in proof of his capacity, he quaffed a whole flagon in a twinkle, and then he danced, and the movements were unique, grotesque, Arabic. Again, for a brief space, he tossed the glasses, juggled with the flagons, shook nickels from his cap, and twirled all these until all melted into air. Then at last, as if reading the knave's thought and wishing to show him the vanity of hope, he spread his empty sack along the table, and there, slick and supple of limb and agile, he performed incomparable feats of tumbling and contortion, and curled, and spun, and capered, and vaulted, and rebounded, and cut all manner of capricious figures.

Then he paused and bowed.

"Jocko," said the dwarf, "you do yourself much honor. You heed what passes, you listen. True, and you are wise in another point—you say nothing. And yet how clearly your eyes speak! I understand. In your heart you chide me for my little feast of joy; but pray, my master, what else could follow after so long a fast? When did we

last eat anything? Was it not nine in the morning two days ago? Ah, you remember this, but do you remember your comrade of that day?

"Of course not. I was then sitting on the blind side of you; I had my tragic mask on, and my mantle about me. Come, look at me now and note me well!—an opportunity of the kind is rare. Behold, I am the very flower of all enigmas, immortal and modest, and seldom visible, the most real of breathing phantasms, the vital mirror of your inner graces,—your roguish soul dancing here at liberty while my dear lord dangles.

"Believe me, however, that I am here and you are there is no fault of mine. Sincerely I deplore it, but I assure you, it happened quite naturally—thus: chance took you by the throat; you fell, and by the fall you jostled me out of my warm nest. Amazed and shivering I found myself on the stairs. I was going down—down and dizzily, but happily in the hall below I stumbled over our neighbor, the drunken juggler. Occasion, they say, has naught but a forelock—I seized it. I stole the snoring juggler's sack—his magical sack, and by the aid of it I have here shown you at once the evil of your ways and the delights of life. . . . But cease! let us say no more; open your bosom now, my sweet master, and take me home."

The dwarf paused again.

The knave grew chilled, and he twisted as he saw the creature bend double and leap suddenly heels over head. For an instant, the long arms coiled round him like soft snakes. The elastic form tightened. He felt the sting as of teeth at the flesh of his ribs, and a moisture in his mouth like blood. He writhed frightfully, and then came a quick collapse. The rope snapped and the knave fell.

At that moment there were footsteps outside in the hall. Two rogues, the knave's pals, coming hastily into the chamber, halted, dropped their plunder and listened. They also heard a movement on the stairs, and, fearful of some great hazard, they crossed the room and mounted the chimney, one after the other, with the sly ease of apes.

As they vanished two officers entered.

And then what happened?—ah, the very thing that happens every day. In the opinion of the officers, and afterwards in the opinion of all good men, there could have been nothing clearer than the evidence in the case—the fact of the robbery, the presence of the plunder, and the knave's sullen dumbness. And so during three years the unhappy rogue served the state in solitude, where he often mused profoundly over the most mysterious and thrilling episode of his life. JOHN REGNAULT.

IN PORTENT

What joy for two well met,
That first sweet, vague, wild longing in the breast;
A yearning strange, that will not be expressed:
The heart unyielded yet.

Love's harbingers awing;
Like rose scents blown from gardens far away,
Which tell, as only wind-borne odors may,
Of buds and blossoming.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

AN UNCOMMEMORATED NAVY

THAT famous saying of Andrew Fletcher's about the ballads of a nation has not apparently widened the study of such recent songs as are made by the uneducated for their own use and enjoyment. Though it is a moral certainty, taking a fresh example, that the disaster befalling the United States steamship Maine has already been done into interminable verse very specific and horrifying in detail, and wholly maudlin in sentiment—just as the Chicago fire, the Johnstown flood, and other calamities were turned into verses which are still sung—yet there is no likelihood of these ballads coming to light for months in the sense of falling within the observation of men of letters. With the exception of songs similar to this—songs which fell into the dark long ago—and Dr. Holmes's *Old Ironsides*, there is hardly a scrap of verse to tell the people of America that the exploits of their navy deserve to live in the popular memory. Even the recently published histories of our ships and biographies of our sailors are lacking here. For once we have lost an opportunity to flatter our national pride—and a severer reflection upon our national distaste for poetry can hardly be imagined. This is due, at least in part, to the breach effected in the continuity of our history by the War of the Rebellion. So long did this last, and so thoroughly were the country's habits of thought overturned by it, that it dwarfed all previous achievements of American arms and destroyed the perspective in which they should be viewed. The thought of the Rebellion dominated everything in the United States, until the Centennial period effected a partial revival of interest in Revolutionary affairs; but the war with the Barbary States, the war with France, and the second war with Great Britain, in all of which our navy accomplished wonders, are still forgotten of the many, however much the new books may have revived the sympathy of the few—still not to the point of making verses about our valor at sea.

Other causes for this neglect have unquestionably been at work, as a consideration of similar verse in England goes to show. Thomas Campbell, incomparably the greatest writer of war-songs in English, affixed to his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, upon its publication in 1809, those glowing lyrics which have best preserved his fame. Chief among them are *The Battle of the Baltic*, singular in our literature in commemorating a naval victory over a Teutonic rather than a Latin people, and the sonorous

Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

From this time on the successive wars of the two nations have hardly produced a notable poem apiece:

The Napoleonic series brought forth Wolfe's Burial of Sir John Moore; the War of 1812, nothing in England—as was seemly—and only The Star-Spangled Banner here; the Chinese war, Doyle's Private of the Buffs; the Mexican war, Whittier's Angels of Buena Vista (of doubtful longevity); the Crimean war, Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade, and, curiously enough, Bayard Taylor's Song of the Camp; and the Civil War itself nothing more memorable than Mrs. Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic. These all pertain rather to the armies of the two powers; so far as the navies of England and America are concerned, a spell of silence was over both nations—a spell which some prince of poetry has yet to break in this country, though Tennyson put an end to it in the motherland just twenty years ago last month (March, 1878), by printing in The Nineteenth Century, Sir Richard Grenville: A Ballad of the Fleet. This remarkable poem, since known as The "Revenge," is not without particular interest to Americans, Sir Richard being not only a kinsman of Sir Walter Raleigh's—by whom the best account of his bravery has been preserved—but the leader of the first colony he sent to Virginia. No man of English blood or sympathies can read of the fight between the little "Revenge" and the fifty-three ships of Spain without a thrill of pride and thankfulness for kinship to the man who could say,

> —I 've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
> I should count myself the eoward if I left them, my
> Lord Howard,
> To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.

> And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men,
> Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
> devil,
> For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

And more than one American will hold this a prophecy and an omen of good in all possible emergencies.

England's poetic interest in her navy, thus aroused, has not been allowed to languish. Among others, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been singing nearly everything connected with it, from the machinery in the engine-room below to those persons above whom he styles—or who style themselves—the Jollies—'Er Majesty's Jollies—soldiers and sailor, too. But for all the voices raised in the mother country, none possess a clearer note than the Canadians, those poets of the Dominion who, while sucking in deep breaths of nationality, seem to have inhaled with these the very essence and spirit of poesy. Americans, it may be, have not thought of their Northern cousins as a maritime people, yet a glance at a map will show why a flavor of salt air should pervade their verse. Always excepting its model, The "Revenge," nothing better of the kind has been done than Mr. Charles Roberts's "The Laughing Sally."

> A wind blew up from Pernambuco.
> (Yeo heave ho! the "Laughing Sally!" Hi
> yeo, heave away!)
> A wind blew out of the east—sou'-east,
> And boomed at the break of day.
>
> The "Laughing Sally" sped for her life,
> And a speedy craft was she;
> The black flag flew at her top to tell
> How she took toll of the sea.
>
> The wind blew up from Pernambuco;
> And in the breast of the blast
> Came the King's black ship, like a hound let slip
> On the trail of the "Sally" at last.

But the "Sally" escapes by passing a shallow which denies admission to the heavier ship-of-war. While lying in safety in the bayou beyond, the pirate hears the noise of battle. A boat runs out and returns with the word:

> The King's ship fights the ships of France
> As the King's ships all have fought.
>
> Then muttered the mate, "I 'm a man of Devon!"
> And the captain thundered then—
> "There 's English rope that bides for our necks,
> But we all be English men!"

This is almost the language of Tennyson's poem, and the "Sally" is the humbler counterpart of Sir Richard's ship. She heaves to under the great hull of one of the Frenchmen, with St. George's cross in the air. Then come

> Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
> And fire and blood below;
> The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
> And the dead men laid a-row! . . .
>
> With one foe beaten under his bow,
> The other afar in flight,
> The English captain turned to look
> For his fellow in the fight.
>
> The English captain turned, and stared;—
> For where the "Sally" had been
> Was a single spar upthrust from the sea
> With the red-cross flag serene!

Free from the thought of another's prompting—though, indeed, he does not attempt a battle-piece—Mr. Bliss Carman's more recently published Ballads of Lost Haven is also full of the glamour of the sea. He boasts in The Ships of St. John:

> Once in your wide arms you held me,
> Till the man-child was a man,
> Canada, great nurse and mother
> Of the young sea-roving clan.

Turning from Canada back to old England, the Admirals All of Mr. Henry Newbolt is successful in maintaining itself, independent of the influences of both Tennyson and Mr. Kipling, first as a collection of sea songs, then as a tribute to British bravery ashore. The title is taken from the ringing chorus of the first poem:

> Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
> Here 's to the bold and free!
> Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
> Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
>
> Admirals all, for England's sake,
> Honor be yours and fame!
> And honor, as long as waves shall break,
> To Nelson's peerless name!

Such a list of heroes and such a history as the succeeding ballads disclose, cast grave doubts upon the need for punishing John Byng—whose execution for not doing his best gave Voltaire the chance

to say that England killed an admiral now and then pour encourager les autres. A rousing chorus for The Fighting "Téméraire" goes:

> Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
> Téméraire! Téméraire!
> Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
> Téméraire! Téméraire!
> Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
> And to hear the round shot biting,
> For we 're all in love with fighting
> On the Fighting Téméraire.

All this poetic spirit and stir and vitality in the nations nearest us in speech and blood, caused by brave deeds at sea, should make Americans consider the more deeply the long silence that has settled upon ourselves. It is certain that we have the poetry, as we have the laws, that we deserve. And assuredly neither we nor our uncommemorated navy have risen yet "above the tide of wars and windy fate!"

REVIEWS

THE BIBLE IN MOTLEY

The Sacred Books of the Old and New Testaments.—A New English Translation, with Explanatory Notes and Pictorial Illustrations, prepared by eminent biblical scholars of Europe and America, and edited, with the assistance of Horace Howard Furness, by Paul Haupt, Professor in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1898. Cloth, 4to.

Part 7: The Book of Judges.—A New English Translation, printed in colors, exhibiting the composite structure of the book. By the Rev. Geo. F. Moore, D.D., Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Pp. xii and 98. Price, $1.25 net.

FOR a century and a half the new search-light of critical scholarship has been falling upon the pages of the Old Testament. The revelations of this light have been multifarious. They have been the sole property of scholars, for the most part, until within the last twenty years. The appearance of the Revised Version, in 1885, and of an ever-increasing number of popularized presentations of the results of criticism, have aroused the public mind to the importance of some of the "finds" of the critical diggers. But the most comprehensive scheme yet set on foot to popularize critical results is that represented by the Polychrome Bible. Some eight years ago, about forty Old Testament scholars, under the editorial direction of Prof. Paul Haupt, of Baltimore, began to reconstruct a revised Hebrew text of the entire Old Testament. Up to date, about one-half of the proposed texts have been published. Now the same scholars are preparing an English translation of this same revised text. This English translation is being made by Hebrew experts, under the oversight of an English expert, Dr. Horace Howard Furness.

The most stupendous promises are made for this to-be version. It appears from the publishers' circular that we are to expect these chromatic volumes to be the concentrated essence of "the united biblical scholarship of the civilized world." But, in all good faith, we have searched and find only English and German speaking scholars in its long list of editors. The polychromatic character, after which the version receives its name, is designed to represent, by different colored backgrounds, upon which the translations are printed, the composite character of the books, the documents to be attributed to the various authors, and redactors of the Old Testament books. This plan will give the reader a visual presentation of what the circular calls "the present general agreement of the most competent biblical scholars," as to the composite structure of the Old Testament.

The character and reputation of the staff of editors is a guarantee that we shall find in the Polychrome Bible Hebrew and critical erudition of the most painstaking and scholarly type. We also note in the list men ranking all the way from the mediating to the most radical school of biblical criticism. This fact assures us in advance that the final result will be volumes of varying shades of critical opinion. This will be, in some respects, a distinct advantage, and will add to the wealth of the whole series.

This series of chromatic volumes will be not for scholars only, but for the people. It will be supplied with explanatory notes and illustrations of such a character as to be helpful in making the text clear and intelligible.

After so much arduous labor through long years, the first volume of the series to make its appearance is The Book of Judges, (Part 7), by Professor Moore, of Andover Seminary. The author's critical acumen and linguistic attainments have already won for him an international reputation as an Old Testament scholar. This thin volume has twelve pages of Introductory Remarks, apparently commutable, dealing with critical marks, colors, abbreviations, etc. The English translation covers forty-two pages, and is printed on seven colored backgrounds. Professor Moore finds in the Book of Judges at least eight different hands. The oldest document may have originated in the ninth century, is indicated by J, and printed on a white background; the next younger is marked by E, and printed on dark blue; later additions to E are marked by E2, and printed on light blue; JE denotes passages where J and E are so closely fused as to defy analysis, and are printed on dark purple; RJE denotes additions of the redactor of J and E, and is printed on light purple; green denotes the work of D who added somewhat to RJE; yellow is the background of the additions of a post-exilic editor or editors; and italics indicate the latest strata of the respective documents. For example: Judg. 6:1–6 is green, verses 8–10 are light blue, 11–24 have prevailingly white, with eight separate passages on light purple and one on yellow, 25–31 is light blue with one line of yellow, 31–40 has light blue, yellow, blue and white—all in one chapter.

Professor Moore makes in his translations, however, a great advance, in many places, over the Revised Version. His phrases are often very happy. But the element of conjecture, and of arbitrary handling of the text, e. g. in Chapter 5, will disturb the ordinary Bible student. The explanatory notes abound in useful topographical and archæological details.

But we must take exception to the illustrations, for which, probably, Professor Moore is not responsible. They fall far behind the character of the scholarship represented in the critical work. They should have been new and specially prepared to accord with the standard of the book.

This first volume sets a high mark for the series, too high, we fear, "for the people." The grade of work is quite above the intelligence and apprehension of "the people." But it will please the scholar, and will crystallize for him a fin de siècle criticism of the Book of Judges.

SPANISH BOOKS

Across the Country of the Little King.—By William Bennett Lent. New York. Bonnell, Silver & Co., 1897. $1.25.

The Sacrifice of a Throne; Being an Account of the Life of Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, sometime King of Spain.—By H. Remsen Whitehouse. Bonnell, Silver & Co., 1897. $1.50.

PEOPLE who write books of European travel should remember that their prospective readers often travel and are sometimes intelligent. It is certainly more praiseworthy to take a trip to Europe than it is to remain at home within the narrow confines of some provincial town; but taking a trip to Europe is not sufficient excuse for inflicting another book of travel upon a long-suffering public. Mr. William Bennett Lent has not considered these facts; for if he had, his volume of Spanish travels would have been kept in manuscript for the delectation of admiring friends and relatives.

He knows no more about Spain—as a matter of fact not nearly so much—as can be gathered from the pages of Murray's and O'Shea's guide-books, and what he tells is not told nearly as well as in those pages.

The class of summer-garden tourists to which Mr. Lent belongs in emulation of their schoolboy composition days invariably shackle "beautiful," "delicate," "regal," "romantic" and other nauseous adjectives to inoffensive substantives with the fond belief that they intensify the sublimity of their impressions of foreign lands. Across the Country of the Little King contains 237 pages of smooth laid paper, all thoroughly saturated with adjectival ooze from the beaten tracks of Spanish travel. It is doubtful whether any but the aforementioned admiring friends and relatives will even find the time or inclination to read the book from cover to cover.

A BIOGRAPHER should be a judge, not an attorney for the defense. He should weigh all the evidence for and against his subject, and deliver a verdict which takes into consideration all phases of character. If it be "guilty," the verdict should be couched in such terms that the reader becomes aware of the commendable characteristics of the person condemned as well as the traits which lead to the condemnation. If the verdict be "not guilty," the weakness of character should be presented side by side with the virtues.

Mr. H. Remsen Whitehouse has made the mistake of becoming an attorney for the defense. He has prepared a brief for Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, and some time king of Spain, and in preparing this brief one feels that he was more actuated by thoughts of his fee than a desire for the revelation of the truth. That there was a fee in this instance is evidenced by dispatches in the daily papers to the effect that Mr. Whitehouse has recently been decorated by King Humbert as a reward for his labors in whitewashing the character of his late brother. Americans (especially those who, having spent years in the diplomatic service, are saturated with the atmosphere of courts) often display an undemocratic fondness for baubles, but literary men should be above a longing for commanders' crosses. We honestly do not believe this is the case with Mr. Whitehouse. If we misjudge his motives, we do not misjudge his effort; for in painting the character of the unfortunate Amadeus he has presented a king who actually "can do no wrong." Amadeus, in his eyes, is one of those chivalric heroes of the Middle Ages—all knightly honor and courtesy, all valor and virtue, a veritable Amadis of Gaul turned loose in the nineteenth century to be persecuted by wicked Spaniards because he is too good for them to appreciate. Now this is all very well, and Amadeus was no doubt a good prince, as princes go, and an unfortunate prince in that he failed in his attempt to rule the wicked Spaniard. That the Spaniard is wicked most Americans are prepared to admit, but princes are not immaculate—particularly those of the House of Savoy. So, in reading Mr. Whitehouse's biography of Amadeus, one cannot help remembering that the late Duke's brother is King of Italy, and that within easy reach of His Majesty was a string of glittering baubles dangling before the admiring eyes of our author. Having said this, it may be added that the book is well and clearly written, and that the part pertaining to Spanish politics is of timely interest to the student of Spain. Spanish politics were the same then as they are to-day—a seething cauldron of passion and intrigue. There was a rebellion in Cuba then as there is to-day and Amadeus fell partly because he befriended the unhappy slaves of Cuba and was the advocate of reform. Unhappy Spain! when will she be free from her troubles? Not until there are no longer any Spaniards to become politicians.

THE CROWNED POET OF THE ACADEMY

Poems.—By Stephen Phillips. 12mo. John Lane. $1.50.

NOTHING could so attest the hunger of the English-speaking peoples for the voice of a poet as the reception accorded and to be accorded these Poems of Mr. Stephen Phillips. His own England puts blushing honors thick upon him; one of the more authoritative journals of literature crowns his work as the best of a twelvemonth; others load him down with enthusiastic praise, and even the one which extols his work least in words, gives some unimportant verses by him the place of honor in its columns. After all this, the critic takes up the

modest little book, with the feeling that England must be fairly famished for poetry—and that he is correspondingly assured of disenchantment. But reading speedily convinces him that no country needs such a message as Mr. Phillips bears more than his own, and gratitude for the beauties the poet reveals outweighs all the revulsion of sentiment which overpraise had threatened.

This is Mr. Phillips's second book. His first, called from its principal content Christ in Hades, was published in that Shilling Garland Series which is the envy and ambition of lovers of poetry in America. The poems it contained are reprinted here. In our opinion, it is this earlier poem, Christ in Hades, which gives Mr. Phillips his best claim to fame, rather than these newer writings of his now first published. Indeed, though there is a sense of ripening and expanding power in these last, none of them demands or retains the attention to so great an extent. Briefly described, Christ in Hades depicts the Jesus of the wounded hands and feet and breast in that supreme sacrifice which the Creed enshrines in the four pregnant words, "He descended into Hell."

> Like to trees
> Motionless in an ecstacy of rain,
> So the tall dead stood drooping around Christ,
> Under the falling peace intensely still;
> And some in slow delight their faces raised
> Upwards; but soon, like leaves, duly released,
> Tormented phantoms, ancient injured shades,
> Sighing began downward to drift and glide
> Toward him, and unintelligibly healed,
> Lingered, with closing eyes and parting lips.

The verses hold that mingling of Christianity in its most lovable guise and classical antiquity with its splendor, which has been so beloved of English poets from the first. But it is a new presentment of the theme—

> Slowly all the dead
> The melancholy attraction of Jesus felt;
> And millions, like a sea, wave upon wave,
> Heaved dreaming to that moonlight face, or ran
> In wonderful long ripples, sorrow-charmed.
> Toward him in faded purple, pacing came
> Dead emperors, and sad unflattered kings;
> Unlucky captains listless armies led;
> Poets with music frozen on their lips,
> Toward the pale Brilliance sighed; until at last
> Antiquity, like evening gathering,
> With mild and starry faces, gradually
> Had stolen up.

When Christ finally stops before the tortured Prometheus and retraces His steps as the future unrolls itself before Him, this poem of a few hundred heroic verses, which already had in it something of the divine insistence of ancient tragedy, expands into an epic. The one word which Matthew Arnold selected as expressing the wonder in Dante and Milton is necessary here—the poem is conceived and executed in the grand style.

Furthermore, the Christ in Hades is, of all the numbers in the book, the most carefully finished. Minor blemishes mar almost every other page, although neither diffuseness nor unintelligibility are among them. The Lyrics which accompanied this masterpiece upon its first publication are in no way comparable with it; Mr. Phillips's reputation would even have been enhanced by their omission.

Turning to the newer verses, Mr. Phillips resolves himself into two varying entities. In one he is a classicist with that charm of the renascence which Mr. Le Gallienne was glad to call "unanalyzable;" in the other, he no longer stands nearly alone, but is one of those whom Mr. Seamans described as being a

> Sister to the microbe still,
> And second cousin to the worm.

He seems, too, inclined to insist upon this latter phase of thought, for he gives precedence here to The Woman with the Dead Soul, which, though unalluring and unconvincing, still contrives to hold something of the mysticism of M. Maeterlinck. Its subject is relieved and given its chief value by the poets phrasing, to be seen in its opening lines:

> Allured by the disastrous tavern light,
> Unhappy things flew in out of the night;
> And ever the sad human swarm returned,
> Some crazy-fluttering, and some half-burned.
> Among the laborers, gnarled, and splashed with mire,
> The disillusioned women sipping fire,
> Slow tasting bargainers amid the flare,
> And lurid luminators,—I was 'ware
> Of that cold face from which I may not run,
> Which even now doth stab me in the sun.

Soon after this appears The Wife, which title Mr. Phillips follows with the explanation, "A true story done into verse,"—an explanation, it would seem, both incongruous and unnecessary, unless he himself felt the story to be unconvincing. Here, too, the phrasing is the salvation of the poem; for the subject matter is hideous, revolting. Faces at a Fire is of the same genre. This is the climax of his description of the effect of the light from a burning building:

> A mother slowly burning with bare breast,
> Yet her consuming child close to her prest!
> That prosperous citizen in anguish dire,
> Beseeching heaven from purgatorial fire!
> Wonderful souls by sudden flame betrayed,
> I saw; then through the darkness went, afraid.

Here, as in the Lyrics, he comes too close to the ridiculous.

It is a pleasure to turn from such morbid themes to the longest and best sustained of the newer verses, a beautiful revival of pagan loveliness under the name Marpessa, which possesses that unmistakably subtle quality we name distinction, for lack of a better word. The maiden, Marpessa,

> Roaming with morning thoughts amid the dew,
> All fresh from sleeping; and upon her cheek
> The bloom of pure repose; like perfect fruit
> Even at the moment was her beauty ripe,—

is tenderly beloved both by Apollo, god of day, and Idas, a fellow mortal. Zeus preserves for her the privilege of choice between them, and each, in turn, prefers his glowing suit. When they have made an end, she turns from the god to her less gifted lover, saying:

> But if I live with Idas, then we two
> On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand
> In odors of the open field, and live
> In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
> The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.

> And he shall give me passionate children, not
> Some radiant god that will despise me quite,
> But clambering limbs and little hearts that err.
> And I shall sleep beside him in the night,
> And fearful from some dream shall touch his hand
> Secure.

Here is certainly the elusive charm of true poetry, enough, perhaps, to justify his countrymen's extravagant praise.

Mr. Phillips is at his best, as these excerpts go to show, when freed from the restraint of rhyme, making him exceptional in his generation. Nowhere away from his blank verse does he appear to hold his poetic stature undiminished. Within it, he is sometimes felicity itself, as when he makes Idas say:

> I love thee then,
> Not only for thy body packed with sweet
> Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
> That jar of violet wine set in the air,
> That palest rose sweet in the night of life;
> Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
> By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;
> Nor for that face which might indeed provoke
> Invasion of old cities; no, nor all
> Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.
> Not for this only do I love thee, but
> Because Infinity upon thee broods;
> And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.

Against this happiness of diction there are to be set the errors mentioned, such as might be due to haste, to the inability to criticise himself, to uncultivated introspection, to overmuch seclusion, or to many things either preventable in their nature or readily yielding to external advice and added experience. In view of these imperfections, it is too soon to call Mr. Phillips a great poet, or to abandon the fear of injury to be wrought by overmuch compliment; but it is evident that his nature is a fine one, that grief has mellowed and enriched it, and that it is dominated by that nameless quality which we finite beings, in self-delusion and flattery, hold to be one with immortality.

STORIES WHICH ARE SHORT

HANIA AND OTHER STORIES.—By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. 8vo. Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

ONE who immerses himself in the lengthy historical novels of M. Sienkiewicz will have been impressed with their barbaric sweep, their carelessly minute, yet panoramic effects. That these shorter tales should so conspicuously evince the same qualities implies, of course, that they are far from being short stories in any strict sense. Indeed, several of them might easily have been episodes detached from their loosely woven and varied prototypes.

That the novelist should have resented compression and other exactions of the finer art is not more surprising than that he attempted the short story at all. Alexandre Dumas and Sir Walter, not to mention Mr. Crawford, would have recognized the insuperable barriers to such an undertaking.

However, it does not appear that Hania and the fragments which accompany it are published with a view to enhancing the Polish sentimentalist's already resounding reputation. In them one sees, rather, the ladder up which, a score of years ago, he cautiously felt his way to vaster enterprises. Tartar Captivity anticipated With Fire and Sword; Let Us Follow Him is a sketch preliminary to, but widely differing from, Quo Vadis. To the author's nomad days, passed in California, belong both Charcoal Sketches, which are violently realistic transcripts of the peasant life he had observed in his early Polish home, and Hania, the heroine of which, softly sentimental and blankly angelic, is plainly a precursor of Helena and nearly every other woman, except Basia, whom the author has drawn. Only two of the eleven stories which comprise the present portly volume are a fresh departure or bear indisputable marks of recent composition. These are the farcical skit entitled That Other Woman and On the Bright Shore, a Monte Carlo tale.

A second, if not a first, reading reveals to a discriminating person that neither the manner of these stories nor the life they represent is highly cultivated. With Count Tolstoi or Daudet the finished product would have been several steps nearer perfection—less repetitious, verbose, platitudinous, and far more neatly constructed. Yet, allowing for Mr. Curtin's translation, which is here less harsh and unidiomatic than usual, M. Sienkiewicz's style seems in singular accord with the rude, tempestuous scenes he depicts. "Virile," many critics will doubtless denominate the unrestrained passion which is the mainspring of action in nearly every extended story by this author; or else they will overlook it entirely in extolling wine and the saber as the pillars of the Commonwealth. After the first thrill of pleasurable surprise, however, one will be bored with the motiveless fatalism which prompts Polish hearts so often to go off at half cock, and with the rudimentary and conscious gropings of an inchoate delicacy of feeling. For example, somewhere there is a young poet who demurred when his fiancée played a waltz at, or, let us say, very soon after, a funeral. It is fully explained that the deceased was nothing to her. Then, by a succession of gradations, the breach of etiquette is expounded to an exasperated reader. Such behavior "seemed inappropriate." Pan Ignas felt that it "showed want of taste," though for a long, wearisome time the matter hangs fire. It would be humorous, if it were not so obviously and pathetically natural.

The personages of the present volume have uncommonly pronounceable names. One will not complain of Antek, Svirski, Kresovich, much less of Bzin and Vah, when one recalls the appellations which elsewhere prompted Prince Boguslav to expostulate thus with his Polish visitor: "My lips fly off your language; can you not speak German?"

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE GOOD THINGS OF EARTH.—16mo. Arthur Gray & Co. $1.00.

AN AMERICAN MOTHER.—By Mary L. Underwood. 12mo. Van Vechten & Ellis. $1.50.

THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL. By E. A. Warriner. 12mo. Thomas Whittaker. $1.50.

MISCELLANY

Immensely interesting to all art lovers is the addition to the Louvre of a new masterpiece of antique sculpture recently unearthed at Elche, Spain. It consists of a life-sized bust of a beautiful young woman, enveloped in the loose folds of a cloak, and adorned with heavy necklaces and a strange, elaborate head-dress. The latter bears a general resemblance to a bishop's miter, but over the ears hang embossed plaques of disc-like Oriental character, which completely hide the profile of the face. The execution and perfection of modeling are marvelous, and the little color which remains in the face adds a faint living charm to the plastic purity of the daintily chiseled cheeks and lips. In general, it appears in an extraordinary good state of preservation, but there are holes in the eyes which indicate that the pupils were once filled with colored stones or gems. Monsieur Noël Bardac is the beneficent Frenchman who bought this bust for the Louvre when it was first discovered last summer. It belongs to the so-called Græco-Phœnician school of sculpture, and probably dates from about 300 B. C. The existence of this school was unknown until 1869, when some peasants dug up other fragments of the same character, which attracted the study of M. Leon Henry. He it was who ascertained their origin and acquired them for the museums of archæology of Madrid. Fortunate, indeed, is Paris in gaining the present example, which is a rare specimen and a delicious combination of Greek purity and barbaric phantasy. The Venus de Milo and the Winged Victory are now reported as turning green with envy—for popular admiration now centers about this "Lady of Elche" of two thousand years, while her "crowded receptions" at the Louvre each day must quite console her for long years of obscurity.

The British Medical Journal has a most interesting article upon Keats as a medical student. The history of Keats's medical education, it says, still needs elucidation. The main facts are sufficiently clear, but it has not yet been marked out in detail. He left Clarke's school at Enfield, in 1810, when he had just completed his fifteenth year, and he was apprenticed at once to Thomas Hammond, surgeon, of Edmonton, where his mother was living after her separation from her second husband, William Rawlings. Keats was bound apprentice for the usual term of five years, and often revisited his old school, to which his master was the doctor. It is said that his fellow-apprentices looked upon him as an idle, loafing fellow, who was always writing poetry, and that after a time, master and pupil quarreled, and the indentures were canceled.

This happened in the summer or autumn of 1814, and Keats entered as a student at the United Hospital of Guy and St. Thomas, then located in the Borough. For the first winter and spring after leaving Edmonton he lodged alone at 8 Dean Street, Borough, and then, for about a year, in company with some fellow-students, over a tallow-chandler's shop in St. Thomas's Street. Thence he went, in the summer of 1816, to join his brothers in lodgings in the Poultry, over a passage leading to the Queen's Head Tavern. He was appointed dresser to Mr. Lucas, Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, March 3, 1816, and on July 25, 1816, he was admitted a Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries. The books of the Royal College of Surgeons make no mention of his name, so that he probably never attempted to obtain the diploma of that body.

The statement that he quarreled with his master, Thomas Hammond, is probably correct, for Keats was headstrong and pugnacious; but it is probably incorrect to assign the canceling of his indentures to any such cause. Keats was merely following out the ordinary curriculum of a medical student of the time. The regulations of the Apothecaries' Society required attendance upon lectures as well as mere apprenticeship, and it was customary for a master to forgive his apprentice the latter part of his time to enable him to attend a general hospital. Thus Mr. Watson, secretary to the Court of Examiners at the Apothecaries' Hall, states expressly in his evidence given before the Select Committee on Medical Education in 1834, that "Although an apprentice is usually bound for five years, very few serve their masters for the full time;" and this is exactly the course taken by Keats. He was not a genuine practitioner of medicine, nor could he become one, for by nature he was otherwise inclined. He says: "The other day, during the lecture, there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland." "My last operation," he once told Charles A. Brown, "was the opening of a man's temporal artery. I did it with the utmost nicety, but, reflecting on what passed through my mind at the time, my dexterity seemed a miracle, and I never took up the lancet again."

What is Art? That is the title of Tolstoi's long-expected book which the Brotherhood Company are bringing out in England. It is appearing simultaneously in Russian and English, and high importance is attached to it. "I have accomplished as well as I could," says Tolstoi, "this work, which has occupied me for fifteen years." He does not mean that he has been writing the book all that time, but that fifteen years ago he began to write on art.

He thought he might be able to go through with the task without any sort of break. He soon found, however, that his views were not sufficiently clear to enable him to arrange them in a satisfactory way. Six or seven times in the course of years, he sat down to the volume, but always with the same result. At last he has overcome the difficulties which beset him, and he trusts that the views he advocates may not be without effect on the future of art.

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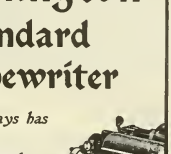

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NOTES

THE PAST FORTNIGHT has been harder on the proprietors of newspapers than on almost any other class, and never has it seemed so difficult for the opponents of sensational journalism to maintain a calm attitude. It is one thing to refrain from sending out reporters to invent some new tale of vice and crime; it is another and a much more difficult thing to refuse space to the wild rumors and reports which spring up spontaneously and inevitably in such times as this. The conservative newspaper sees the public fighting for copies of its sensational rival; it sees itself called cowardly and unpatriotic, and it finds its followers dropping away. It is currently reported that one Chicago daily saw its circulation fall off 30,000 in one week because it was defending the President's deliberate policy. Meanwhile, the yellow journals have forged ahead rapidly. Their sensationalism has been as unscrupulous and, perhaps, as dangerous as ever, but it has at least been cleaner than before. So the former panderers to viciousness have played freely on our better emotions. "D— the truth," telegraphed one editor to his Washington correspondent, "send us something that will sell the paper."

There was a great deal of talk of how the commercial interests of Wall street were paralyzing any warlike policy the President might have; it was as equally true that the commercial interests of a good part of Newspaper Row were being exerted as strongly in favor of conflict.

The peace policy was, perhaps, worse than the war policy, but it is to be regretted that the nation was not allowed to guide itself. The newspapers have been attempting to guide and follow public opinion at the same time; the public has neither had sane advice, nor simple expression of its own opinions.

IF WAR CAUSES JOY in newspaper offices, it has not such effect on other branches of the writing profession. With military music sounding in the ears, the clamor of novelists and poets seems very small to the public. The nerves get somewhat too unsteady for quiet reading, at home. If one wants amusement other than reading the newspapers, one goes to the theaters, where there is always patriotic music and generally pictures of the Maine. The spring publishing season is in danger of being stillborn.

NO ONE WILL DENY the effect for good which Mr. Kipling is exercising upon the poetry of the day and the people who read it, for he has brought thousands to the perusal of his volumes who had read no verse since childhood; but it is worth reminding those who look for too much that his originality shows itself chiefly in the subject-matter, and not in the forms of verse he uses. In the latter respect he has been singularly conservative, restraining his Muse, for the most part, within the limits of well-tried and thoroughly-approved measures. Of these, the old-fashioned ballad meter—"fours and threes," or iambic heptameter with a cæsural pause at the end of the fourth foot—this, or a trochaic adaptation of it, is his favorite. Minor critics of poetry have taken lately to calling every one who ventures upon this measure "an imitator of Kipling," whether their poetic style has a tithe of the robustness of his or not. This is occasionally varied, as in the case of Mr. Henry Newbolt's sea-songs, by the statement that he "has escaped imitating Mr. Kipling." As it is perfectly accurate to say of any rhymester or songsmith, whatever his product or abilities, that he either does or does not resemble Mr. Kipling—and, as this makes up nearly all the stock in trade of the minor critic, it has the effect of making his extensive influence appear overwhelming

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BUST OF W. E. HENLEY
BY RODIN

Perhaps Mr. W. E. Henley carries this idea further than most of his contemporaries when he says, in his Lyra Heroica, respecting Macaulay's The Last Buccaneer—

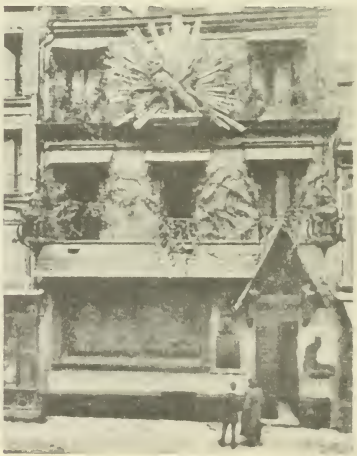
> The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,
> The sky was black and drear,
> When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship without a name
> Alongside the last Buccaneer.

that it is "a curious anticipation of some effects of Mr. Rudyard Kipling." Taken with the rest, this has an air of making Matthew Arnold's least liked of poets write these lines for that deliberate purpose. Why not say, "Mr. Kipling has followed with curious accuracy some of the effects of Lord Macaulay?" It does not make against a reputation to admit that its owner is, like the rest of mankind, "an heir to the ages." Nor does this criticism of jejune critics deny the fact that Mr. Kipling borrows to adorn in many cases.

"TOMMY ATKINS," for those who do not at once connect the name with a certain musical comedy called The Gaiety Girl, is associated with Mr. Kipling. And as most of us think of Kipling as the literary discoverer of the British Army, we have generally supposed that "Tommy Atkins" was a nickname denoting the most affectionate regard. It is rather as a shock, then, that we find, in the United Service Magazine, an army chaplain protesting against the use of the name. It even appears that some years ago Lord Wolseley made an official appeal to the officers of the army, asking them to discontinue the use of the expression. "I won't call him 'Tommy Atkins' myself," he said, "for I think it a piece of impertinence." Lord Wolseley's view of the origin of the name must be, of course, that it is to be found in the soldier's "small book" of useful information. In this, until lately, there was given an imaginary clothing account as a model between the Government and Thomas Atkins.

There is another account of the origin of the phrase which has a fine romantic tinge, and which, if accepted, might pacify the opponents of the name. It appears that in 1857, when the Mutiny broke out in India, the Europeans in Lucknow, in their precipitate flight to the Residency met a private of the 32d regiment (Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) on sentry duty. They told him to make his escape with them, but he would not, and was killed. His name happened to be Thomas Atkins, and so throughout the Mutiny campaign, when a daring deed was done, the doer was said to be "a regular Tommy Atkins."

A YEAR AGO THE CHAT NOIR in Paris was demolished, shortly after the death of its founder, Rodolphe Salis. By many in Paris, and, indeed everywhere, this was felt to be a great mistake. So many literary and artistic reputations had been made there that it seemed like stopping up a great fount of artistic activity. This feeling



CABARET DU CHAT NOIR

of regret has made such progress that the cabaret is to be built again, exactly as it stood, and under the direction of Mme. Salis to start upon a new career. The various decorations will, of course, be the black cat in various forms. And the black cat as depicted by some of the Chat Noir's artists, notably Steinlen, is enough to give a reputation for genius.

THE PROBABLE EFFECT on the sale of Paris of the Zola trial was much discussed, and now that the figures are at hand, no one seems to have guessed quite correctly. France has bought less, and foreign countries more on account of Zola's connection with the Dreyfus case. Before the trial 63,000 copies of Paris had been ordered by booksellers. Before the day of publication, 10,000 of these orders were canceled in France. But 15,000 extra orders were received from other countries, so that on the day of publication the total orders were increased to the figure of 68,000. In a way this was exactly what one ought to have been able to predict, for Zola was a martyr to all foreigners, and only to a few Frenchmen.

It is curious to find that each Zola novel divides itself with exactness into certain fixed proportions for Paris, the provinces, and l'étranger. Paris takes one-fifth, a second fifth goes to the railway bookstalls, a fifth to the provincial booksellers, and two-fifths abroad. Of the books sent abroad, Russia takes most, then Germany, England, and Italy, in the order named.

This absorption of French books by Germany is a little surprising. For Germany herself publishes more than twice as many books as France every year. France brings out about 10,000; Germany from 20,000 to 25,000.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY has his faults, but we should be a nation of ingrates if we did not recog-

LE CHAT ET LA GRENOUILLE
BY STEINLEN

nize him as the only American manager of the present time who retains respect for the classic drama, and, in defiance of degenerate public taste, dares to revive it. He has lately closed a season which, in spite of ominous beginnings, must, on the whole, have proved successful financially, as well as artistically. It seems very strange that in the revival of The Country Girl, Miss Ada Rehan should have won one of the greatest successes of her career. And yet, this fact may serve to throw light on Miss Rehan's qualities as an actress. Peggy Thrift is a wholly humorous rôle, and no actress can play it without a marvelous gift of impersonation and a keen humor of her own. Miss Rehan has repeatedly shown that she possesses a delightful humor, and she has also shown that it is very hard for her to be serious without being artificial. In The School for Scandal, for example, with which Mr. Daly has lately wound up his season, after succeeding admirably in expressing Lady Teazle's coquetry and lightness, she goes to pieces in trying to show what depth there really was in the woman. Nevertheless, let us be thankful for having a Lady Teazle who can look and dress the part as Miss Rehan does. All reports of ill health to the contrary, the actress has never looked better than she has looked this winter. As Lady Teazle she wore the most fetching white wig seen on the stage in many a day; moreover, it softened her face, and brought out the beauty of those delicious blue eyes, and it even added a charm to that bewitching smile. Mr. Charles Richman also looked very fine as Charles Surface, but alas! his merits all lay in his physique and his clothes. What chances this young man has had—and missed. Only once this season has he done satisfactory work, as the dashing young Irishman in Number Nine. Miss Rehan really ought to have a better foil. The Sir Peter of the cast, that experienced actor, Mr. Edwin Varrey, made very little of the part; indeed, he merely walked through it, giving it almost no color or animation. Mr. W. F. Owen, who was altogether competent in the thankless rôle of Sir Oliver, could have played it much better. Good work was done by Mrs. Gilbert as Mrs. Candour, who always acts with spirit and with luminous intelligence, and by nearly all of the players assigned to the minor parts. Indeed, the general effect of the production was excellent. Mr. Daly had, as usual, taken liberties with the text, this time changing the sequence of the scenes, though just what he gained by the transposition, no one but Mr. Daly knows, and Mr. Daly never explains!

THE OBJECT OF MR. CLEMENT SCOTT in starting the recent discussion concerning the dangers of stage life and the immorality of actresses, is now shown to be a religious one. It had seemed before either cheap sensationalism, or, at least, cheapish morality. But the matter is apparently not to be taken lightly at all, and we give Mr. Scott credit for the sincerity of his purpose. The Church is to furnish the safeguard against evil influences. "Catholicism," he says, "when conscientiously practiced, is the amulet or charm to defend its wearer from all sorts and conditions of professional life."

We do not know whether the Roman church is generally ready to assume the responsibility of allowing young women to go on the stage, trusting to its safeguards. When Mme. de Navarro waited on Cardinal Manning, after her retirement from the stage, he told her he was glad she was no longer an actress, because, whenever he inveighed against the perils of the theatrical profession, Miss Mary Anderson was sure to be brought forward as an argument on the other side. The Cardinal would seem to have thought that safety lay only in never going on the boards.

THE GREATEST ACTRESS of Germany is now finishing her second season in America, and at the very last the public is discovering the fact that we have been entertaining a distinguished visitor. The first season she was regarded as an ordinary member of the Irving Place Theater stock company. But this last winter New York has recognized her, and now her tour through the country has given the cities which could boast a German-speaking community of any considerable size a chance to see her. In New York the Germans have been having a beautiful time. The Irving Place Theater, the queer, dingy, and really artistic establishment, was crowded every night. If Frau Sorma is not a great actress, she is a very skillful interpreter of character. Her work in Untrue, in which she lately appeared for the first time, shows her at her best. As the young wife who punishes her husband for his jealousy by flirting with his friend, and even keeping a rendezvous in the friend's house, she was wonderfully skillful, buoyant, natural, and effective. The scene of her encounter with the husband while she is at the friend's house was managed with uncommon ease and cleverness, and, in the third act, her passionate refusal to be reconciled to him till he had declared his belief in her innocence, showed that she possessed genuine dramatic fire. It was altogether a very brilliant performance of a most difficult character. As Nora in The Doll's House, in which Frau Sorma has reappeared, she renewed the success won last season; it is technically a most satisfying performance, full of "nice shades," as George Meredith might say. But the actress made a blunder in playing the chief rôle in The Maiden's Dream, a romantic comedy by Bernstein. Here she showed her physical limitations, and at times appeared merely the commonplace stock actress. Her performance of Rautendelein in Hauptmann's The Sunken Bell was delicate and poetically imaginative, a curious contrast to the realistic methods of her other parts. No one has been seen on our stage, the Duse not excepted, who has such extraordinary facial expression as this German player. If she were to lose her pretty voice, she might rival Félicia Mallet in pantomime. No, to do that she would have to walk better. Her walk—but let us not be unkind to talent. And then her clothes—they are the most bewildering examples of German "elegance" that could possibly be devised!

AGNES SORMA

UPON LOS ANGELES STREETS, the figure of Mr. Charles F. Lummis, adventurer in type and upon the plain, is regarded as a most unique offering to Eastern curiosity. Mr. Lummis practices a fine disregard for the effeminate amenities of our daily life; in dress and speech he is direct and antagonistic, spending much time upon his convictions. His attire each day includes a "corduroy" suit, a limp sombrero, a rag about the neck—the ensemble varies not, whatever the occasion. a reception and dinner draws him out, but no modification in dress is expected by those who know him.

And his face is even more uncompromising, the face of a man who has seen and felt beyond the degree usual in our prosaic day. Bronzed by southern suns, wrinkled by many an exertion, the face is one dear to the artist given to "studies." As a character study in physiognomy, the subject is rare.

What is to be thought of that unwitting woman, who one day drew aside ostentatiously from a man, presumably a farmhand? Mr. Lummis, while glancing over some Stevensoniana in a Los Angeles bookshop, became aware of this little display of superiority. The bookseller observed this valiant warrior draw out The Amateur Emigrant and turn its pages rapidly. A smile softened the rugged face as this passage flashed into view: "I wish some one would find out exactly at what stage of toilette a man becomes wholly invisible to the well-regulated female eye."

IBSEN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY has been celebrated with varying degrees of enthusiasm, the excitement declining gradually as America is approached, where scarcely a ripple disturbed the public placidity. Yet Agnes Sorma has been playing The Doll's House to enthusiastic audiences in New York, and Miss Elizabeth Robbins was threatening to celebrate the date, March 20th, by a performance of Hedda Gablee. The performance was actually given later to an audience which the newspapers discreetly referred to as composed "largely of the literary and dramatic professions," that is, small. Probably in America Ibsen's plays will be unpopular so long as they are presented at special performances. The public would doubtless recognize what an admirably effective play The Doll's House is if Mr. Charles Frohman would only put it on, and have it acted badly by his Empire Stock Company. Violent defense of Ibsen and special performances have actually terrified the public. Outside "the literary and dramatic professions" very few dare to go to one of his plays.

In England, the jubilée celebration was not so ebullient as one might have wished. A number of admirers, headed by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer, presented the Master with a silver Ciborium, a facsimile of one made for George II, a silver ladle, and a silver cup. No special performance was given, and the only special amusement was

HENRIK IBSEN
DRAWN BY GUSTAV LERUM

some little squabbling in the newspapers between people who admired the Master in different ways or who claimed priority in "discovering" him.

On the continent the celebration assumed a dignity in keeping with its real importance. There were special performances in Berlin and other German cities, and in Christiana a real fête, gala performances, torchlight processions, speeches to the students by Dr. Ibsen. It is a real pleasure to feel that in his own country there is nothing "new," nothing "advanced" about Ibsen. He is accepted, and having arrived at the age of seventy, he is probably looked on as a conservative and a classic. Personal anecdotes of the dramatist's life have been filling the newspapers and magazines. Unfortunately for copy makers, Ibsen has lived for many years a life, which, if not retired, is at least aloof from the world. He appears in the streets and at the cafés, but he does not encourage the interviewer nor the curious admirer. A fair example of his disinclination to discuss his work is found in the answer he made to a lady who attacked him at a court ball with the question: "Do you mind telling me, Dr. Ibsen, what you meant by Peer Gynt?" The narrator of the incident goes on to say that a dead silence reigned for a moment in the little group surrounding the old man. He finally raised his head, threw back his shock of white hair, adjusted his glasses, looked quizzically into the woman's eyes, and then slowly drawled out:

"Oh, my dear madam, when I wrote Peer Gynt only our Lord and I knew what I meant; and as for me, I have entirely forgotten."

ARTHUR HANDLY MARKS, formerly in the consular service of the United States, has had his literary memory preserved in a posthumous volume, Igerne, and Other Writings. During his voyage across the Atlantic to take his post, he was the shipmate of James Russell Lowell, himself newly appointed to the Court of St. James. Marks, like so many Southerners, was deeply interested in Poe's life and writings, and afterward made a partially successful attempt to find some memory of the poet's English schooldays preserved in Stoke-Newington. He spoke of him to Lowell—and obtained the straightforward opinion "that Poe was a man of very vicious nature, perfectly depraved in his personal character." Other judgments were obtained and recorded, supporting what Marks was probably expecting—what he calls "the well-known hatred and contempt the Bostonians have for everything Knickerbocker." Thus Lowell thought N. P. Willis "a clever, indolent fellow." "I asked him," Marks goes on, "if he did not think that Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of The Culprit Fay (a favorite of mine), was not much neglected by this generation." To his surprise he had a smile and a shake of the head for an answer. Perhaps the most ingenuous of these confidences is Lowell's testimony that Sumner's English popularity was due to the letters of introduction given him by Judge Story, that Ticknor was a still greater social success abroad, and that Sumner himself was "extremely conceited—oppressively so."

AMERICAN CITIES IN FICTION

I

BOSTON — I

IN the old stories, to mention a place was enough to "locate" it there. In Martin Merivale, His X Mark, one of the first stories about Boston (it was by J. T. Trowbridge, and appeared in 1854 in pamphlet parts, just as Pickwick Papers did), the hero writes a thrilling romance called The Beggar of Bagdad. The publishers won't have it, and the author eventually changes the title to The Beggar of Venice, because he has "got sick of Bagdad." All the local color there is in it does as well for Venice as it did for Bagdad. This incident (which is reminiscent of the repainted picture in Mürger's Scènes de la Vie de Bohême) is typical of the treatment of places in all the older fiction. Take, for instance, The Power of Sympathy, reputed to be the very first American novel—that queer and silly old epistolary story of the eighteenth century, in which Mrs. Perez Morton trotted out for public view the particularly ugly skeleton in the closet of Mr. Perez Morton. The letters are dated from Boston and "Belleview" (Dorchester), and occasionally from "Rhodeisland;" but there is not a gleam of anything in the whole book to mark the places off from any other places in the world. "A party was made up yesterday to go on the water;"—you prick up your ears to see what the water was like in those days, and what people did on it, but you are not allowed a single glimpse; the narration goes wandering off into opaque generalizations about the dangers which lie in the power of sympathy, or something of that sort. The only peep you get at the Boston of the last century is contained in the inference you may draw from the story that the austerity of Puritan manners had considerably abated.

Even if you take a big jump in time down to 1854 and The Lamplighter,—a novel of which more than ten thousand copies were sold, and which elderly people allude to as containing "lots about Boston,"—you find that nothing of the sort we call local color appears. At the opening of this story, a little girl sits in the door of her poor home watching for the old man who comes with his ladder to light the street lamps. "Back of the building where Nan Grant lived was a large wood and coalyard, and beyond that a wharf, and the thick, muddy water of a dock." You learn that the water in Boston docks was muddy in 1854. Doubtless the water in the docks of New York and Philadelphia was muddy, too. 'Tis thus with all the stories of the type, and nearly all of the time. You seek in vain for anything characteristic, either in the actions of the people or their surroundings.

Not even in Trowbridge's Martin Merivale, which was in some sense autobiographical (Trowbridge came from western New York to Boston when he was twenty to live by literature, and had a woful time of it, like all the rest), do you get the conscious local study which, with us, was of a later period—the interweaving of real place feeling

with the lives of people. However, his "treatment" of Boston was bad enough. There is in Martin Merivale plenty of low life and drink, all with a Dickensish flavor, and a street conflagration of the good old stage sort, with "Play away 5!" and that sort of thing; there is a shocking, and for the most part, probably true, picture of the cheap "literary" weeklies which swarmed in Boston at that time; there is a book publisher or two and an author—"a seedy individual, with droning voice and a mouth stained with tobacco." The publisher of the True Flag (a paper which still exists, and which Trowbridge masks under a slightly different name) offers prizes for poems. Martin's story, The Beggar of Bagdad, aforesaid, is rejected by a publisher because "the style is too fine." Says this publisher: "The popular taste is for simple, natural pictures of life; the 'Beggar' does not come down to real life." This in 1854; but if you search the American literature of the period, you will scarcely find one story that "comes down to real life." However, we get in Martin Merivale a sufficiently concrete and startling picture of the clientele of what the author called a "genteel boarding-house" at the West End:

> The society at the house was mixed and various. Two lawyers, a quack doctor, a teacher of French and German, several dry-goods clerks, a piano tuner, and a couple of young gentlemen of leisure suspected of gambling proclivities; three sewing girls, a school teacher and a teacher of music (women), two California widows and a wild creature of thirty-five, supposed to have had her wits shattered by an early disappointment—and rare Miss Befflin.

Martin, prospering, had transplanted himself into this Elysian company from Portland street, which was apparently the Columbus avenue of the time. At about the epoch when Martin Merivale—which is simply Martin Chuzzlewit and water—was appearing, Dr. Holmes was getting ready for the world the much truer glance at Boston, which we find in the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. The Autocrat is not a novel, but presumably it belongs in a broad way to fiction. Anyway, in it we get something which, while it is far from pretending to be a local study, has the real local grip at last—something definite and living. In the pages of the Autocrat the long path on the Common, and the granite block seats, and the gingko tree, are made to live forever. At the same time that we get these few characteristic things we learn, however, that

> Boston is just like other places of its size; only, perhaps, considering 'its' excellent fish-market, paid fire department, superior monthly publications, and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities.

Alas! the gingko tree is on its last legs, the fish-market is broken up into little bits, the paid fire department is no longer a distinction, monthly publications pretty nearly as good, at least, are found elsewhere, and the Traveller has changed its name to the Traveler, with one beggarly *l*, and is yellow—that is, pink—of hue. Boston is, indeed, too much like other places. But the Autocrat had a decided influence in teaching our novelists to get hold of whatsoever is characteristic about the place. Holmes did little of the like thing anywhere else, and wrote novels himself which had no place-color in them; but when another man of sense and wit began to write about Boston, and gave us that consummate picture of life called A Modern Instance, it was not particularly hard to trace the influence of Holmes in his clever, vivid way of touching things and places. Putting aside all questions of schools, it is probably incontestable that between Mr. Howells and all others, considered as picturers of Boston in fiction, there is an awful gap. Compared with the Modern Instance and A Woman's Reason, Mr. Henry James's Bostonians and Mr. F. Marion Crawford's American Politician are lampoons. Howells does not lampoon; he clothes his Boston stories with the body and fills them with the spirit of the town. The adventures of Bartley Hubbard and Helen Harkness seem to carry with them more of the life of Boston than do the proceedings of any of his other people. Lemuel Barker is a strongly-drawn, pathetic figure, and every year tourists inquire of policemen for the bench on the Common on which he sat; and yet, the experiences of an amiable greenhorn in Boston are not necessarily greatly unlike what they might be in another city; and in Silas Lapham there is little local color compared with the two novels first mentioned. The exactness of the picture of Bromfield Corey, as a type of the Bostonian of the old families, is questioned, and perhaps it is questionable. Mr. James may have hit the type better; but his picture of the place does not make us live in it, if we happen to live somewhere else, as Mr. Howells's does.

Mr. Henry James's Bostonians is, in short, a grind in three volumes. Miss Olive Chancellor "had the good fortune to dwell on that side of Charles street toward which, in the rear, the afternoon sun slants redly, from a horizon indented at empty intervals with wooden spires, the masts of lonely boats, the chimneys of dirty 'works,' over a brackish expanse of anomalous character, which is too big for a river and too small for a bay." Beginning with this blasphemy of the Back Bay, the Bostonians goes on to the end with the air of being written for a British public, and abounds in explanations of things American for the benefit of the untraveled Britannic reader. Hawthorne's English is not despised even beyond the Atlantic, and yet he boldly wrote "hack" and such American words where Mr. James, even in an American story, finds it necessary to write "hackney-coach." Mr. James, of course, in a Boston story, was in duty bound to sprinkle his pages with Ideas, Reform, the Ballot-box, Psychology, and the Rights of Woman. These things are found in Boston, and yet there is a tendency in the writers of fiction to distort them out of their proper relation to the life of the people. That is something which Mr. Howells did not do with anything.

Mr. Marion Crawford's American Politician belongs with Mr. James's Bostonians. It is the little bit of a Society Boston which he chiefly pictures. Mrs. Sam Wyndham "was about forty years of age, as all her friends knew, for it is

as easy for a Bostonian to conceal her age as for a crowned head. In a place where one-half of society calls the other half cousin, and went to school with it, every one knows and accurately remembers just how old everybody else is." Mrs. Wyndham has the customary Boston opinion of Boston; she understands Boston business and calls it finance, but she despises the New York Stock Exchange and denounces it as gambling. The Politician is Mr. John Harrington, a Bostonian of blue blood, who has gone wrong and cultivates the Irish. Mr. Crawford had undoubtedly the case of a living patrician of Boston in mind, so that we cannot accuse him of introducing impossible things. He does up the tax-dodgers in a way which seems to imply that, so far as he is aware, there are no tax-dodgers anywhere else.

Mr. William H. Rideing has "gone for" Boston quite extensively in his Little Upstart—an intensely and distressingly personal story, in which clubs and real men and women figure under extremely thin disguises; the Somerset Club is the Devonshire, the Papyrus the Stylus; Boyle O'Reilly is "the poet O'Hara," and so on. This is local color with a vengeance; and it is not laid on in a flattering way. But the prize for real lampooning of Boston must surely go to Professor Arlo Bates, author of The Pagans and The Philistines. In The Pagans, the earlier of the two, Mr. Bates starts out with the same old view across the Charles river, which the readers of Boston stories must get horribly tired of. But we soon find ourselves in the St. Filipe Club—a name which is so thin a mask that one wonders why it was put on at all. There is some epigrammatic talk—consciously and very intentionally epigrammatic—and there is some philosophy of life which quite out-Verlaines Verlaine. Think of Bostonians being made to talk like this:

> Emerson lacked the loftiness of vice. He knew only half of life. He never had any conception of the passionate longing for vice per se; the thrill, the glow, which comes to some men at the splendid caress of sin in its most horrible shape.

The book incidentally mocks at the supposed musical eminence of Boston. In The Philistines we are grieved to find the same people that were in The Pagans. Some of them have given up being pagans, and have become Philistines. Here pictorial art and literature are the principal objects of the author's satire. There is a noteworthy scene at the Browning Club; the author belonged to this club, and presumably knew what he was telling about. It makes an amusing picture; Mrs. Staggchase, Elsie Dimmont, and Fenton, an artist, are listening to the proceedings of the club, of which Fenton is a member. Mrs. Staggchase whispers that she feels as if she were in a lunatic asylum. The club is considering Bishop Blougram's Apology, and Fenton rises, glances around at the circle of Browningites enragés, and ventures this contribution to the discussion:

> The poem is most remarkable for the intimate knowledge which it shows of human nature. Take a line like
>
> "Men have outgrown the shame of being fools;"
>
> we can see striking instances of its truth all about us!

"How can you!" exclaimed Elsie Dimmont under her breath.

One finds a very different tone in another book which deals with pretty much the same clubs, and the same grade of people as Mr. Bates's, to-wit, Mr. T. Russell Sullivan's Roses of Shadow. The Ægean Club may—and may not—be the same as the St. Filipe, but if it is, Mr. Sullivan must have known a different set of men there. This is one of the extremely small number of Boston stories written by a real Bostonian. Natives of Boston, for the most part, lack the perspective which alone would enable them to write a true story of their town. It would be as impossible as it is for any one to write properly a dialect which he habitually speaks. One would say, from a point or two, that Mr. Sullivan had gone abroad to get his perspective. For instance, he describes certain streets as "quaint, irregular, quiet places that bear to Charles street something of the relation that the Adelphi Terrace bears to the Strand." (Here a casual reader of the public library copy of Roses of Shadow, doubtless a person of strong "Americanism" of feeling, has written "Rats!" in the margin, in a bold, bad hand, and gone on.) There was another rather clever and not ill-tempered grind on Boston notions published in an anonymous series,—The Wolf at the Door. In it the women join "classes" in all sorts of things that they have no interest in, in a manner eminently Bostonian. One of them is getting up a subscription to erect a statue to King Philip, and another of them, Barbara by name, wants to know whether it is to Philip Augustus, Philip le Bel, or Louis Philippe. There is also a class in cookery; after a session of this, Cecile admits: "My thing was horrid; it turned out that I put in cream-of-tartar instead of salt; you have no idea how it did taste! But, of course, we must expect to have our failures." This same charming Cecile is seen walking on the Mill-Dam with her Spanish teacher (male). The way in which her mother expresses her objection to this is memorable: "I did n't care to have Cecile learn Spanish; if she were going to Havana, or Spain, there might be some use. It would be so much better for her to keep up her French or her Italian or German!"

There was a clever, but amateurish caricature of Boston fads and cranks published anonymously in Chicago under the bad title, The Fearless Investigator—a roaring farce, mostly, with a curious vein of seriousness and question running through it. There is in it almost nothing to locate it; and yet the picture of Boston thought, struck by lightning, has the illuminating and truthful side that a really good caricature has. The Fearless Investigator satirizes spiritualism, which is proper enough in a Boston story, since Boston is the capital of spiritualism. Mr. Howells took his shy at that topic, but in no lampooning way, in The Undiscovered Country; so did Miss Alice Brown in her early story, Fools of Nature. There is a boarding-house in Miss Brown's book: Two sides of Boston, that presented by its aristo-

cratic society, with its "view across the Charles," and that presented by the boarding-house, have affected the imagination of writers of Boston stories in a pre-eminent way—all of them seem to have lived in boarding-houses at one stage of their career. Miss Brown's boarding-house keeper could grow nowhere else; she redusts after the chambermaid, and "sees that the handles of the water-pitchers are turned out." This boarding-house keeper, she, too, once had aspirations to be a prima donna; she even sang in Music Hall, and "failed because she was so homely," and had to go to taking lodgers. Except for this woman, who turned the handles of the water-pitchers outward, the people in this story might have lived somewhere else. The same is true, emphatically, of another popular story which carries Boston in its title—Miss Pool's Roweny in Boston. This tale, though its people are diverting, might have been "localized" for Providence or Minneapolis, or Tacoma, as vaudeville companies localize their gags wherever they go, by the change of a word here and there.

As compared with the boarding-houses, the grave and potent counting-houses of Boston get short shrift in the Boston stories. Mr. F. H. Underwood touched them a little in his Man Proposes, published anonymously away back in 1880. In this book is a big Devonshire warehouse and its clerks, cleverly pictured, and copper-mine stock, and that kind of thing. Mr. Underwood was in this book the first exploiter, perhaps, of the joke about the impossibility of the Common as a place for promenading to any Bostonians except the very lowest classes. His story presently becomes one of the Civil War. Silas Lapham was a solid man of Boston, to be sure, but not one to the manner born. We find more about the elegant old Boston merchant in the historical romances—the modern reconstructions of the colonial town—than anywhere else; and the historical Boston romance opens up a new branch of the subject.

JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.

PASSING THE MINSTER

PRAISE to thine awful beauty, praise
And peace, O warden of my ways!
Bid o'er the brow to thee I raise,
Immortal unction fall.

Nobly and equally thou must
Take adoration of my dust,
And unto height and breadth august
Thy low-born lover call.

Bless me! forget me not; a lone
Clear A m e n thro' thine arches blown,
A heartbeat of that Hope, a stone
Fixed also in that Wall.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE CELEBRITY

AN INTERVIEW WITH CAROLUS DURAN

Photograph by Reutlinger

M. CAROLUS DURAN

EVEN if I had not known Carolus Duran from photographs, I think I should have recognized the painter in the ample figure that stalked before me the other day through the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria. The heavy loose black overcoat, and the wide and easy management of the stick, suggested the serene Englishman; but the face was unmistakably French, with its double-pointed beard once fiercely black, now softened into a gentle gray, the bristling moustaches, and with the deep eyes and the large red lips. The whole figure had the distinction of unconsciousness which only those men acquire who have best reason to be conscious. No one could see it without realizing that it represented a personage.

When I had been introduced, I found the painter all courtesy. Not for one moment, however, did he suggest the courtesy that makes you either suspicious or alarmed. His manner was simple, unaffected, serious. I had come to ask him to talk with me for a few moments about his art, and he readily acquiesced.

"But first, let me tell you," he said, "how delightfully I have been treated since I arrived here. I have a great many friends in the United States, but this is my first visit to your country. I

came into New York in a blinding snow-storm, and everything was blurred and gray—a most picturesque effect, I assure you. It was an altogether curious experience. Since then I have gone about indefatigably, and I have met a number of my old pupils here. You know a great many of your American painters have studied with me in Paris, among them, Sargent and Low. And then your charming American ladies—I have painted hundreds of them. So I am merely continuing, over here, the work I have been doing so many years in Paris."

Our talk then turned to Paris, and to the beginnings of the painter's own career. "No," he said, in reply to a question of mine. "I did not receive my first instruction in Paris. That was given me in my native city of Lille. But I went to Paris while I was still a youngster, and I studied there for several years. Then I went down to Rome, where I worked hard for several years more, and then came those delightful years in Spain, where I felt strongly the influence of Velasquez. Oh, those old fellows! How well they knew their art. The young men of the present day do n't have time to learn their art. They are too eager to win notoriety to lay the strong foundation that every really good painter must have. So they try to make up for their lack of knowledge by eccentricity, by doing the things that will startle the public and get themselves talked about. No, I have no patience with the new-fangled theories of art. They seem to me grotesque and full of affectation. Of course, there are some men who take up these notions, but who still have great talent, and whatever they do reveals the talent in spite of the notions. Ah, it 's a great pity to see how these young painters have turned to subjects that are wholly out of the domain of art! Many of these have been influenced by the new schools of literature—the decadent schools. Bah! how I despise those schools; where shams take the place of genuinely solid qualities. No, the artist must always go to nature and faithfully reproduce what he finds there."

I quoted to the painter a remark I once heard Elihu Vedder make about the importance to an artist of a thorough education outside the domain of art. "Our painters do not read and study enough," Mr. Vedder had declared, "and that is one reason why they do not succeed in doing really vigorous work."

"Ah, yes," Monsieur Duran assented, half sadly. "A well-equipped mind is essential to an artist, but that is only a means to an end. What is art but the reproduction of nature? Those young painters over in Paris do not appreciate nature. They have substituted literary affectations in her place. That is why I take a pessimistic view of the conditions of art in Paris at the present time. There is no one over there among the younger men who is doing really fine work. You see, I am always going back to that," he added with a smile, "to nature! As soon as art abandons nature she ceases to be art." F.

THE ESCAPE

EVERY night as he lay down on his bunk in the convict cage, hot, panting, his muscles tingling from over-exertion, he had said to himself that the next day he would dare the guns and dogs and attempt to escape. But each morning, a little refreshed by the night's rest, he had put the tempter aside, and had resolved to endure his sentence, and return to his wife and little ones, once more a free man, determined to leave them something better than a legacy of poverty and shame.

In the mean time the weather grew warmer and warmer, and the toil became more intense. The corn was waving great five foot long streamers, and began to gleam with golden tassels. The cotton also grew as if by magic. But with it grew the weeds and grass. As the convict force was insufficient to attend the amount of land the state had "put in," it was a battle royal with the grass to save the crop.

The men were worked from the time it was light enough to see how to shoot, until it was entirely dark. Each day they became more and more jaded and worn. Their cheek-bones stood out prominently, their eyes, red and inflamed, sunk back into their sockets and smouldered there, flickering like ill-fed torches in caverns. Their muscles, rigid as iron, but small, clung to the bone like bark. In spite of constant urging and dogged effort, they could not work as they had done earlier in the season.

From morning until night the convict driver rode up and down the cotton rows and cursed and swore, but every now and then he would stop from his oaths long enough to strike over the head some prisoner who lagged behind. Under this stimulus the convict would usually spur up to the gang, but sometimes, out of sheer weakness and exhaustion, he could not.

When this happened, he would be stripped of his clothing, thrown to the ground, held there by four men, and given twenty-five or thirty lashes with a heavy leathern thong.

It was against "the statute in such cases made and provided" to "break the hide," as they phrased it, but the law was silent about bruising. So, with the dexterity of long practice and the skill of an artist who delights in his work, the driver laid on lick after lick until the prisoner's skin was a study in purple.

One Saturday late in June, sick at heart, desperate, exhausted from overwork and insufficient food, he, too, had lagged behind, but not until near sunset. The driver, overcome also with the heat, and wearied from much whipping, had contented himself with riding up and promising the laggard a whipping the next Monday if such a thing happened again.

The desire to escape immediately gripped at his heart again. Its voice thundered imperiously in his ears, and this time would not be hushed.

It taunted him as a coward, afraid of the guns and the dogs. It sneered at him as worse than a beast, willing to be kicked and cuffed because

afeared even to run off. It argued and pleaded. "If he remained," it said, "he would die, perhaps, yes, certainly die, a convict,—how, then, would his children be benefited? Let him be a man, and endeavor to escape. In another state, under a different name, he might once more climb the steep pathway of fortune."

Dry-eyed and feverish, he lay awake all Saturday night, and heard the night-watchman and the cage-boss strike every hour and half-hour on the yard bell; but this time he resolved with conviction that Monday night should find him either dead or free.

Sunday the men were kept locked up in the cage yard, and escape from there was impossible. All that morning he strolled around, furtively examining the men until he found some in whose eyes burned the same defiance as in his own. These he noted well.

Sunday afternoon the prisoners were called around to attend religious services. The convicts were herded together on rough, unplaned, puncheon benches; the preacher, the drivers, the few guards who preferred preaching to crap-shooting, and some free people, attracted from the neighborhood by a desire to escape the deadly dullness of a Sunday afternoon in the country, were seated comfortably apart on chairs, far from contaminating contact with the convicts. Before the services began, the drivers could be seen motioning towards the men and whispering something to the country magnates, such as justices of the peace, owners of unmortgaged farms, and dispensers of whiskies imported from "wet" counties into that alcoholically arid vicinity. These visitors looked and laughed. The officers were showing the more notable and desperate of the prisoners with the same pride with which a farmer exhibits his prize Poland Chinas or Berkshires.

A flame of scarlet swept over his face, as, glancing up, he saw himself pointed out for this distinction.

At last the singing began. He had always been peculiarly susceptible to the influence of music. To-day the convicts took up the old familiar hymns, fitfully and trembling at first, but after a while with a longing and yearning, impossible to any but those who have known the deepest of life's degradations, the bitterest of life's sorrows—captivity in a convict-camp.

They were hated, despised, scorned of the world. They had lost liberty, and in losing it had lost everything. No time, nor toil, nor tears could give them back what once was theirs, and sweep disgrace from their names. But for them, even for them, they had been told, there was hope. Some time, somewhere in other worlds they might be men again. So, as they sang the hymns picturing God's love, God's mercy,—as they thought of the many mansions promised even them by one who, like them, had been a convict, and died under the ban of the criminal law between two thieves, their whole soul sobbed and shuddered and pleaded in the song. The cry for mercy, which they knew the officers and the world would not heed, shut so long in their hearts, burst forth in the notes, and they seemed imploring God, face to face, pleading, crying for forgiveness, for mercy, for one more chance for purity and happiness.

The effect on him was magical.

He was at home, a boy again. It was Sunday afternoon on the farm. The sunlight lay warm and sweet on the yard, the field, and the pines; his mother was singing the same old hymns, and he, a little fellow, was singing with her in piping childish treble. Forgotten were the rude visitors, the convict-camp, the stripes, his bruised hands, his swollen feet and breaking heart. A soft luster blossomed in his eyes, his cheek flushed with a healthy glow, his breathing was smooth, but eager. Behold, a miracle had been wrought; he was not a convict now, but a man!

Then the singing ceased, and he started as the dead might start, if brought back to earth from paradise.

Yes, on the morrow he would go; better death and hell, anything, all things than this.

That night, before the cage boss rang the prisoners down to bed, he sought out the men he had marked in the morning. He sounded them cautiously; for nearly an hour he insinuated, tacked, evaded, approached, withdrew; this was necessary because the camp was full of spies, who climbed to favor by reporting the other men. At last, convinced that they were desperate as himself, he proposed that to-morrow they should risk the guns and dogs. It was at once agreed. They should jump from under the guns as the men were marching from the field at dark.

When this agreement was reached, an immense burden fell from his soul. He knew the chances were that he would be shot to death by the guns, or, escaping these, be torn to pieces by the bloodhounds. The risk was terrible. At least the desire to do and the fear to dare had ceased rending his heart with their unending debate.

He slept that night soundly, as when a boy. The next day he worked well, but husbanded his strength as best he could. At noon, when the men stopped "to catch their pan of food," he appeared even cheerful. Once he laughed. The driver remarked, sarcastically, "Number 548 must be running for trustyship."

At last the sun began to drop towards the west. Then he thrust great crimson swords between the slender pine boles: the whip-poor-wills drummed in the lowlands, and the dusk-winged night moths wheeled around the cotton blooms.

The driver cried, "Line up!" The men got four abreast and started towards the camp. In front of them marched two guards with Winchester rifles. Every now and then they turned and looked back, keeping anxious eyes on the prisoners. The killing of a prisoner attempting to escape meant promotion: the missing spelled discharge. Behind marched two other guards, similarly armed and equally watchful. In the parallelogram thus formed, and near the men, rode the driver, girded with pistol and cartridge belt, and still clutching his ever-present whip.

Thus arranged, they had marched half a mile, when the road swirled sharply around a field of tall corn, which ran back to the creek bank, which

was but a few hundred yards off and covered with canes and briers. As the two front guards passed on the bridge, they were compelled to huddle a little and relax their watch. Now or never was his chance. Fearing to look if the rear guards were watching, lest his courage fail him, he gave one bound from the line and stooped to crawl under the wire fence at the road's edge. He heard the shuffle of the feet close by, and knew his comrades had been true to their promise to jump with him, and thus scatter the aim of the guns.

A cry went up from the line, "Man gone, man gone!" The driver yelled, "Down, men, down, you scoundrel-beasts!" and all the convicts fell flat in the road to make the way clear for the bullets. At once the rifles began. Boom, boom, boom! he heard the Winchesters ring out. His heart leapt to his mouth, his brain whirled, but his muscles moved as of electrically charged. Boom! went the Winchester again, and a striped rag shot forward in front of him. It was a piece of his shirt sleeve torn off by a bullet. The blood trickles from his arm. He sees it, but gives it no heed other than to thank God he is not wounded in the legs. Somehow Number 527, who jumped after he had, has gotten ahead of him.

This poor fellow crashes blindly through the corn, making a tremendous noise. This noise guides the aim of the guns. Number 527 whirls suddenly to the left. He is shot in the right shoulder. Then he whirls back to the right. He is shot this time in the left shoulder-blade, the ball piercing through into the lungs. The shot man staggers forward a little while, reels drunkenly, throws up his unwounded arm, and then falls in a huddle in the corn furrow. He tries to say something. "God" escapes his lips, but the remainder of the sentence is drowned by the blood gushing out of his mouth.

He himself gazes one moment at his dead comrade, and then darts into the cane on the creek bank.

He has dared the guns, and is safe from them. Now for the dogs, the bloodhounds. He hears the clang of the horses' hoofs flying along the road. It is a messenger for the hounds. They have been with the plow-gang to-day, for a jump had been expected there, and not among the hoe hands.

He will thus gain a quarter of an hour on the dogs. He must outwit them. He wades into the creek and down a little. He crosses over. He climbs a tree, crawls out on a branch, and then drops into the creek again, and wanders down a little. Then he goes into the woods. It is getting intensely dark. He grows confused. The briers tear his flesh. His strength is waning. The bullet in his arm burns like a coal of fire. Oh, that the moon would rise! He staggers forward doggedly. Perhaps in the dark he is coming towards his pursuers, or maybe to the camp, maybe.

Listen! Hear that shudder, as if the darkness had found tongue? It is the horn; it is the driver, yelling the dogs on; it is the baying of Buck, Trailer, and Catch. They are now in the field. How loud and lusty they yelp. A note of terror now strikes through their baying. Then they whimper plaintively. They have found the dead man in the corn. They now howl mournfully in long, shuddering notes. This continues awhile, but the horn soon sounds again. The drivers are trying to get them from the dead man, and put them on his trail. The hounds still whimper awhile, then the crash of the dog-whip tears the night air apart like a knife, and the baying commences again. They are now on his track. The old dogs open up deep and thunderous as doom; the puppies yelp with a querulous, eager treble. The whole pack is making its music. On, Trailer! on, Buck! on, Catch! the drivers yell high and shrill above the hound music.

What a shudder these sounds send through his heart. He grows sick at his stomach with fear. His tongue swells, and becomes dry and cold. His brow beads with clammy, ice-cold sweat, yet burns with fever. He totters. He is weak in the legs. Great God! they may find him yet. No, he will never be caught; God, if devil He be not, cannot have the injustice to allow this. He will go forward and be free.

But, look! Yonder is a suffused red light in the distance! It is the camp lanterns. He has run into the arms of death. Well, let it receive him. A man dies but once. What does it matter? But they shall not triumph over his capture. No, he will rush on the night-watch and, attempting to seize his gun, will be shot and die, and dying, die at once.

Good-bye, old world, so full of injustice, but to which his heart has clung so pitifully, good-bye! Good-bye, wife and little ones, God deal more tenderly with them than He has done with him! Oh, how can those stars shine so calmly while he dies as dies a hounded beast! O, how can those night flowers kiss him with such intoxicating odor! Has some devil created this universe but to feed his soul on blood and tears?

But look at that light. It lifts higher in the heavens. It silvers now. It is not the camp lanterns. It is the moon, reddened by the night fogs. Escape, escape, escape! He will be free. Onward he flies; he turns, retraces his tracks, doubles and wheels. No, they shall not capture him. Man is more than a match for dogs. Who are these drivers and hounds they shall set their minds against his? Might, brute force was theirs beyond his own; but subtlety, the skill intellectually to overcome obstacles, had he not learned these in the camp where cunning is the only weapon helpless humanity has against cruelty and power?

Pride even rises. No, he will not be captured. He will live.

Ah, yes; let the horns blow, let the drivers crash their whip, let the hounds bay and whimper as they will, thanks to the night and the moon, and his own courage and skill, he will be free.

The sound of the dogs grows faint; the yells of the men grow dim. He stops, he listens; that is no baying of hounds, it is but the trick, the foolery of over-excited nerves. He leans against a tree and listens intently, but coolly now. All is still but the sound of the night beetles and the midnight wind in the pine boughs.

He has thrown dice with death and won.

AUGUSTUS BURTON.

PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER
BY W. NICHOLSON

WHISTLER AT WEST POINT

COMPARATIVELY few people are aware of even the mere fact that Whistler, the famous artist, was at one time a cadet at West Point; and so far as I know, nothing beyond the bare official data has been printed concerning his career there. Yet, although he was only seventeen when he entered West Point in 1851, and was dropped at the end of the third year for being deficient in chemistry, he was such an original and distinct figure that classmates who have not seen him for over forty years have the liveliest recollections of him.

Not only was his artistic genius already clearly in evidence, but he was also noted for his smart sayings, and for certain personal eccentricities which only a genius could have carried off successfully. In fact, the cadet Whistler was, in a most striking way, the precursor, artistically and intellectually, of the Whistler of to-day. And the Whistler of to-day is a picturesque and original personality in the world of art, gifted with an ability quite unexcelled by any one in his own profession (or out of it, for that matter) for clever mots which run the gamut from the sportive and whimsical to the satirical, yet are always Whistlerian. Indeed, I doubt if the youth was ever more

DRAWING MADE BY WHISTLER AT WEST POINT

LOANED BY MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB, U.S.A. (RETIRED)

prophetic of the man than in Whistler's case, a fact which gives special interest to the reminiscences which I have obtained from several of his classmates.

Brevet Major-General Alexander S. Webb, United States Army, (retired), now president of the College of the City of New York, who owns two humorous drawings, made and given to him by Whistler while they were classmates at West Point, where they occupied adjoining desks in the art class, tells me an anecdote which shows that already as a cadet Whistler was not lacking in self-appreciation.

In the art class one day, while Whistler was busy over an India ink drawing of a French peasant girl, the elder Weir, then professor of art at the United States Military Academy, walked, as usual, from desk to desk, examining the pupils' work. After looking over Whistler's shoulder, he stepped back to his own desk, filled his brush with India ink (General Webb says he can see him now rubbing the paint on a plate before "loading,") and approached Whistler with a view of correcting some of the lines in the latter's drawing. When Whistler saw him coming, he raised his hands as if to ward off the strokes of the brush and called out: "Oh, do n't, sir, do n't! You 'll spoil it!"

This was dangerously near to insubordination; but Professor Weir merely smiled, and walked back to his desk without making the intended corrections. Whistler was head of his class in drawing.

General Webb tells a capital anecdote illustrative of Whistler's quick-wittedness and audacity in getting himself out of a disagreeable predicament. There was at West Point at that time, in addition to the regular cadet mess, a private mess for twelve, of whom Whistler was one, at the house of an army officer's widow. One day the cadets conceived the idea of having a little sport at their landlady's expense. The first cadet who came to table said, as he sat down: "Good morning, Mrs. * * *. There is a cat on the roof of your house." The second cadet repeated the remark, except that he varied it by saying: "There are two cats on the roof of your house." Each cadet added a cat until, when Whistler, who was the last to arrive, sat down, he said gravely and with much concern: "Good morning, Mrs. * * *. There are twelve cats on the roof of your house."

During the next meal, Whistler, whom the landlady rightly suspected of having instigated the joke, found under his napkin a billet, notifying him that his presence at the mess was no longer desired. Being, however, averse to returning to the

general mess, Whistler hit upon a plan to regain the widow's good will. After dinner he planted himself in front of a portrait of her late lamented, which hung in the parlor, and appeared lost in admiration of it. When he heard the widow entering, he began descanting, as if to himself, yet loud enough for her to hear, upon the virtues of the deceased, winding up with this exclamation: "To think that West Point should have produced such a man, and that we have his portrait here to remind us of what we ourselves may attain to!" This touched the widow so deeply that Whistler was re-established in her good graces and—the mess.

General Webb also says that it was not wholly unusual at cavalry drill for Whistler, who was a sorry horseman, to go sliding over his horse's head. On such occasions Major Sackett, who succeeded Major (now General) Fitz John Porter in command, would call out:

"Mr. Whistler, are n't you a little ahead of the squad?"

Among three anecdotes which Adjutant-General George D. Ruggles, United States Army (retired), who was, perhaps, Whistler's most intimate friend among the latter's West Point classmates, sends me, is one which also refers to Whistler's habit of parting company with his horse during drills.

In the first mounted drill in the riding academy, in which Whistler took part, he had a hard horse. The instructor walked the squad around the hall, then trotted it, and then gave the command: "Trot out!"

At this last command Whistler, who had journeyed from the withers of the horse to his croup and back again several times, finally tumbled in

DRAWING MADE BY WHISTLER AT WEST POINT
LOANED BY MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB, U.S.A. (RETIRED)

a bundle into the tanbark. He lay for a moment without movement. The dragoon soldiers, who imagined him seriously injured, ran to him and picked him up, to carry him to the hospital; but he told them to let him down. Major Porter, who was in command of the instruction, called to him from his horse: "Mr. Whistler, are you hurt?"

Whistler, leisurely drawing off his gauntlet and brushing the tan-bark away from his hips downward, replied: "No, Major! but I do not understand how any man can keep a horse for his own amusement!"

There was in the squad a horse named Quaker. This horse was crazy, as some horses are. He had run away time and again, had thrown the most expert riders in the cavalry detachment, and had hurled one sergeant high in the air, to descend upon the roof of the stable with broken bones and a broken nose. One day, as the cadets took their places in the riding hall, this horse, Quaker, fell to Whistler, who, coming up blinking with his myopia, said: "Dragoon, what horse is this?" The soldier answered: "Quaker, sir;" and Whistler replied: "My God! He 's no friend."

Upon another occasion, Whistler, who was running a tangent to dismissal on demerit, was found with a pair of boots in his possession. Now boots were not "uniform," and so were prohibited. The barrack regulations required that cadets should have the low quarter uniform shoes; that they should be arranged under the foot of the bedstead with their toes on a line, and that they should be neatly blacked.

Whistler, having obtained the boots for use in deep snows in his nocturnal, and, of course, prohibited, expeditions, had carelessly left them unhidden, and had actually displayed them with his uniform shoes at the foot of his iron bedstead. He was reported for having boots in his possession, for boots not blacked, and boots not in position. These three reports carried with them very considerable demerit, and were almost sufficient to dismiss him.

He was not required to write an excuse, or, as it is now called, an explanation; but he could not resist the opportunity. He wrote a long dissertation to the commandant upon boots and shoes in general, and then, coming down to the particular case in hand, he spoke of the condition of his demerit, and the sad misfortune that had fallen upon him; winding up with the remark: "But, in this case, as it is adding but a little to the whole, what boots it?" For this he was reported for writing an improper excuse, and received more demerit still.

"As you may remember," writes General Ruggles, "Whistler's father, George Washington Whistler, who was a graduate of West Point and for some years an officer in the United States Army, was the engineer who built the early Russian railroads. Young Whistler was with him at that time, and often went to court and played with the imperial children. In Russia and France he acquired the habits and the manners of a European. He was an American, but he seemed more like a Frenchman.

"He was well read in light literature, and had a keen sense of the ridiculous. In the recitation-room, at church, and almost anywhere, the ridiculous incidents of a situation would strike him, and he would sketch, in a second or two, cartoons full of character and displaying the utmost nicety of appreciation of its ludicrous points."

Two of the mature Whistler's most characteristic mots contain amusing imputations upon nature. In some disdainful remarks about tourists, he spoke of their admiration for "singularly foolish sunsets." And once, when a lady exclaimed enthusiastically: "Oh, Mr. Whistler, I came down the Thames this morning, and the scenery was so beautiful it reminded me of a series of your etchings!" he replied: "Yes, madam, nature is looking up." Of a similar character was his remark when he learned that he had been found deficient in chemistry. When asked about the difficulty, he replied laughingly, with an implied reproach upon nature: "Oh, it was because silicon was not a gas!"

This last anecdote was sent to me by Whistler's classmate, Assistant Inspector General William W. Averell, United States Army. General Averell also gives a lively and entertaining account of Whistler's personality.

"Whistler," writes General Averell, "was unique, not only because there was no one like him in our class, but also because he had no equal in art or in the quick and vivid perception and appreciation of the best literature—especially that in which the humorous and pathetic phases of life might be mostly found. Dickens was his nearest favorite, and he reveled in Hudibras and Dr. Syntax.

"There was nothing heavy about any part of his presentment—physical or mental. He was light and airy in every expression or action, and impulsive. He was a constant surprise. Nothing would hold him still and quiet except his art when he had become engaged in any original effort. Even then he would wriggle and twist about his work like an animated interrogation point.

"He was remarkably nearsighted, and his eyes were within a hand's length of the paper when he was drawing in pencil, ink, or water colors. This defective vision caused astonishingly novel effects in his colors—harmonious and beautiful, but unnatural to the normal eye. This abnormal vision may have influenced his work in after years, and given rise to the "Nocturnes" and "Symphonies"—different tones of a single color, which occasioned his controversy with Ruskin."

Allowing for the advance of years, might not this description of the Whistler of '51 apply to the Whistler of '98?

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

TO GLORIA

GOD grant thee grace to be the thing
Thy beauty makes thee seem;
Which we must worship marvelling
Lest it should prove a dream.

THOMAS WALSH.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS

III

TO MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQUIRE

SIR: In you every man of letters must honor an author of singular courage and good humor. I have been unable to procure the most celebrated work from your pen, The Proverbial Philosophy. The name brings back to my memory myself, a grubby little boy, in the library of an old country villa, lent long ago by the wicked Colonel Charteris to the virtuous Forbes of Culloden. Here many days of the nonage of the bookworm were spent, and when not riding barebacked ponеys, or making experiments with brass cannons, I would be reading every kind of book. Among them was your own, beautifully bound, and obviously a gift to some romantic fair one. On asking my elders as to the character of your work, I was told, "It is a very wise book," which, for some reason, put a stop to my researches. In the distance of memory I seem to recall a certain air as of a chastened Walt Whitman, the statements being obvious, but respectable.

I have been supplied, in the absence of Proverbial Philosophy, with one quotation, treasured by a rapt hearer of a reading from your own lips. It ran thus:

> Ask not thy Parson to thy house,
> Lest thy children see him,
> And make a mock of his infirmities.

In this aphorism you seem to hit every one concerned with equal scourge. The person counseled is understood to be incapable of controlling the juvenile excesses of his family; the discreet and learned pastor appears to be mainly notable for his infirmities; the children are cubs. Our fathers were patient men, to welcome such chastenings.

> Reviewing sore
> Unmoved you bore,
> And watched your works attain,
> By your foes' admission,
> Their seventieth edition,
> Like The Christian, by Hall Caine!

I have slightly modified the stanza in your honor by another admirer, Sir George Trevelyan.

In the Preface to your Selections from your works (Moxon, 1866), you say that you "have readers and friends in many nooks of our habitable globe," to whom you present not only poems "which the world has been kind enough to mint-mark with its approbation," but also some which bear the traces of the spurning critical hoof. As you observe, you "have run the gauntlet of so-called criticism fearlessly and successfully for well-nigh thirty years." You must, therefore, have pleased a generation which slighted Tennyson, neither regarded Browning, which one can readily believe. As you once told us, on visiting a home of the mentally afflicted in the United States of America, you learned that your poem, Never Give Up, was a great favorite, and that each inmate set it to music of his own composition.—

> Never give up, though the grapeshot may rattle,
> Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
> Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle,
> Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.—

The storm-cloud, charged with ink, burst upon your devoted head, but you never gave up:

> One envious foe stirs up a million friends,
> A wasp attacks me, and a world defends.

That strikes me as quite equal to Pope. Judging from the number and ferocity of the wasps, your friends, and purchasers, must have amounted to hundreds of millions. I wish that a few wasps would attack myself, if the purchasers of my poems were consequently to be multiplied by millions. In fact, my excellent publishers might purchase a few wasps for the purpose, if they thoroughly understood their business. You appeal to Detraction as a scorpion armed with a mile of rope, and you defy her:

> Yes,—Arabs of the press,—mean Zoilists,
> Shake at me still your jealous little fists!

Zoilus attacked Homer; the Arabs attacked Tupper. The works of the Arabs and the Zoilus have perished; Tupper and Homer endure. The critics are as the shifting sands that the wind blows at the wind's will; Homer lives like the great Pyramid, and on Tupper's face is the secular and enigmatic smile of the imperishable Sphinx.

> I, blandly unaware of all your wrath,
> Lay trampling toads upon my daily path.

As the boy said, after stoning the harmless batrachian, "I'll learn ye to be a toad." But, sure, your phrase is figurative; a Tupper (except in unconscious hours of inspiration) would never walk up and down upon toads! Who wrote Mercy to Animals?

Your poems indicate that affection for the House of Hanover, which, to their credit, marks almost every one of our recent English bards. Alas, for the Muse who can only celebrate and mourn over the dust of a fallen Dynasty, the witty, the beautiful, the brave, the exiled, the unforgotten!

> Red roses for beef and beer,
> Red roses for wine and gold,
> But they drank of the water clear
> In exile and sorry cheer,
> To the kings of our sires of old.

Your loyal poems, Sir, appear to myself to be very musical, benevolent, and sonorous, and to have eminently fitted you for the laurels, had you outlived your illustrious contemporary. A sample of them (one of the poems) was recited before Her Gracious Majesty by one of the fairest of her daughters, forty-four years ago (1854). The Sovereign appears to have shared the taste of her people, a great consolation to an author when nibbled at, like Horace, by the tooth of envy. You seem to have been appealed to when Epithalamia were in request:

> But one minstrel, not unsought,
> Whereof shall his spirit sing?

Poscimur!

> England's Daughter, Prussia's bride,
> Deigns to listen to his lay,—

as he chants

> Young affection's tender dream.

Patriotism!—but that was the strongest chord of your lyre. You welcome

The man, aye, every brother,
Of Anglo-Saxon race,
Who owns a British mother
In Freedom's dwelling place.

We gather that, in your day, Society was exogamous, the English invariably marrying British brides, or the offspring being despised, when they did not. You were welcomed at Osborne, St. James's, and Balmoral, at least, so we gather—

I went to the palace, and there my fair queen,
On the arm of her husband did lovingly lean,
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen.

Morality, too, was yours—no votary, you, of L'Art pour l'Art.

Human life, thou face of Gorgon,
We are hardened up—

Where is there a rhyme for Gorgon? Lady Morgan, or Glamorgan?—

And each sympathetic organ,
Freezes at thy cup.

The poet comes out radiant; he has a rhyme for Gorgon, and he gets his moral in, later. Yet, while tres ferré sur la morale, you, Sir, knew the passion for perfection that ravages the soul of the artist.

Art? It is his breath,
The song-burst of the Soul.
Art? It might be death
His yearnings to control.

Happily, you did not control them, but let them well forth, like the skylark's notes.

Mr. Matthew Arnold permitted himself to speak of the Atlantic cable as "a rope with Philistines talking inutilities at each end." You, better inspired, and giving your yearning its head, exclaim,

World! what a wonder is this,
Grandly and simply sublime!

You then supplied a strophe for the first message, and an antistrophe for the second; but I do not know whether they were cabled.

Mr. Gladstone owes you a sonnet,

with early half prophetic ken
I hailed thy greatness in my college days,—

The vates, the poet, is ever the seer!

How can I end better, Sir, than by quoting your Ode to the Union?

So, a peerless constellation,
May those stars forever blaze!
Three and ten times threefold nation,
Go ahead in power and praise.
Like the many-breasted goddess,
Throned in her Ephesian ear,
Be one heart with many bodies,
Sister States, as now ye are.

Artemis of the Ephesians, as a matter of mere archæological detail, had not "many bodies," but "rhymes are stubborn things."

On perusing your works for the first time, Sir, I can easily see that, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said of Mr. Tennyson, you "were the most popular of our poets,—and richly deserved to be so." Why the wasps and Arabs, and scorpion Detraction, with her mile of rope, pursued you, stung you, and increased your circulation, I cannot imagine. You wrote, Sir, for Anglo-Saxons, the offspring of Brythonic mothers, and you wrote, in an unaffected and cheerful manner, exactly what suited your audience. I do not reckon you at all inferior to many, or most, of the latest poets who have been discovered by the newspapers.

Faithfully yours,

A. Lang.

THE CHEER OF THE MEN WHO SPEAK ENGLISH

THE playground is heavy with silence,
The match is almost done,
The boys in the lengthening shadows
Work hard for one more run—
It comes: and the field is a-twinkle
With happy arms in air,
While over the ground
Rolls the masterful sound
Of victory reveling there;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the match we have won
And each sturdy son
Who carried the victory through!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With clear voices uptossed
For the side that has lost,
And one cheer more
For those winning before
And all who shall ever win:
The cry that our boys send in—
The cheer of the boys who speak English!

The ships-of-the-line beat to quarters,
The drum and bugle sound,
The lanterns of battle are lighted,
"Cast off! Provide!" goes round;
But ere the shrill order is given
For broadsides hot with hate,
Far over the sea
Thunders hearty and free
Defiance to every fate:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the fight to be won
And each sturdy son
Who'll carry the victory through!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the shout of the fleet
For foes doomed to defeat,
And one cheer more
For those winning before,
And all who shall win again:
This is the cry of the men—
The cheer of the men who speak English!

The blare of the battle is over;
The Starry Flag flies on;
The sailors in tremulous quiet
Look down on comrades gone;
The pitiful prayers are all ended;
The sea obtains its dead;—
Or ever the wave
Ripples over their grave,
One staunch good-bye is said:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the men who have won,
For each freeman's son
Who gave up his life to be true!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the shout of the host
For the brothers we've lost,
And one cheer more
For those falling before
And those who have yet to fall:
This is the cry of us all—
The cheer of the folk who speak English!

Wallace de Groot Rice.

A GREAT CONDUCTOR

ANTON SEIDL

THAT CONTRARIETY OF FATE which has become proverbial many times over, has now closed the career of Anton Seidl, just as he was on the point of attaining his broadest and most merited reputation, and so deprived the world of the services of an able man entering upon his highest usefulness. For the youth of whom Richard Wagner could write many years ago, "He is a young artist I have trained myself, who is doing wonderful things," developed into an orchestral conductor known both in Europe and America as a most successful interpreter of Wagnerian music, repaying his master with that enthusiastic devotion which so readily opens the way to the heart.

Anton Seidl was to have been the head of the New York orchestra, and to have conducted a series of concerts and operas in London. He became known in the old world metropolis as long ago as 1877, when he arranged the preliminary rehearsals for the Albert Hall (Nibelung) concerts. America is indebted to him for the first productions, all under his direction, of the Meistersinger (January, 1886), Tristan (December, 1886), Siegfried (November, 1887), Götterdämmerung (January, 1888), and the Rheingold (January, 1889). It was Seidl who first brought to New York a breath from the very air of Bayreuth, just as it was Hans Richter who performed a similar service for London.

The preparation was a long one: In 1872 the young German was given the toilsome position of musical secretary to Wagner as an especial favor. He entered upon his duties with that union of zest and tact which is needed to insure success when dealing with genius. Once only his discretion failed him—some years after the event he remembered so vividly Wagner's first playing of what became the Flower Song in Parsifal that his master took it as an accusation of plagiarism, and for days after would say, when playing, "And you have heard this before, also?" From musical secretary he became friend and intimate. His duties were multifarious and, as their recital discloses, not without compensations. He trained the solo singers and the male chorus for the Götterdämmerung, and persuaded the Rhine maidens to swim gracefully and in time, before the great festival of 1876. He wrote to defend the æsthetic propriety of Fafner, the singing sentimental dragon. He preserved for us knowledge of that characteristic episode wherein Wagner permitted himself to miss a train and an important engagement because humanity compelled him to behead, penknife in hand, some fish he saw wriggling in a market-woman's basket. Finally, he so fulfilled the master's ideal of a conductor, that he became the central figure in the protracted and bootless quarrel between Hülsen of the Berlin opera and Wagner of the Bayreuth festival. "I will play the Walküre," said the one. "You will play the Tetralogy, or nothing," replied the other. He of Berlin took four years to consider the matter, a year for each opera, and gave in his adhesion. "Now," responded the composer, "you will have to present these works of mine properly and in order, and that necessitates the directorship of this good Seidl, who is so near my heart." Thus ended the negotiations, which were as famous as fruitless. From the musical secretaryship to the directorship of the one hundred and thirty-three performances given by Neumann's wandering Nibelung Theater, and thence to the international fame which nothing less than death could have kept from enhancement, there is no breach of artistic continuity in his life. Had Anton Seidl lived, he would have been the greatest of his master's interpreters; dead, he leaves no one greater to survive him.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF ORTHODOXY

WHEN o'er thy hollow caverns, O great sea,
Immutable waves wash up and fall away,
And Venus rises with insidious luster gay,
While Cynthia shines on vast Parthenope;
O, far and far thy resonant sound shall be
Till Time is floated on yon bar no more,
Till etern shades envelop waste and shore:
And where these lines are at no soul can see.
Not you, nor I, nor any other man,
But, since laboriously in them I 've brought
The trite old names from "Cynthia" to "Pan:"
Because I 've used big words and not a thought,
Because they will not parse, nor rhyme, nor scan:
Methinks by Harper's, or by Century they 'll be bought.

RUTH HALL.

REVIEWS

WHAT FREE SPANISH-AMERICA CAN DO

THE AWAKENING OF A NATION: THE MEXICO OF TO-DAY.—By Charles F. Lummis. 12mo. Harper & Bros. $2.50.

IN demonstrating, once for all, what excellent work a Spanish-speaking nation can do in an administrative way once it has crawled from under the incubus of Spain and Spanish tradition, the latest of the books on Mexico assumes importance. The present generation has seen Chile take its place among nations, its patriotism quickened into effectiveness through the (usually) unsafe medium of successful war. And it has also seen Brazil sink back into semi-anarchy, once its beneficent despot was exiled. But Mexico may be said to have combined both these experiences under Diaz, also a beneficent despot, and to have steadily advanced to a position of which every lover of freedom may well be proud. Diaz is a later-day Washington—we of the North may well shudder to think what orphans these States might have become had the Patres patriæ been educated in government under Spain.

Mr. Lummis, the author here, is not a philosophical historian. He belongs to the school of enthusiasts—like Cobbett, James, or Abbott. He has a knowledge of Latin-America which is bewildering in its richness—but it is a literary knowledge. He makes little attempt to deduce lessons for his countrymen from the experiences of their southern neighbors; though there appear to be a number which can be learned to advantage. He does not, on the other hand, formulate any rule whereby other Latin-American nations may be persuaded into solidarity. He takes and leaves Mexico as he finds it to-day, and has found it for several years—a nation so wisely guided that it is moving, seven leagues at a stride and safely, to usefulness, both industrial and artistic.

To find lessons in the book, it is only needful to consider the questions of taxation and education, as seen by the eyes of Diaz. Mexico has just abolished the octroi and is substituting stamp duties and a tax on property, under which the heavier burdens are to fall on those who can best afford to meet them. The income from a tariff which is utterly unnecessary in a country doubly protected by the silver standard is decreasing, even while its effects are to be seen in increasing the revenue from the stamp and property taxes; the country will soon be as self-contained as our own. The development of the revenue system is along sound lines; while ours grows more barbaric with every year. Why cannot some of the innumerable kindergartens established through the republic, be devoted to the education of "visiting statesmen," Gringos, with Diaz as kindergärtner? The entire matter of education is also dealt with wisely and satisfactorily—the Mexican aborigines occupying much the place there that our illiterate immigrants fill here. Every hamlet has a successful school, Mr. Lummis tells us; every individual State a modern normal school, and the whole is centralized by technical schools and universities. Best of all, every little Mexican boy and girl is learning English—probably the most comprehensive compliment ever paid by one people to another, not excepting Rome's ancient attitude towards Greek.

It would have been well if there had been no broadening of the brief the book holds for Mexico, its president and its people, to make it include a panegyric of Spanish methods of administration. The work contends that the absence of racial prejudice between men of Castilian, aboriginal, and African descent, including the numberless interminglings of them, is due to teachings imbibed before Mexican independence was declared. It is hardly needful to call attention to the fact that the Spanish peasant holds himself to-day, as he has always held himself, superior to the statesman of colonial birth—to the North American as to the American from the Central or Southern part of the hemisphere—or to cite the feeling in Cuba now, as proof of the direct contrary. That Spain has dealt more satisfactorily with her Indians than we have with ours, may be perfectly true, and not in the least complimentary to Spain. As a matter of history, it is only where the aborigines have dwelt in mountain fastnesses, or impenetrable forests, or have preponderated greatly in numbers that they have escaped extermination at Spanish hands. Where, now, are the island races which gave us the words "hammock," "canoe," and "maize?" There is aboriginal blood in President Diaz, and Mr. Lummis likens it to our electing Tecumseh to the chief magistracy—has he never met a descendant of Pocahontas or some other distinguished redskin? We of the North are also proud of such blood—in reason. The fact is that years of common and undying hatred of Spain have had a greater influence in welding together colonists, negro and Indian, than any other influence Spain has had to exert, or would have exerted if she could.

If it be asked what the book contains of prophecy in respect of some new nation—Cuba, for example—which is to rise from Spanish ashes, this is to be taken for the answer: A man of exceeding talent for administration, a Washington or a Diaz, may lead it into the green pastures of prosperity at the outset. But true progress can only be made by an almost impossible—because of the haste to be made—reform of the administration of justice, taxation, educational methods, and nearly everything else which characterizes the mother country. And all this is to be found between the lines of The Awakening of a Nation and not in them. Yet the experience of these United States is sufficient proof of this contention. We, too, have learned to prosper in spite of our inheritance. Those who contrast our government with Great Britain's and despair, forget that the problems arising from universal schooling and the dangerous half-knowledge it begets, are still to be faced in a land wherein manhood suffrage is not yet out of the experimental stage.

In conclusion, Mr. Lummis's book contains consummate disproof, both of the "manifest destiny" theory of the American and the "Heritor-of-the-Earth" hypothesis of the English-speaking

race. Here will be found the charm of Janvier's tales in combination with the impressiveness of statistics. If the writer have fallen under the fascination of President Diaz's personality, he can point to a nation which bears him company. As for the loving appreciation of the architecture, picturesqueness, and skill in the minor arts exhibited by these children of subtler artistic sense than we, every word the book contains excites our Northern envy. But it is doubtful if we are ripe yet for annexation to Mr. Lummis's modern paradise.

A SMASHER OF IMAGES

EMERSON AND OTHER ESSAYS.—By John Jay Chapman. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

MR. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN is a man of ideas, which he uses as so many clubs. With them he bullies our poor little preconceived Notions, our humble Partialities, our inoffensive Prejudices, until they are glad to huddle together on any view-point he may indicate. Then he raises a big cloud of dust. We feel that he is smashing things, and we confidently expect, when the dust has cleared away, to find that our idols have been shorn of a nose, an arm, or even of the precious halo. Statuary, in the contemplation of which we have always left even our umbrellas and canes outside, he boldly clips to suit his purpose.

More than this, he uses but one club on each idol. He is not fickle, but sticks to the weapon of his first choice. One bludgeon does for the whole job. We get used to the sight of it; begin unconsciously to feel like wielding it; at least like to watch how it swings.

In the first essay of his series of re-estimates, the controlling idea is briefly this: that Emerson is great as a means of mental stimulus, but has no content wherewith to satisfy the excitement that stimulus arouses. All men are alike in one respect—that they have in them the divinity of the individual. The individual is everything, is all in all, is capable of anything, provided, only, he seizes every opportunity as it comes. Character springs into the world full-grown and divine. Development cannot improve it, for it is already in itself perfect. Since this is so, it follows that if a man fails, he fails not from incapability, but from moral cowardice. Such is the gist of Emerson's philosophy. Against this cowardice all his powers are directed, and this is the meaning of his whole body of work. Moral cowardice is the cause of men's baseness—this is the foundation of Emerson's system. That is the idea which Mr. Chapman would have us allow him as a weapon.

Once allowed, with what terrible freedom does he use it! Since that thought is the foundation of Emerson's philosophy, he says, it follows logically that Emerson could have no conception of development, for development supposes a character at first incomplete. He could have no conception of art, for art strives to fix the ever-fleeting image of men's minds, the ever-varying emotions of men's souls, and such a convention would fail were all men alike in character. He could have no heart, no flesh, no living, pulsating, human red blood, for his ideal is in a moral quality, and his idea of the end of man is in a purely spiritual condition. He could have no sympathy, for his doctrine of self-sufficient individualism would preclude that. He could have no appreciation of the beauty of anything foreign to New England, for, again, his ideal is supersensuous. Before we know it, we find ourselves surrounded by the woeful debris of our idol.

Having demolished Emerson's prose, the essayist turns to Emerson's poetry. The destroying idea here is very peculiar. It is, in brief, this: that by a sudden mental shock, induced by strange half-mystic ideas, the mind of the reader is thrown into a sort of hypnosis. In this state it is distinctly receptive. It is prepared, by the "sense of mystery and expansion" which it experiences, to entertain great and noble thoughts untrammeled by other claims on its attention. These great and noble thoughts, Mr. Chapman insists, Emerson does not offer. He induces the receptive condition, but fails to furnish the content. "He stops in the antechamber." And this, once more, is because Emerson has not human sympathies, but is a "pale diaphanous seraph shot with blood."

As for Whitman: why, he is a glorified tramp! If the ordinary car-truck-riding, dinner-begging, happy-go-lucky hobo could write down what he thought and felt, he would be a second Whitman. The same love of the open air, the same independence, the same scorn of convention, the same carelessness as to the so-called "serious" things of life characterize the one and the other. "Walt Whitman has given utterance to the soul of a tramp." The idea is plausible enough, and Mr. Chapman begs our gift of it very prettily. We give it. The club swings. In a trice Whitman's poor pretense at culture has crumbled, his patriotism is gone, his poses are blown aside, his intellect reduced to the vanishing point. He is finally characterized as a quack poet—with a few good points.

Browning catches it next, but escapes comparatively whole. We have always known that his verse forms were defective. We have often come to a wearied conviction that sometimes his thoughts were obscure—but we never knew before that he had but two of them! We now learn that he spent his life in saying (1) that the most important thing in the world is the soul of man, and (2) that a sense of effort is coincident with development. Indeed, "there never was a great poet whose scope was so definite." Hence a certain lack of the dramatic element, a certain repetition, a certain obscurity, a certain sameness of characters, which mark our image as being of smashable clay—and poor workmanship at that.

But the destroyer breaks our hearts along with our idol when he pulverizes Stevenson. We have confessed a weakness for stirring adventure, for quaint character, for lucidly expressed and simple thought, which Stevenson humored in the most delightfully human of ways. If we ever wanted to forget there were such things as ordinary and

aggravating people, whose mission in life seems to be to stand as so many signboards, pointing to disagreeable duties, we have just stolen breathlessly away with Alan Breck into the Heather. Now we learn we have been undignified, and have not put away childish things. For Stevenson is a boy, and, what is more, an Imitative Boy. He writes self-consciously because he is young in art. This is evident, for are we not in the habit of saying that he has a "good style?" When a person really has a good style, we do n't notice it enough to say so. Instead of being good, his style is reminiscent and imitative. "When he (Stevenson) says he longs for a 'moment of style,' he means that he wishes there would come floating through his head a memory of some other man's way of writing, to which he could modulate his sentences." When we thought he was adapting his means to his ends, it seems that he was, of course unconsciously, merely giving us clever reproductions. Therefore, he "represents a backward movement in literature," because he was "the Improvisatore and nothing more." We who enjoy him are wasting our intellectual substance on shadows. "When the latest Palace Hotel orders a hundred thousand dollars worth of Louis XV furniture to be made—and most well made—in Buffalo, and when the American public gives Stevenson an order for Pulvis at Umbra—the same forces are at work in each case. It is Chicago making culture hum."

The worst of it all is, Mr. Chapman is so polite about it. He agrees with us cordially in our praise of our idols' good points. Indeed, yes; Emerson is spiritual, is inspiring, is lofty, and noble; Whitman is human, and in sympathy with red life, and with nature; Browning is powerful and soul-satisfying, and real; Stevenson is of charming personality, of playful humor, of skillful talent. Far be it that Mr. Chapman should deny it. He even indicates a great many good points that we have never noticed before, praises them sympathetically, discriminatingly, puts us in quite good humor with our own critical judgment — and then, crash! an offending nose is gone!

Yet, after all, perhaps we will see he is right. Perhaps we are a little dazed by the shock, and mistake for iconoclasm something quite different. At first we are doubtful of our Great Men, and leave to contemporary opinion the slow formation of our own. Then we accept them, and their words become as gospel to us, and must not be denied. Finally, we begin to get a faint impression, which we dare not acknowledge to ourselves, that perhaps, after all, our great man may not be a universal genius, but may have his limitations. Then comes the re-estimate. It puts into objective form the faint impression which we would like to trust, but dare not. It shows in *thought* what we *feel*. It interprets what is in reality our final judgment, puts it before us, and bids us assign the Great Man his proper place. At first this startles us; then enlightens us; then earns our gratitude. We find that a re-estimate does not destroy images, but defines them, as a smoked glass the sun. Our idol is the same, but we see it more plainly.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.—By Henry S. Pancoast. 16mo. Henry Holt & Co.

OF the number of Introductions to American Literature which have lately appeared, that of Professor Henry S. Pancoast is the most thorough-going and satisfactory. While Professor Brander Matthews touches upon the salient points in our literary growth, and calls attention to the merits and the influence of our famous authors, and Professor F. V. M. Painter takes the reader into the immediate presence of these writers by means of liberal extracts from their works, Professor Pancoast succeeds, in the volume before us, better than either of his predecessors in waking a live interest in American letters. The student is invited to do something more than simply enjoy and profit by the works of our poets and prose writers; he is encouraged in the commendable effort to give these works, and their authors with them, their true place among the forces slowly but surely converging toward a unity of national thought, feeling, and character.

This treatment of literature, never to be neglected, is especially welcome in America; for our literature is as yet comparatively unimportant, and it is here, in particular, that it should be clearly seen who and what we really are. When the entire field shall have been exhaustively treated after the method of Professor Tyler in his *Literary History of the Revolution*, the way will be opened much wider than it is now to the comprehension of the actualities, of the strength and weakness, of the requirement and the needs of the American people. The publication already of several such books as Professor Pancoast's *Introduction* is warrant for the belief that in time we shall have exhaustive works of the character indicated.

We would not leave the impression that the historic estimate overshadows the literary estimate in the present volume. Such is, by no means, the case. The reader is assisted by judicious subdivisions, by chronological tables, and by an index containing some 1,400 entries. This last feature exhibits the one blemish worthy of mention. The author that can write a good book and crown his work with an index wholly worthy of it is a much rarer being than the poet. There must be some mystic difficulty when it comes to indexing, or authors of the intelligence and directness of Professor Pancoast would never refer us to Cooperstown and Newbury under such alphabetizing as *History of Cooperstown*, *History of Newbury*.

ILUSTRATED INTIMACY

A LEGEND OF CAMELOT.—Pictures and Poems. etc. By George Du Maurier. 4to. Harper & Bros.

THAT pleasant little feeling of being in the writer's confidence, which added so mightily to Du Maurier's charm in his books, was assuredly present in his work for *Punch*. Social satire, in the text to his characteristic scenes of the drawing-room, not

Un vieux duc (le meilleur des époux)
Demandait (en lui tâtant le pouls)
À sa vielle duchesse
(Qu'un vieux catarrhe oppresse):—
"Et ton thé, t'a-t-il ôte ta toux?"

Le chagrin stimulait tant (dit-on)
L' appétit de la chaste Didon,
Qu'à la fuite d'Énée
La belle délaissée
Dina du dos d'un dodu dindon.

Il existe une Espinistère à Tours,
Un peu vite, et qui porte toujours
Un ulsteur peau-de-phoque,
Un chapeau bilicoque,
Et des nicrebocqueurs en velours.

"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,
O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux!"
Ainsi traduisait Laure
Au profit d'Isidore
(Bon jeune homme, et son futur époux).

only called upon you to enjoy it with its creator, but admitted you to his mental processes. Just as it was possible to believe that the placing—in point of time—of the lines of his drawings gave a notion of the theory behind his draughtsmanship, so the little provocative sting of wit could be conceived as welling into his brain, just as it was to prick its way into your own, later. Appreciation of Du Maurier's wit, whether with pen or pencil, was, to an extent, self-appreciation—which will account for his popularity in good part.

When a lot of things from Punch are bound together, as in the large portfolio volume published by the Harpers, under the name of its first poem, A Legend of Camelot, this impression strengthens itself. Trilby had the largest measure of popular appreciation, perhaps, because it had the greatest share of this autobiographical revelation. This will answer to many of the delightfully witty things in this recent book. Then, there was also in it that delightful French which was real French—not the Stratford-on-the-Bowe variety, in the Ohlendorffian species, with its wealth of green umbrellas belonging to the purple cat of the gray aunt's blue sister, but the French, which can only be learned once and never afterward, which is itself a diploma cum laude from the college of those who know their Paris.

This is also the French in which Du Maurier wrote his Vers Nonsensiques—a French unknown to the Academy or Littré—unknown to the Parisians themselves, except those of them fortunate enough to cosmopolitanize themselves by contact with the students to whom English is a mother-tongue. It is as notably successful in translating Lear's jingles into foreign phrases as Isidore, bon jeune homme, was unfortunate with his extract from Tennyson.

LE GALLIENNISM

The Romance of Zion Chapel.—By Richard Le Gallienne. 12mo. John Lane.

AGAIN comes that devil of a pretty fellow, Mr. Richard LeGallienne, with his pose—now a little set—of intimate acquaintance with the roses and raptures of vice. There was one very like him once on this side the water, but he joined an embroidery class and made languid lilies on prepared canvas, which is much better than dressing poetically and publishing.

In The Romance of Zion Chapel Mr. LeGallienne tries his very best to tell a real story, but as soon as the rustle of skirts is heard, on about the third page, he is off with the old "ballad of burdens"—the burden of bright colors, the burden of sweet speeches, and the burden of sad sayings.

The amorous naiveté of the Golden Girl was hard to endure with patience, but the attempt here made to deal with serious lives and loves approaches the grotesque.

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So intentionally precious is the text that when one comes upon something which shines truly, one is meanly tempted to pronounce it spurious also. One suspects the man "whose tongue slumbered in his mouth, for he was an old, weary man," and distrusts the "stern old trees that have meetings one knows not of, far beneath the ground, where their roots are twisted and twined in a wonderful embrace there in the dark, though the gay young leaves no longer kiss across in the morning sun."

The perverse and peculiar flavor of Le-Gallienism permeates every chapter, but its most pronounced bad taste is at the close of this drama of three deaths; Jenny, having died of a minutely distasteful tuberculosis, has passionately communicated it to her minister lover in a last kiss. He, as a last bonne-bouche, sends for his surviving love, and they together enact this inspiring scene. Having eaten "great grapes," they pledged each other in wine, scientifically poisoned by the lady, dying promptly and entirely, without an unbecoming contortion, but "with their eyes firm and sweet upon each."

It may be said without fear of contradiction that only an overworked dilettanteism could mix such a meringue.

The reading world is, however, not greatly deceived, and in the language of Miss Vesta Tilley's music-hall song:

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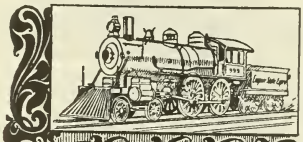

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THE CHAP-BOOK

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NOTES

"I WAS MUCH INTERESTED," writes an English correspondent who has spent some time in America, "in reading in THE CHAP-BOOK of April 1st, Mr. Periwinkle Podmore's comparison between Punch on the one hand and your American comic papers on the other. Mr. Podmore's wholesale conclusion in favor of the great London journal must have seemed more than heretical to most of your readers, for I noticed when I was in the States that however much people might differ on the currency and tariff, they were at one in setting Punch down as a wanton eclipse of the gaiety of nations. I did not find that many of the people who talked in this way had ever seen a copy of Punch. They said they had no need to; that every one knew the quality of English humor; that it was an international axiom about which discussion was futile. I did not attempt to argue the point with them, having as much as I could do to prove (1) that Great Britain did not want Venezuela, and (2)—a much sorer topic—that England's peculiar position in regard to the English language gave her some title to be heard on its orthography and pronunciation. But as an American has been rash enough to tell the truth about Punch, I venture, from the safety of a three-thousand-miles' separation and relying on the present distracted condition of public affairs in America, to say that he did not overstate his case.

"It seems to me that the grand difference between the American and English humorous journals is the difference that underlies all the relations between the two countries—the difference between quantity and quality. In America there are more politicians but fewer statesmen; more education, but less scholarship; more good writing, but less literature; more luxury, but less style. In almost everything the American average seems higher than the English average, and the American best lower than the English best. The case of humor is not an exception. America is as easily the purveyor of humor to the nineteenth century, as France was to the eighteenth. In no country is the average man so quick to see the ridiculous side of anything. The talent is so universal that it leads men to jest on the oddest subjects. Every one knows that the North burst into merriment over the defeat of its soldiers at Bull Run, while as for Boss Tweed, it was only with an immense effort that New York could stop laughing long enough to be angry. And only the other day I saw at least half a dozen jokes on the loss of the Maine—but another instance of the American's 'acrid Asiatic mirth'

> That leaves him careless 'mid his dead,
> The scandal of the elder earth.

No words are wanted to prove the range of America's humor, or its immense diffusion. What is questioned is its quality. And here the rule I have applied to American and English education and politics seems to step in again. The rule is that the common possession and enjoyment of every advantage does not make for excellence in any special branch. The average intellect becomes the dominating factor. Where everybody is educated up to a certain level, the tendency is for nobody to rise above that level. Some may, but the majority do not. Where everybody is a humorist, the odds are that nobody is a wit. The mere force of numbers holds back the elect few. On the hypothesis, therefore, we should expect to find that America is not prolific of humor of the best kind. And this is just what we do find. America has produced one wit of the first water—James Russell Lowell—and then a thousand humorists of the Bangs, Bill Nye, and Peck type. Against them set the English

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products of the century, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Peacock, Newman, Arnold, and such minor lights as Calverley, Bagehot, Anstey, Austin Dobson, Burnand, Owen Seaman, and the brothers Smith. There is hardly any comparison between the quality of the wit in the two countries."

"Coming down from this to the special point at issue, we should also expect to find that the best American comic paper is not so good as the best English comic paper. And this, as Mr. Podmore showed, we certainly do find. Puck and Judge may be passed over, because, as an admirer of America, I refuse to believe that any American was ever discovered smiling over either of them. They are about as much below the average of American humor as Congress is below public opinion. The real contest is between Punch and Life. Now, like a good many Englishmen, I take in Life regularly. I like its tone of easy refinement, the happy turn of its humor, the impression it gives one of being edited and written by gentlemen whose society would have a pleasant effect on worried nerves. As a sedative it is excellent. Nothing seems to matter much during the hour that follows one's weekly reading of Life. In particular I find Mr. E. S. Martin's contributions full of a most delicate and subdued humor like the quiet aftermath of walnuts and wine. Yet, somehow one does not take up the same number twice. One reads it, enjoys it, and throws it aside. The next number comes, and it, too, is politely escorted to oblivion. I have yet to see a bound volume of Life in a private drawing-room, and as for the thirty or forty volumes which the devotee should possess by now, the mere thought of them makes one shriek and fly. Life is the friend of a day, an hour. It cannot last; it has not enough staying power for continual companionship."

"How is this? How is it an American does not turn back to the old numbers of Life as an Englishman turns back to the old numbers of Punch? Partly, I think, because Life, being intensely American, is also intensely youthful; and there comes a time when one ceases to be interested in the affairs of a girl of eighteen and a boy of twenty. At thirty, one tires of even the cleverest variations of jokes on fathers-in-law, enfants terribles, Jews, tramps, humanized animals, foreign Counts, and Irish servant girls. Life's urbanity is that of an amusing, gentlemanly college youth in conversation with the average 'matinée girl.' It is a mere collection of frivolities, slightly more complicated and musical than an ordinary barrel-organ. The wisdom that cometh from mixing with the world of grown-up men and women, the harmony of the golden mean, the humor without malice, the interest without enthusiasm, the balanced attitude of experience, the final tolerance which has always been the secret of Punch's influence, lie quite beyond the range of Life's powers. In a word, its fault is extravagance. There is another reason for Life's failure to hold its readers. It has no policy. The aim of Punch has always been to express, especially in politics, the point of view of the average Englishman, to form a buffer between the two parties, to give currency to opinions which are too reasonable and moderate to be admitted by official partisanship. The first Duke of Marlborough used to say that all the history he knew he learnt from reading Shakespeare. A good many Englishmen of today, if they were honest, would confess that most of their historical knowledge is derived from reading Punch. Now Life makes no attempt to win this position of supreme arbiter of the nation. In fact, it does not set up as an authority on anything. To become as great a political and social influence in America as Punch is in England, it will have to close the door of the schoolroom resolutely behind it. It is astonishingly easy for a comic paper to be too comic. The perpetual jester amuses one for the moment, perhaps for one hour in the week, but one does not, therefore, make a domestic pet of him. Life will have to tone down its youthful willfulness with a touch of sobriety and middle-aged coolness before it can reach the position so long and cleverly held by Punch."

DIPLOMATISTS BEING WELL TO THE FORE in the world's attention, we take pleasure in printing a portrait of M. Hanotaux, who combines diplomacy and literature, and who has so recently been made a member of the French Academy. Not quite forty-five years old yet, M. Hanotaux has made his advance to fame by the most regular and surest steps. At twenty-five he was

PORTRAIT OF M. HANOTAUX

professor in a course of modern history at the École des Hautes Études. Since then, throughout his political career in diplomacy and in the legislative bodies, he has never given up his historical studies, and the merits of his published works are well known. It is a peculiarly graceful compliment that the academy is able to pay to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that of recognizing him as a historian.

MR. SOLOMON BLOOM, who announces himself as a "publisher of music that sells," came to his office in Chicago the morning after the Maine disaster, with the conviction that the nation needed a ballad. He called to his aid Mr. James O'Dea, a writer of verse, and by the time the chorus of the projected song was finished, Mr. George Schleiffarth arrived and began to set it to music. Before he was done Mr. O'Dea made an end of the first stanza, when, Mr. Samuel Kohn entering, he was given the key by Mr. Schleiffarth whereupon he composed the air for the verses. As a result of this foresight, the song The Heroes Who Sunk With the Maine was sung that very night at the Haymarket Theater, put on the market the next morning, and fifty thousand copies of it have been sold over the country. All of which may account, in part for the boast of the modern American legislator: "Let me but make the laws of the nation, and I care not who writes its songs."

THE SULPHUROUS VOMITINGS of the yellow journals since the blowing-up of the Maine bear out Senor Castelar's recently expressed opinion that nowhere in the world is there a calamity comparable to the American daily press. At the same time, it is an open question whether journals like the New York Evening Post are not as extreme and ridiculous in the other direction. The policy of the Post in trying to frighten people from war by showing that a battle means wounds and gore, is almost as distasteful to the average citizen as the bellowings of the Journal. Indeed, there was a good deal of truth in the reply of a New Yorker who, being asked if he thought war would come, said it certainly would if there were any more peace editorials in the Evening Post. Which reminds us of an acute remark made by a lady in whose presence the rumor was being discussed, that the proprietor of the Journal had made a bet of $50,000 that his paper could bring on war. "Well," she said, "if he did make such a bet, the man he made it with must have been our old friend, 'Larry' Godkin!"

MISS JULIE OPP is an international beauty and actress. We could wish that she might remain an American at least a year longer. But it is now reported that next season she will no longer be in New York at the Lyceum, but will be playing in London, where she gained her first success, as most American-born actresses seem to do nowadays. Miss Opp has been the one new player of the year who has shown real and unmistakable talent, and on whose future one may count. Now

PORTRAIT OF MISS JULIE OPP

From a miniature by Mrs. L. A. Behenna

that the time has come when England pays back to our artists some part of the money we shower annually on visiting players, we find the prospect less attractive than we had supposed it would be. We think now we might do with the best players of all countries, and still not have too many good theatrical performances.

AMONG THE MANY libel actions which have caused London journalists, during the last two years, to admire the splendid indifference of most Americans as to what the press may be saying about them, the suit brought by Mr. W. S. Gilbert against the proprietor of The Era, ought to rank as the most trivial and needless. The English papers being, for the most part, respectable, and, therefore, influential, can always raise a healthy crop of libel actions. Most of these actions are not brought by the aggrieved party, but by the aggrieved party's solicitor, who relies on the instinctive antipathy of a jury towards newspapers to get back his costs. But in Mr. Gilbert's case, it is hardly likely that anything of that kind happened. The facts are briefly these: Mr. Gilbert wrote a play, The Fortune Hunter, which was received by the critics with various shades of disfavor. A week later he allowed himself to be interviewed by an Edinburgh paper, and tried to recover his lost ground by hitting out right and left. Sir Henry Irving was accused of accepting plays not because they were good, but because the authors were his friends. He was also pronounced, along with Mr. Alexander and Mr. Tree, to be incapable of reciting a thirty-line speech as it ought to be recited. Mr. Grundy was merely a translator; the critics fell upon an

unfortunate play as though its author "had committed an outrage against nature;" and Mr. Gilbert was especially wroth with "the gross personalities indulged in by the Americanized pressmen who swarmed in London, men who had no qualification for their post, and were set to write dramatic criticism because it was the easiest work to which an incompetent journalist could be put." Sir Henry Irving made a rather sharp reply to these criticisms, and The Era, the leading dramatic paper of England, dealt with Mr. Gilbert in a spirit of gentle banter which proved too much for the humorist's temper. Mr. Gilbert, it said, had been led into making his absurd accusations by reason of "the abnormal self-esteem which, with advancing years, has developed almost into a malady. In his own estimation he is a kind of Grand Lama, or Sacred Elephant of dramatic literature. This has always been the way with Mr. Gilbert after one of his failures. He has invariably attacked somebody or other, either a rival author, the actors, or the critics. In this instance he has gone for all three. The fact is, when he is in one of his tempers, there is no knowing what Mr. Gilbert will say or do. At such times his friends should, if possible, keep interviewers from him and him from interviewers." There was a good deal more in the same strain, none of it very brilliant or effective. However, Mr. Gilbert was annoyed, and brought an action. It ended in the jury's disagreement, but the evidence brought out an interesting list of the gentlemen with whom Mr. Gilbert had quarreled. He was not on friendly terms with Mr. John Hare. Mr. Clement Scott was a friend "in a qualified sense;" that is to say, they never spoke when they met. He had dropped Mr. Sedger's acquaintance. Relations were strained between himself and Sir Henry Irving. He was less intimate with Mr. George Alexander than he had been once. He had parted definitely with Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. D'Oyly Carte; and so on. After all, to bring a libel action for being called a Sacred Elephant, and to gain nothing by it but the exposure of one's own quarrelsomeness, is very Gilbertian.

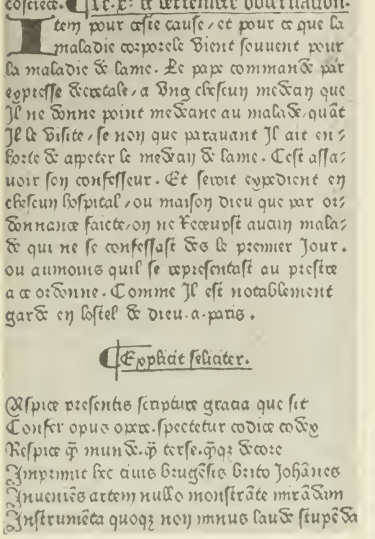
ANOTHER LIBEL ACTION that will also have a certain literary interest is to be brought by Miss Marie Corelli against the author of Literary London. Such a proceeding seems oddly at variance with what is understood to be Miss Corelli's usual attitude towards critics; but then great writers have always been an eccentric race. Miss Corelli is believed to be as indifferent to reviewers as Mr. Hall Caine himself; she has said so time after time; she has written columns to prove it; she has carried her contempt so far as to decline to have her books noticed in the London press. And yet, when anything is said against her literary ability, the pure and natural woman is startled out of her veneer, and philosophy disappears beneath the desire "to give as good as she got." According to the London Daily News, Mr. Ryan, the author of Literary London, classes Miss Corelli among "Authors I cannot take seriously." The drift of the argument is that Miss Corelli runs Madame Tussaud hard in educational and critical influence; that she is welcome in back rooms and boarding-houses; and that large tracts of Maida-Vale and Brixton have accepted her as an inspired female. We cannot see anything libelous in all this. It seems rather complimentary to Miss Corelli's breadth of appeal. Perhaps the sting of the criticism lies in the omission to name Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace as within Miss Corelli's "sphere of influence." It is said that Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. William Sharp, and the Poet Laureate, all of them recipients of Mr. Ryan's attentions, will take a very personal interest in the course of the trial.

WHO INVENTED PRINTING? It was John Gutenberg of Mayence, according to general belief, Lawrence Coster of Harlem, according to the Dutch. But a new claimant has been put forward, Jean Brito of Bruges, who, it is claimed by M. Gilliodts-van-Severen, curator of the archives of that city, printed from movable types before either of the others. The book which is evidence for this claim is a little volume, bound in red morocco and gold, which is in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. It is an edition of the Doctrinal of Jean Gerson, the celebrated chancellor of the University of Paris, who died in 1429. There is no date upon the volume, but the last page, which we reproduce, bears some Latin verses, the literal translation of which is something as follows: "Notice the beauty of this present writing; compare this work with other works; put this book by the side of another book. See with what neatness, with what care, with what elegance, this impression is made by Jean Brito, bourgeois of Bruges, who discovered, without teaching from any one, his marvelous art, and as well his astonishing implements, no less worthy of admiration."

Jean Brito could scarcely have been more definite, but it was not until 1773 that this inscription was noticed as a claim to priority in the invention of printing. At that time a certain Abbé Ghesquière made the discovery and was immediately attacked both by the school of Mayence and the school of Harlem, which had narrowed the contest down to Gutenberg and Coster, and refused to admit a third competitor.

The controversy has been reopened by M. Gilliodts-van-Severen, who has written a large volume on Brito. He has discovered many new documents in support of the latter's rights, and brought to light much interesting matter concerning his life.

The Brito family belonged to the haute bourgeoisie of Bruges at the time of that city's greatest prosperity, when she was "the Venice of the North." A hundred and fifty foreign ships had been known to enter her docks in one day, and sixteen nations had consuls within her walls. A splendid court, under Philip the Good, resided there, and among other artistic occupations to which it gave support was the bookmaker's trade. From 1393 to 1432 Jean Brito, father of the printer, was successively counselor, burgomaster, and treasurer. But he died poor, and one of his sons, also named Jean,



PAGE FROM THE DOCTRINAL
Printed by Jean Brito

took to bookmaking as a means of livelihood. He was enrolled as a meester in the guild of librairiers and boucscrivers until 1493, the date of his death, and it hardly seems that an audacious imposture could have gone unchallenged by his fellow-workers. There can be no doubt that the Doctrinal was printed from types cast in metal. All the a's, the b's, the ad's, the de's, are absolutely identical. They could not have been written nor stamped from wooden blocks even, as were Gutenberg's volumes. The characters, moreover, are exactly the same as in two other known works of Brito's—a translation into French verses of a Flemish poem, the Wapene Martin, and a Defence of the Duchesse Marie du Bourgogne. As to the date of the printing, the following item is found in the Memoirs of Jean-le-Robert, abbot of Saint-Aubert, at Cambrai: "Item: For a Doctrinal run in a mould for which I sent Marquet to Bruges for Jacquet twenty sols tournois."

So in 1445 printed copies of the Doctrinal were being sold at Bruges, and if others than Brito were printing, how dared he assert so loudly his claims? At the time no books of foreign manufacturers were allowed to be sold in Bruges. So it seems almost sure that twelve years before Gutenberg, a native of Bruges, had invented the art which has had such tremendous consequences in the world's history.

Coster and Gutenberg owe nothing to Brito. To Coster is due much of the development of the technique of printing, and to Gutenberg is to be credited the training of the many workmen who carried the invention over Europe. But the mere fact of being first has a kind of glamour about it, and this sort of fame scholars will perhaps in the end give to Jean Brito.

THE CELEBRITY, Mr. Winston Churchill's farcical novel, having gone into a third edition within a month, Mr. Churchill is himself something of a figure. He is one of the members of the alleged "Cosmopolitan Club," whose members are said to be ex-editors of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and whose last recruit will be John Brisben Walker himself. Mr. Churchill went to the Cosmopolitan after a short journalistic experience on the Army and Navy Journal. This position he took three months after graduation from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, deciding that journalism and literature suited him better than naval life. He is a native of St. Louis, and he has again gone there to live.

PORTRAIT OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE PODMORE LETTERS

VII

A PLEA FOR PLAGIARISM

P. Podmore
Literary Journalist
Books Digested for
Busy Readers.
Inventor of the
Podmore System.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

I HAD not intended to touch upon the subject of plagiarism in these days when rewriting appears to be a somewhat fashionable pastime among our most gifted authors. The continued flings of certain super-honest critics at Mr. Munsey, however, for having allowed a poem by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock to be pasted in his scrap-book for December over another's name, leads me to ask if, after all, plagiarism is such a bad thing for any periodical, much less for a ten-cent magazine. It is a large question, and much may be said upon both sides. Against the idea of plagiarism, it can be said, after the case is summed up, only that plagiarism is stealing. That is the sum and substance of the case against it. It is plain stealing, but there are comparisons even in the science of burglary. An unknown person who picks Mr. Pollock's pocket of a bit of verse, which he sells possibly for as much as three dollars, it cannot be denied, is guilty of petit larceny. But a publisher who, month after month, clears ten thousand dollars from the sale to a confiding public of an inferior article—what is he guilty of? He may say, and say truly, that the public need not buy his wares. The interesting financier who dispenses gold bricks to flush farmers may say the same thing. It does not alter the facts. Now, I do not wish to seem to insinuate that the publisher of any one of our many periodicals is guilty of the game of bunco. Mr. Munsey gives the public its full ten cents worth in his pretty little magazine, and as long as he contents himself with contrasting it with other magazines on a page basis, claiming that it is better than McClure's because it has sixty more pages than McClure's, and is superior to the Century and Harper's because its pages are cut by a buzz-saw instead of being shaved to the quick by the old-fashioned trimming machine, no one need quarrel with him. The other magazine editors, according to their several methods, undoubtedly sincerely try to render to the public a full measure of literature in return for the sums paid in. But they cannot always do it, and it is a sad fact that, wittingly or unwittingly, literature being the commodity desired by the consumer, our publishers, in many instances, are providing us with "gold bricks." There is a reason for this, of course. In a time like the present, when a real bit of literature is almost as rare as a day in June, it could hardly be expected that all of our periodicals should be up to standard. There is not enough of the real stuff to go around, and the public, observing this fact, are lenient when the publisher sends them a periodical worth about ten cents on the dollar.

So far so good. Both parties, the plagiarist and the publisher, have received something for nothing. We condemn the plagiarist and are lenient with the publisher. It is right to be lenient with the publisher, but why condemn the plagiarist?

Because he steals, say you. It is admitted that he does, but on a modest scale, and if he steals intelligently, is he not after all doing the reader a service? I fancy there are few men in the world who would not prefer to read a fine poem stolen by an obscure person from a real poet than to have to wade through an abominably bad bit of original verse by the same obscure hand. Would not Munsey's for 1897 have been a vastly better, more welcome, more literary periodical had it printed Vanity Fair over the name of Thomas Jenkins Scaggs instead of giving up its pages to Mr. Hall Caine's gross libels on hospital nurses, soubrettes, the clergy and Christianity in general to be found in that highly superficial skit, The Christian? I am aware that in thus alluding to Mr. Caine's work I am taking my life in my hands; but if I thought my pen would ever be capable of calling that atrocity literature, I 'd smash it and then go drown myself in a vat of red ink. But this is a digression. Vanity Fair, by Thomas Jenkins Scaggs, would have been as fine a piece of literature as Vanity Fair by William Makepeace Thackeray, provided Mr. Scaggs plagiarized it properly; and thousands of persons who have never read it, instead of gorging themselves with the hysterical ravings of the Gloomster would have had the light of real literature let into their souls. The nightmares which keep all readers of Caine shrieking through the night would have given place to that genial glow of satisfaction which must follow the perusal of something which is convincingly good, and for which the author does not have to apologize, as does Mr. Caine in his note on the last page of the Appleton edition of his book.

Similarly, would not our magazine poetry be of better quality if it were frankly stolen instead of being produced by a lot of persons with three names and a gift of concealing thought? Would Milton's sonnet on his blindness be any less powerful and beautiful, fuller of the spirit of resignation, were it to appear to-day in some magazine as the work of Flora Aunie Bosbyshell? Would the reader of that magazine, who had never read Milton, lose as much in the perusal of that sonnet as he loses, month after month, in reading Miss Bosbyshell's original verse? Take her latest lines, for instance, her poem on Life and Love:

> Unmitigated joy—joy undisturbed,
> Whence comes the thought that thou shalt ever die?
> Who knows the sources of the boundless sky,
> The lissom love of living unperturbed?
>
> Ah, couldst thou see within my inmost soul,
> How would the portals of this life expand
> In one sweet, solemn song, sublimely grand,
> E'en as the ocean billows bluely roll!
>
> Hence misery, and hence all mawkish gloom,
> Grant me, O God, in all for which I strive
> That I shall plainly see the way to thrive,
> And thus avoid the strident tongue of doom.

Beautiful as these lines are, with all the lady's exquisite imagery and Meredithian simplicity of language, are they as good as Milton's sonnet? I will say to you frankly, Mr. Editor, that I should have admired Miss Bosbyshell a great deal more had she appropriated that sonnet, and had it published as her own, than I do after reading her original work on Life and Love. Furthermore, the publisher of the magazine in which her verses appear, would be doing better by his subscribers were he to order Miss Bosbyshell to confine herself to lifting a series of good things from men who wrote before the advent of magazine poetry; men who were content to express great thoughts with great simplicity, and whose ambition never led them into the realms of the puzzle-makers.

Truly, Sir, plagiarism is not without its advantages, and it seems to me that if practiced with some care might ultimately develop into an art worth cultivating. When we think of the treasures of literature that stand forgotten on the shelves of the world that could, as far as ninety per cent of the public is concerned, safely be stolen; when we think how vastly better this forgotten lore is than most of the original material now published, it does seem that readers should encourage rather than reprehend the Dick Turpins of letters who wrest these treasures from oblivion and put them back into circulation again.

Awkward plagiarism is, of course, to be reprehended, as is everything else that is not well done. Mr. LeGallienne would have done far better had he appropriated Fitzgerald's version of Omar completely, and not tried to "fool" with it until it seemed bad enough to be considered original. His nerve would have seemed far more splendid had he lifted the work bodily, making possibly a few changes in punctuation, merely to keep himself in countenance; and in this country, at least, few of the 18,000,000,673 readers of the Cosmopolitan magazine would have been any worse off. There, too, is the case of the periodical mentioned by you in a recent issue as plagiarizing from its own back numbers. That is awkward work and not to be commended. But the real, simon-pure plagiarism, cultivated as a fine art, studied and practiced by men with a keen sense of literary values, that, sir, I submit to you would be a boon to the reading public and should, therefore, be encouraged.

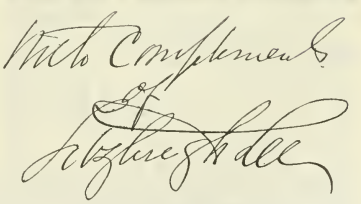
I am, sir, yours truly,

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S.—A correspondent has asked me whether a man can plagiarize from himself. It seems that a recent number of a New York literary journal contains, without credit, a poem by one of its editors which was published in some college paper a dozen or more years ago, but written then, as now, by this same editorial person. I have replied that this is not plagiarism at all. It is simply good business. What do you think?

THE CELEBRITY

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE



PROVIDENCE has not blessed Fitzhugh Lee with much of the world's goods, but he has that which we are told by the wisest of men "is rather to be chosen than great riches" and "the loving favor that is better than silver and gold." He has never been a money-maker. His talents do not run that way; but in his biography by Pollard, it is said that he has n't a personal enemy in the world.

When I asked General Lee the other day his idea of success in life, he replied:

"The highest success in life is to acquire and retain the confidence of your family and friends." And he has attained the full measure of his ambition in this respect, in which he has been assisted

by a genial manner, a happy disposition, a good appetite and digestion, a soul that never frets and is not disturbed by fear or jealousy, an inexhaustible fund of humor, an eye that twinkles and sees fun and beauty in every direction, an unpretentious pride and sense of honor, a boyish candor, a heart that bubbles over with good will to all men, and the natural instincts of a gentleman. It is easy for such a person to be popular, and as a friend remarked of him,

"Lee is all kinds of a man."

At Havana he had the confidence and respect of every class; Spaniards as well as Cubans, citizens as well as officials, although it was well understood that his sympathies were with the insurgents, as the sympathies of a free man are always with those who are struggling for liberty. He had a difficult and hard task to perform. It required tact, courage, and keen perceptions. When he made a speech in response to a serenade the night of his arrival in Washington, he said he "had only done his duty," but there are several ways of doing a duty, and in a situation like that at Havana, it is easy for a good man or a wise man to make mistakes.

In 1896 President Cleveland decided to send a commission to Cuba to make an investigation of the political and military situation. Congress had passed a resolution recognizing the belligerency of the insurgents which he declined to sign because he believed it was not justified, and he proposed to select a Major-General of the Army, and a citizen of experience and good judgment, to make an investigation and report for his information and that of Congress. General Lee was selected as the citizen and General Merritt as the military officer. The plan was abandoned when it was found to be objectionable to Spain, and General Lee was sent under the guise of a Consul-General to accomplish the same purpose. After he had been in Havana three weeks, and had explored the situation, he wrote a lengthy report for the information of the President, and says that he would not change or retract a word of it to-day. Several matters of great importance having arisen before he finished this duty, General Lee was detained, and it was finally decided to keep him at Havana permanently. When President McKinley was inaugurated, the General sent in his resignation, but it was not accepted. In October, 1897, he came home, expecting to remain in this country, but the President asked him to go back, and assured him of the full confidence and support of the Administration. The only other appointee of President Cleveland in the diplomatic service who is retained by the present Administration is Mr. W. I. Buchanan, our Minister to the Argentine Republic.

When he finally had to leave Havana and return to Washington, President McKinley welcomed him with both hands, thanked him for his fidelity and efficiency, and asked him to remain within call, so that the Government might have the benefit of his advice and judgment.

His journey from Key West was a continuous ovation. He was received by five thousand people in Washington, and followed about the streets by a great throng. He was tendered receptions at Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, and New York, but modestly declined them, because he felt that during the present crisis he had better keep out of the public gaze.

General Lee has been handicapped by a great name. It has stimulated his pride and ambition, but it has not inspired any vanity. When I asked him if this heritage had helped or hindered him, he said:

"It has been a heavy load. I have had the reputation of a lot of ancestors as well as my own to look after. Whatever good I have done has been credited to them, and whatever of evil has been charged to me and magnified, because people said they had a right to expect much better things of a man of my blood and breeding.

"When I was running for Governor of Virginia, John Wise said that if my name had been Fitzhugh Smith, I never would have secured the nomination. I replied that I had known a good many good men named Smith, and would have been as proud of that name as of the one I wore. In that way I got the votes of all the Smiths in Virginia, and a letter from a man who told me 'never to forget Captain John Smith, our first settler who killed Pocahontas.'"

Fitzhugh Lee was born on the nineteenth of November, 1835. He is not the son of General Robert E. Lee, the Confederate chieftain, as many suppose, but a nephew. His father was Sydney Smith Lee, a Captain in the Navy of the United States, who resigned his commission when Virginia seceded, and was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy under the Confederate Government during the entire war. General Robert E. Lee was the second, and Sydney Smith Lee the third son of General Henry Lee, —"Light-horse Harry"—of Revolutionary fame, whom Fitzhugh Lee is said to resemble in character, disposition, and appearance. Fitzhugh Lee's mother was a daughter of General John Mason, and a sister of James M. Mason, who was for many years a Senator from Virginia, and represented the Confederate States in Europe. It was he and his colleague, Mr. Slidell, who were taken from the British steamer Trent during the Civil War, and made into an international episode.

When Fitzhugh Lee was sixteen years old, President Fillmore appointed him a cadet at West Point, where he was known as "The Flea," on account of his slight stature, physical activity, and because he always signed his name F. Lee. He stood low in scholarship, but high in tactics and military science, and was first in horsemanship in his class. He was more of a soldier and an athlete than a student, and was a great favorite with both the faculty and the cadets. Otherwise he would have been dismissed from the institution, for he gained a greater reputation for mischief and escapades than any cadet up to his time had been guilty of. His Uncle Robert never received a demerit. Fitzhugh got enough for the entire family, and all he could carry without the exercise of a great deal of grace from the Academic Board. He was graduated into the famous Second cavalry, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was Colonel, Robert E. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Geo. H. Thomas, Major. He fought

his first battle against the Apaches and Comanches on the plains of Texas, was pierced through the lungs by an arrow, carried two hundred miles on a litter, and mentioned for gallantry in general orders; which was great honor for a boy who had not reached his majority. Having partially recovered his health, he was sent to West Point as an instructor in cavalry tactics, and taught Custer, Kilpatrick, and other famous dragoons how to ride. When Virginia seceded, he resigned from the United States Army, joined the Confederates, and became Adjutant-General in Beauregard's army. A few months later he was elected Colonel of a regiment of Virginia cavalry, and was in the saddle constantly to the end of the war, when he laid a Major-General's sword before President Grant. His military career was dashing and brilliant. He was several times wounded, and was the idol of his army.

I asked him what he did when the war was over.

"I rode from Appomattox Court House to Richmond, stopped at my Uncle Robert's house for a few days, came up to Alexandria to visit some relatives, and then went down the Potomac to a farm I had inherited and began to plow the ground. I continued to do so until I was elected Governor of Virginia, in 1885."

For several years after he retired from the Governorship, General Lee was engaged in the development of the western portion of Virginia, which had been open to settlement by the introduction of railways. When President Cleveland was inaugurated for the second time, he received an appointment as Collector of Internal Revenue. He was serving in that capacity when Mr. Cleveland sent him to Havana.

His present home is in Richmond, in Park avenue, a large, modern, tastefully furnished house, filled with furniture which his wife's ancestors, the Masons, brought from Paris in the early part of the century; and there is a group of ancestral portraits of both families running back for two hundred years. Mrs. Lee was Ellen Fowle, the daughter of a well-known Alexandria family, originally from New England. They have five children; Ellen, the eldest, will be married on the first of June, to a Mr. Cunningham, of San Antonio, Texas, whom she met while he was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. George Mason Lee, the eldest son, is named after his great-grandfather, who wrote the Constitution of Virginia, and the bill of rights, and was elected Senator from Virginia to the First Congress of the United States, but declined the honor. He never held an office, but Thomas Jefferson said he was the wisest man he ever knew.

Nannie, the third child, is a beautiful girl of sixteen, and her younger sister, Virginia, was born in the Governor's house at Richmond. That old mansion has been occupied by every governor since 1812, but only two children have been born under its roof—one was the daughter of Letcher, the war governor, the other of Fitzhugh Lee. Both were named in honor of the state: Virginia Lee Letcher, and Virginia Lee; and it is a curious coincidence that the former is the teacher of the school which the latter attends.

In appearance and stature Fitzhugh Lee resembles the late General Sheridan. He is rotund and rosy, and his circumference at the equator is nearly equal to his height. He has a clear blue eye, a fresh youthful complexion, upon which the color comes and goes as he talks, and gray hair and moustache. He used to wear a long black beard in war times, which he says was due to the fact that he lost his razor. More recently he has worn an imperial upon his chin, but cut it off while at Havana. He plays the violin and the piano, and has a fine barytone voice. He is fond of society, particularly that of young people, feels at home everywhere and under all circumstances, has a tender sympathy and deep, poetic sentiment, and used to write verses to his wife in their courtship days.

I asked him what three things he liked the best in the world.

"Women, horses, and songs."

"What is your favorite song?"

"You will have a heap o' fun if you join Lee's cavalry."

"What, of all you have seen in your experience, do you admire most?"

"My wife and daughters."

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

BOSTON IN FICTION

II

IT is a curious thing that even in their historical fiction referring to the remotest periods, the Bostonians have felt impelled to trot out their view across the Back Bay—which, by the way, is not now, and could not have been two hundred and more years ago, worthy to be mentioned on the same day with the view from City Point across Boston Bay, which they never mention. In Penelope's Suitors, by the late Edwin Lasseter Bynner, the most dainty and captivating story of early Boston yet written, Mistress Penelope Pelham is made to gush a little over this well-worn view:

> We walked upon the Centry Field, and thence by the seashore to Mr. Blackstone his garden, where we had good prospect of the sun's setting.

Mr. Blackstone his garden was on the westerly slope of Beacon Hill; even then the sun was setting on the Back Bay: in fiction the time is always afternoon there—though the quality of the lotus eaten by the inhabitants may be somewhat nervous and even a trifle acrid at times. However, it is possible to overlook the Back Bay and still get much instruction and some entertainment out of Boston historical fiction. No other American town has proved so suggestive of historical tales; it would be impracticable to mention them all here.

The Scarlet Letter is, of course, the greatest. We do not find Hawthorne's canvas filled with local details, nor with color elaborately laid on after the manner of writers of historical fiction that came after him; Mr. Bynner was more the sort of man to do that. But how truly do we feel that the author's imagination has, in The Scarlet Letter, with a few broad strokes pictured the old town for us! We feel the place minutely, though the description may not be minute. Cornhill, the place of the prison, the burying-ground, the forest close by—all these dwell with us after we read the book, and we seem long afterward to have remembered them through direct acquaintance.

One line of genius-work like this is worth many pages of such minute and bookish, though doubtless quite accurate, description of the town, its streets, its houses, and its institutions, as we find in Samuel Adams Drake's Captain Nelson. In that "romance of colonial days," the narrative is abruptly intermitted to make a place for certain very full details concerning these things which are antiquarian rather than romantic in their interest. Mr. Drake, by the way, made Cotton Mather do one interesting thing: one wonders whether it is historical or imagined. Sir William Phips's ships having come back, balked, from Beauport, after the first expedition against the French,

> The Reverend Cotton Mather hurriedly pigeon-holed the sermon he had written commemorating the triumph of the English arms, and predicting the coming downfall of the great scarlet courtesan of Rome.

One enjoys his humiliation, and wishes his sermon had had to stay pigeon-holed. But if Cotton Mather really had pigeon-holes, was that what he called them?

Mr. Bynner's Agnes Surriage, the scene of which is partly laid in Boston, is commonly accounted the best picture of the early colonial town. It does not appear that any one could have known the time better, nor that any one could have treated it with more grace and conscience. The episode of the pious elder's courting of the equally pious widow at the house at the North End, where Agnes lived, is the real thing. Mr. Bynner was also able to put himself into the early part of the present century, and the war of 1812, with its sea-fighting frenzy, with great success in his Zachary Phips. It is a charming touch where Zachary, sailing, after many far adventures, into Boston harbor in the Constitution, from which he is not permitted to land, distinguished with a glass the southern gable of the house in Salutation Alley where he lived as a boy, and the green swaying branches of the appletrees in the garden behind.

Among the fine colonial pictures in Hawthorne's Legends of the Province House, the world, it is to be hoped, will long remember that of old Esther Dudley, the pauper-custodian of the structure, who loyally awaits the return of the royal governor, and goes out joyfully to meet Governor Hancock on his arrival, supposing him to be the king's representative come back; she is as good as the epically deceived old Parisian in Daudet's Siege of Berlin. As to the epoch at least, Mr. Bynner went side by side with Hawthorne, and he is surely not unworthy to be mentioned with him. Mr. Bynner, with his usual delicate humor, cleverly suggested the early development of the Bostonians' good conceit of themselves in Penelope Pelham's record of her first impression of the squalid little post on the edge of the wilderness, in 1689:

> Truly I am not like to forget my grievous disappointment. I had fair imaginings of something like Aready, but it seemeth not at all Areadian on nearer view, while the poor little town of Boston filleth the beholder with neither awe nor admiration. I dare not declare my mind in this respect by reason of giving offense to the good people hereabout, who affect to find it a paradise.

Hawthorne, Bynner, and Mr. Edward J. Carpenter (the last in a story called A Woman of Shawmut) have all "done up" Governor Bellingham, who, with his extraordinary marriage, presents a shining mark for the novelist. Of course, each one makes a different sort of man of him. Much the same period has been treated by Mr. F. J. Stimson, in his King Noanett—a book in which the local color, though it has an outward appearance of being "documented," is of uncertain tone at times. The author seems to have had the idea, not altogether unusual, that an effect of antiquity can be obtained by the employment of merely bad English. Many of its solecisms, which it would be charitable to deem intentional, are essentially modern, though the narrator is supposed to write in the seventeenth century. This narrator mentions as plants new and strange to him weeds which were introduced by the colonists from Britain, and sets the American birds in the woods

to singing sweetly in November. Such things make us suspect the description of life in ancient Boston as scarcely worthy of confidence. Mr. Stimson has had the singular fancy of transporting Boyle O'Reilly almost by name into the life of Massachusetts and Virginia in the seventeenth century; and the artist who illustrated the book has complicated matters by drawing the publisher of it for this colonial Boyle O'Reilly! On the whole, King Noanett seems to belong fairly to the curiosities of Boston literature. Pirate Gold, by the same author, also introduces old Boston, with more success.

After the early colonial, of course the Revolutionary Boston tempted the novelists most. Cooper's Lionel Lincoln is the most interesting study in this field. It abounds curiously in instances of Cooper's slipshod literary methods. We are told that, on the road home from Concord, "the Americans melted before their (the British) power in sullen silence, never ceasing to use their weapons, however." As their weapons were rifles of an exceedingly noisy description, the silence of the Americans must have been considerably more sullen than profound. However, as Cooper's defects of expression arose from the prodigious number of words that he always had at his command, we occasionally have ample compensation in the fine fluency of his descriptions. It would be hard to find more stirring and graphic accounts of the battles of Concord and Bunker Hill than are found in Lionel Lincoln; and the descriptions of the town (which had not greatly changed when Cooper visited it) prove that he had studied it well. His introduction contains a note which is as true now as when it was written some sixty or seventy years ago, and which goes far to explain the popularity of Boston with writers of historical fiction:

> The good people of Boston are aware of the creditable appearance they make in the early annals of the confederation, and they neglect no commendable means to perpetuate the glories of their ancestors. In consequence, the inquiry after historical facts is answered, there, by an exhibition of local publications, that no other town in the Union can equal.

If Lionel Lincoln is the best study of the Revolution in fiction, the most elaborate and astonishing one is by an English author, Mary A. M. Hoppus. It is in two volumes, published in London in 1883, and is entitled A Great Treason. The treason is presumably Benedict Arnold's, and not that of the colonists, who are very sympathetically handled. So are the British, too; and being friendly to both sides, the book has hardly been satisfactory to either. Perhaps it has helped to put for English observers a fairer face, on the whole, upon the Yankees; it is to be feared that it missed its purpose in doing the like thing for the Britishers with the Yankee observer, for the reason that few Americans could ever have had the time and patience to wade through the two volumes. The same incidents that figure in the Great Treason figure also, to a considerable extent, in still another novel about the American Revolution by an English author—Old Boston, by A. de Grasse Stevens. It includes the very same good story of the scene at the famous meeting at the Old South Church, in which the young British captain, sitting in the "deacons' seats" under the pulpit, attempted to disconcert the speaker, Warren, by holding up for view his palm full of bullets, and Warren dropped his white handkerchief over them and went on with the proceedings. There is about this book an overstrained, innocently mawkish, now-you-must-be-awed style which is nothing short of amusing.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child has written of the Revolutionary events in Boston from a native American point of view—even a Bostonian point of view, for Lydia Francis was born about five miles from the State House—in her Rebels. It has in it, of course, Sam Adams and the other patriots and Tories, and it has also Whitfield the preacher, one of whose sermons has a great effect on the heroine. There is a bit of description of Governor Hutchinson and his library, and an account of the Boston Massacre. It is hardly a remarkable piece of work.

Historical fiction shades off into the modern guide-book in the juvenile story—pattern and example of which is Jacob Abbott's Marco Paul in Boston. In 1853 appeared this thrilling adventure in pursuit of knowledge; it has the queerest and "cutest" little pictures, with those priceless little boys in long trousers, short spencer jackets, and wide-topped caps. You know the sort of thing which was supposed, in 1853, to be more interesting to boys than anything else could be:

> "Is that the City Hall?" asked Marco.
> "No; that is the State House," said Forester.
> "The State House?"
> "Yes. A State House is a more important building than a City Hall in one respect, for in a State House the whole business of a State is transacted, but in a City Hall only the business of a city."

Needless to say that the juvenile of the present period is not to be taken by any such bait as that. Doctor Hale and Miss Hale used him better in their New Harry and Lucy; and Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's Up from the Cape has human as well as geographical interest.

There is a whole shoal of other stories about Boston. Even Mr. Hamlin Garland has taken his shy at us in A Member of the Third House—a tale of lobbying and legislative corruption, "novelized" from a play. As this story has a distinctly ethical motive, the author probably saw no occasion to give it also an artistic one. Ethical motive you will also find in stories like Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells's Miss Curtis, which is directed in a conventional way against conventionality, and Miss Anna Farquhar's Singer's Heart—a clever and interesting Ships-that-Pass-in-the-Night kind of a novel, which treats vividly of music and musicians in Boston, and consequently has in it several foreigners. Mr. Edward Fuller has introduced a good many foreigners into his Complaining Millions of Men, which seems to be a satire rather than a study; here is a Socialistic minister and a Socialist club; a realistic newspaper, the Public Library, and much more that is up to date; the whole has a distinctly melodramatic flavor. Mr. Fuller's Forever and a Day is also Bosto-

nian and also melodramatic. Judge Robert Grant's Confessions of a Frivolous Girl and his other scenes presumably placed in Boston have little distinctly local color; Judge Grant deals chiefly with the foibles of nice people, which seem to be much the same in several places. Miss Alice Brown's Day of His Youth is located partly in Boston; it is a recent and very clever piece of work. Agnes Blake Poor's Boston Neighbors, also very recent, is one of the considerable number of works of fiction that venture to carry the name of the city in their titles; it also lightly satirizes the weaknesses and vanities of the people of the town. Another book that sought the carrying power of the name of Boston was Miss Virginia Townsend's A Boston Girl's Ambition; it was not decidedly Bostonian, in spite of the name and a certain ostentation of Bostonianism in its opening scene, which is laid in the Genealogical Rooms in Somerset street. These rooms, by the way, and the ancient human parchments which may be found in them, have never had the place in Boston fiction that they eminently deserve. If Mr. Howells has never taken any of his people up to 18 Somerset street, one wonders why he has not. Characters much stranger than fiction are to be found there every day. Perhaps Mr. Howells regarded them as essentially improbable.

The first novel to bear the name of Boston was probably the worst Boston novel that ever appeared —Boston Common, its name was, and it was so bad that it was almost good. It was published in 1856, and was, as to its second title, A Tale of Our Own Time, by a Lady. On the first page the author seeks to beguile her reader to the Common in the following alarming language:

> Wilt come with me, dear reader, to this sweet spot? Wilt recline 'neath the sheltering branches of these noble trees? Wilt place thy hand cordially in mine, and lend me thy sympathy and thy heart? And, while the birds are warbling their love-songs over thy head, wilt listen to my simple tale?

Boston Common was a popular story in its time—which fact is an indication that the popular taste has not degenerated. Another curiosity in literature was Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis's Barclays of Boston—concerning which nothing more is to be said. But for utter curiousness the palm should undoubtedly go to a novel called Ilian, by Chaplain Kane, of the United States Navy. It has plot enough to fit out several romances and have enough left for itself. The scene opens in the house (in Boston) of a Harvard professor, who is ambitious to become the president of that well-known educational institution. To further this nefarious design, the professor marries the daughter of one of the trustees of the university, though he is plighted to another girl. Thereupon the jilted girl curses him at the door of the Old South Church. The tale concerns itself with the working out of this curse; the girl forgives the professor, but the curse goes on working just the same; on account of the awful efficacy of curses spoken in this dreadful place, she is unable to shut it off. Madness threatens her; but in order that a plot already quite thick should thicken, the scene now shifts to New Orleans and the Civil War. Presently the horrors of war cease to suffice; still more thickening is necessary. Ghosts are now introduced. The hero makes and keeps an appointment with another man's spirit, apart from his body; a man is transported into the next world and meets the spirits of his wife and children, who are displeased to see him there without the "death-mark" on him, and he is compelled to go back until he can return properly labeled.

From the Boston of 1640 to the Boston of the end of the twentieth century—from Hawthorne and the Scarlet Letter to Mr. Edward Bellamy and Looking Backward—is a far cry; but it is to be remembered that this vision of the future is of a re-born Boston. There was every possible reason why such a vision should have been placed in Boston. The colonial America, and after that the republican America, were born here; why should not the social America be born here? There is every reason why Boston should have a pre-eminent part in all sorts of fiction, among American cities.

JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.

AN HERITAGE

HARK to the voices calling—calling from shore to shore,
For the storm wind blows his trumpet blast, the crested billows roar;
From East to West, from North to South, clear is the summons blown,
Awake, ye sea-kings' children, and claim what is your own.

Oh, long before Columbus came, or sailed the Portuguese,
Our blue-eyed Viking forefathers were masters of the seas;
Their long ships vexed Byzantium's coast, the red man saw them come,
Like ravens, Dane and Norseman seized the Briton's island home.

There victor bred with vanquished, and a race of sailors came,
The great sea captains follow fast along the roll of fame,
The haughty Spaniard bowed his crest, the great Armada quailed,
While Raleigh laughed the Dons to scorn, and Drake the round world sailed.

And when beyond the winter sea, the Pilgrim lit his fires,
A line of mariners yet showed the valor of their sires.
Their whalers knew the frozen North, their traders East and South,
When conflict came, the Stars and Stripes steered to the cannon's mouth.

The Pilgrim's blood is in our veins, and in each heart yet beats
A pulse of them that mocked the Dons and shook the Spanish fleets;
And the spirit of the Viking wakes as over the foaming tide,
Beneath the pennon of the free we see our navies ride.

Come, peace or war, in storm or calm, firm shall Columbia stand,
The spicy south seas kiss her feet, an ocean guards each hand,
And, cradled in her mighty breast, a sturdy race she bears,
Who count the deep an heritage and are the sea-kings' heirs.

PHOEBE LYDE.

WHISTLER'S FIRST ETCHING

WHISTLER IN THE U. S. COAST SURVEY

WHISTLER was discharged from West Point in June, 1854; in January, 1855, he received an appointment in the drawing division of the United States Coast Survey at Washington, where he was employed for two months. The office records show that he worked six and one-half days in the early part of January, and five and three-fourth days in February, for which he received a compensation of $18.95, at the rate of $1.50 per day. He lodged in the house which still stands at the northeast corner of E and Twelfth streets, N.W., a two-story brick building with attic. He occupied a plainly but comfortably furnished room, such as could then have been rented for about ten dollars a month.

The first work done by Whistler for the Coast Survey was an etching of a view of Anacapa Island in Santa Barbara Channel, off the coast of California. The view covers only part of the plate, the balance being a map of the island etched by two other employés of the Survey. His second piece of work led to a reprimand and soon afterwards he left the Survey. In fact, according to some, he was not only reprimanded, but dismissed. This second plate was a map with two views and Whistler's offense consisted in having filled the spaces between the map and the views with fancy sketches of heads.

This has long been considered Whistler's first known etching; but it is obvious that the view of Anacapa Island, which was discovered during a thorough search made by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey upon my application for information in regard to any work which Whistler might have done for the Survey, must have antedated it, however slightly. I think that I, therefore, can claim to have brought to light Whistler's first etched plate. For forty-three years the prints made from it have been buried in a Government report; it is not mentioned in any catalogue of Whistler's etchings, and it seems to have been wholly unknown to collectors. The plate is in the possession of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and is in good condition.

Mr. A. Lindenkohl, who was an employé of the Coast Survey at the time Whistler was connected with it, and still is, recalls an amusing early morning visit to Whistler's lodgings, made at the suggestion of the superintendent of the Coast Survey, with the purpose of impressing the happy-go-lucky employé of the drawing division with the importance of punctuality.

"Captain Benham, who was then in charge of the office," writes Mr. Lindenkohl, "took occasion to tell me that he felt great interest in the young man, not only on account of his talents, but also on account of his father, who was his particular friend, a graduate of West Point, and a distinguished civil engineer; and he furthermore told me that he would be highly pleased if I could induce Whistler to be more regular in his attendance. 'Call at his lodgings on your way to the

office,' he said, 'and see if you can't bring him along.'

"Accordingly, one morning I called at Whistler's lodgings at half past eight. No doubt, he felt somewhat astonished at this early intrusion, but received me with the greatest bonhomie, invited me to make myself at home and promised to make all possible haste to comply with my wishes. Nevertheless he proceeded with the greatest deliberation to rise from his couch and put himself into shape for the street and prepare his breakfast, which consisted of a cup of strong coffee brewed in a steam-tight French machine, which was then a novelty; and he also insisted upon treating me with a cup of coffee. We made no extra haste on our way to the office, which we reached about half past ten—an hour and a half after time. I did not repeat the experiment."

Mr. Lindenkohl adds that although Whistler was equally skillful with the etching needle, pen, and brush, he had an aversion to any kind of employment which had the taint of machine work, and which did not allow him the free introduction of artistic touches. His imagination seemed to be constantly at work creating pictures, and an instinctive impulse seemed to guide him to commit these impressions to paper before they vanished.

"He was skillful in sketching landscapes, and I remember a pretty little sketch of the old Arsenal at Greenleaf's Point, which he sketched from the Coast Survey windows, and which was highly prized as a keepsake by a fellow-employé; but I think he took greater delight in sketching human figures of the grotesque type, such as knights, monks, beggars, etc., and was especially interested in the arrangement and folds of the garments. I remember that he showed me several examples done with the brush in sepia in old French or Spanish style.

"As I remember him, possessed of an elegant figure with an abundance of black curly hair, soft lustrous eyes, finely cut features, fair complexion, well shaped hands, and a graceful tournure, I thought him about the handsomest fellow I ever met; but for some reasons I did not consider him a perfect model of manly beauty,—his mouth betokened more ease than firmness, his brow more reverie than acute mental activity, and his eyes more depth than penetration. Sensitiveness and animation appeared to be his predominating traits."

Adjutant-General Breck, United States Army, (retired), who was a friend of Whistler's at this time, sends me the story of an occurrence during Whistler's sojourn in Washington. The Russian Minister had been very kind and polite to him, and, desiring to reciprocate, Whistler invited him to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and Whistler said he would call in a carriage at the appointed time, which he did. As they were driving off Whistler asked the Minister if he would object to his stopping at a store on the way, to which the Minister replied that he would not. After stopping, Whistler returned to the carriage with several paper bundles and resumed his very entertaining conversation. Presently he asked the Minister if he would mind stopping a moment at the market. This was acceded to, and more paper parcels were added to the collection.

They then drove to a lodging house, and Whistler, taking his paper bundles, conducted the Minister to a room in the attic, where he invited him to a seat in a comfortable chair in a cozy corner. Having requested further permission, he pulled out a gas stove and the necessary saucepans, and cooked and served an excellent dinner, with an appropriate accompaniment of wines of approved vintage, coffee, and cigars. During the whole proceedings, Whistler kept up a running conversation of wit, humor, and comment on his proceedings, telling the Minister by way of explanation that he had not the money to give him a handsome entertainment as he would like to, and, as the next best thing, gave something of his own device. At the conclusion of the affairs he sent his guest home in a carriage.

It is doubtful if the Russian Minister was ever, during his sojourn in Washington, entertained in a more original manner, or by a more brilliant host.

Having been discharged from West Point because he would not apply himself to studies which did not appeal to his artistic sense; and having been dismissed from the Government employ because, in doing a piece of hack work, he failed to restrain his artistic impulses, he now gave the latter full play. The result has been that brilliant career of art and wit which those who have followed it have found both fascinating and amusing.

GUSTAV KOBBE.

MY SAINT

MY arms are empty, and my eyes,
That cannot see her little face,
Look on the world in dull surprise
To find it such a dreary place.

What wonder that her rosy feet
Turned from the earthly path they trod,
Faltered, and found the starry street,
The rainbow way that leads to God?

With smiling lips she tried to frame
A word of parting or of prayer;
They only dimpled to my name,
And smiled again, and rested there.

Within the hollow of my breast,
Where once my heart beat fervently,
A chapel I have reared and blest
And there enshrined her memory.

Only white thoughts may enter here,
To scatter incense sweet and faint,
Kneel with the priest who worships near,
Or serve the altar of my saint.

Love is the priest, and night and day
With folded wings and drooping head,
He kneels before the shrine to pray,
And whisper masses for the dead.

ANNE DEVOORE.

HOW DUTCH PETE GOT EVEN

LATE in a beautiful spring day, the Old Timer and I sat with tilted chairs against the logs of a little old cabin of the Black Hills. Before us, pine-covered, the wide sweep of the mountain dipped until it ran out into a spacious open plain containing the little mining town, beyond which were more pines and more peaks, ever lowering until they ended at last in the brown prairie and the white turrets of the Bad Lands. Back of us was the breast of the hill, likewise covered with pines, through which the wind played as through the chords of a harp. The peak of Harney, sun-browned, bold, and rugged, towered far back in the west. It was the peaceful time of day. The purple finches were warbling their high sweet songs back on the hill; the dull yellow after-glow was beginning to bathe with its magic the company of pines trooping down the opposite slope; sounds from the town came up to us, mellowed by distance. The Old Timer lit his pipe and grew reminiscent.

"Yes," he said, in response to a remark of mine, "there ain't much modern about this yere shack. I reckon she sees most of the history of that unassumin' hamlet yander. I ought to know, for I and Irish Mike is responsible for her. You ought 've see that Irish Mike—old pard of mine. He is a little feller, but he has the most persuasive gun in the outfit, and he thinks them Irish is shore the high hand. When he irrigates frequent enough down at the Little Nugget, he always has one word to pronulgate,—'God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!' Those is his sentiments at such times. As the Dutch is scarce in these diggin's, Irish sees no objections forthcomin', but onct I remember, he gets snubbed good.

"It is all along of two strangers that hits camp. One is one of these yere card sharps, which as he conducts the game gentlemanlike, and stakes invariable them he busts, the camp likes him and takes him to their bosom cordial. The other is a little Dutchman with a face on him like a prospectin' pick, and hair as straight as an Injun's, only white. Well, he gives out he buys horses, and he pays cash, and whereas the camp has a superflooity of brones, they likewise welcomes the baseborn foreigner.

"That is, all but the card sharp. He and the Dutchman is mighty truculent and peevish. The boys expects gun-play right along, and the barkeep has lots of dust in charge on bets as to which gets which, but somehow they takes it out in glowerin' around like a couple of greasers. Also they is a few side bets on a diversion between Irish and the Dutchman, owin' to Irish flingin' his motto around so promiscuous, but the Dutchman says nothin', only looks at Irish sly out of the corner of his eyes.

"Meanwhile he buys horses. It do n't make no difference what the brand, or how many; he buys them, and he pays his dust for them, too. He allows he buys for a tenderfoot, and do n't care what he gives for them, and the prices he pays for them is scandlous. The boys sells out to once and is rich. Then Dutch Pete, that 's his name, goes up in the hills and buys horses some more, till he has a bunch of nigh three hundred—every hoof in the district, and no more to be had owin' to the Pierre trail bein' closed by hostiles.

" 'Bout this time the card sharp calls all bets off by leavin'. The boys is sorry to see him go, for he plays white, and ain't ahead of the game much when he goes. However, he pulls his freight and is heard of no more for about two weeks, when a grub-staker brings a letter from him to Irish, my pard. That letter allows that this card sharp has shore struck a big thing. It says he has found the mother lode for shore, and a gent with a toothpick can occupy hisself pleasant after the evenin' meal extractin' nuggets from the rifts in the bedrock which is on top, free and open. He gives the location of this fairy dream of wealth, which same is through the limestone 'bout a hundred and fifty mile, and he asks Irish to come and be his pard on the claims.

"At this Irish celebrates at the Nugget. He shore tears things, and the price of liquor takes a jump. And in his glory he talks considerable till the boys begins to notice the tales, and concludes that the joyous Hibernian has reasons for the orgy. Then they uses diplomacy and gets the letter. You can bet there is a stampede then. Every man makes tracks for his outfit and begins to organize for voyagin'. After packin' up they realizes they has no horses, and let me tell you right here, sonny, the man that says he travels a hundred and fifty mile afoot through that limestone country carryin' a prospectin' outfit and grub is a damn fool or a damn liar. So they goes to Dutch Pete and tries to buy.

" 'Now, Pete,' says Colorado Jim, which same was afterwards sheriff, 'these yere beasts is eatin' their heads off, and air no good, so you got to sell them back.'

"But Dutch Pete allows that tenderfoot do n't say nothin' about sellin' no horses, and he can't do it.

" 'That bein' the case,' says Colorado, calm like, 'we plays our next card, the same bein' a trump. We aims to be squar and liberal, but we aims also to bestride the noble horse. We gives you your price for the bunch which you names, failin' which we decorates yander pine-tree with your carcass.' Sayin' which Colorado unfolds his lariat. The crowd approves this yere Colorado's sentiment.

"At this Dutch Pete allows he must sell, but it has to be cash, to which the boys agrees. So Pete fixes his price, which same has shore an imposin' altitood, bein' more than twice what he gives, that same bein' enough, and the boys ponies up, aimin' to get it all back at Mulberry Gulch. That is the name of the place this yere card sharp mentions.

"Then the camp agrees to be peacable and not to stampede, so we all moves quiet over the mountains. We arrives in three days, and finds the place all right, but they ain't no more gold in that limestone than they is in that stuff," and the Old Timer contemptuously kicked a chunk of quartz which an enthusiastic tenderfoot had lugged in during the day. "And what is more, they ain't no card sharp there neither. The boys gets mad then,

and comes back a-snortin'. Dutch Pete is gone with his dust, but he has nailed a sign up on that door which says, 'The Dutch has rustled.' That shows he takes notice of Mike's previous remarks," he concluded, puffing strongly on his pipe.

The long bar of yellow light shining through a rift in the hills had glided out over the prairie to the horizon, had lifted up into the air, and had finally faded away. The stars were out, and the darkness had flowed down through the pines. The Old Timer's figure was lost in the shadow of the cabin, and the only glow of his pipe betrayed his whereabouts.

"Did you ever hear of him again?" I asked at length.

"Yes," he answered grimly, "Colorado sees that card sharp and Dutch Pete both drunk together plenty at Deadwood. He has a gleeful time playin' out that game, but that's another yarn, and I 'm goin' to turn in."

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

OLD-TIME DRINKS AND DRINKERS

I

MEAD OR METHEGLIN

MEAD or metheglin, made of fermented honey, herbs, and water, was what has been termed a "natural drink," that is, its manufacture seems to have been almost instinctive with every race, nation, or tribe on this globe, living where there is vegetation enough to nourish and cherish bees. In tropical India, in Africa, in the South Sea Islands, all throughout the temperate zone, in frigid Iceland and Siberia, mead has been brewed from fermented honey. In the Middle Ages it was the drink of all heroes and warriors; in the present day it still is made in many countries. The name also was almost universal; the root of mead and metheglin was the same, and was found in many languages, some not closely allied. In Old English, Friesian, Dutch, and Middle Low German, mead was mede; in Anglo-Saxon, medu; in German, meth; in Icelandic, miodhr or mioed; in Swedish and Danish, mjod; in Welsh, medd; in Irish, meadh; while honey was in Russian, medu; in Sanscrit, madhu; in Lithuanian, midus, etc., etc.

The early Irish laws, called the Brehon laws, provided for the propagation and preservation of bees, that mead might be plentiful; and early Celtic chronicles refer to it.

Taliesin, the Cymric bard of the sixth century, thus glorified mead:

> God made it to man for his happiness.

Later, in English courts, the mead-maker was the eleventh officer in rank in the royal household; and the steward had as perquisite as much of every cask of mead as he could reach with the first joint of his middle finger. By the Welsh laws, mead was valued as worth four times as much as ale. It must be put up in a cask nine palms (or hand's-breadths) in height; big enough to serve the king or one of his counselors as a washing-tub.

Many old-time rules for making mead or metheglin exist, among them that of Queen Elizabeth, wherein, as in ale, she brewed strong.

A famous and explicit rule for making metheglin ran thus:

> Take all sorts of Hearbs that are good and wholesome, as Balme, Mint, Fennel, Rosemary, Angelica, wilde Thyme, Isop, Burnet, Egrimony, and such other as you think fit; some field Hearbs but you must not put in too many but especially Rosemary or any strong Hearb, lesse than halfe a handfull will serve of every sorte, you must boyl your Hearbs and strain them, and let the liquor stand till to Morrow, and settle them, take off the clearest Liquor, two Gallons and a halfe to one Gallon of Honey, and that proportion as much as you will make, and let it boyle an houre, and in the boyling skim it very clear, then set it a cooking as you doe Beere, when it is cold take some very good Ale Barme, and put into the bottome of the Tubb a little and a little as they do Beer keeping back the thick. Sething that lyeth in the Bottom of the vessel it is cooled in, and when it is all put together cover it with a Cloth, and let it worke very neere three dayes, and when you mean to put it up, skim off all the Barme clean, put it up into the Vessel, but you must not stop your Vessel very close in three or four dayes, but let it have all the vent, for it will worke, and when it is close stopped you must looke very often to it, and have a peg in the top to give it vent, when you heare it make a noise as it will doe, or else it will breake the Vessell: Sometime I make a bag and put in good store of Ginger sliced, some Cloves and Cinnamon and boyl it in, and other time I put it into the Barrel and never boyl it, it is both good, but Nutmeg and Mace do not well to my Tast.

It was deemed by many a very simple drink. Alexander Brome wrote of it:

> Our drowsy metheglin
> Was only ordained to inveigle in
> The novice that knows not to drink yet.

Though made of mild ingredients and drowsy in effect, metheglin was to an extent intoxicating. James Howel wrote in one of his letters, "Metheglin does stupify more than any other liquor if taken immoderately, and keeps a-humming in the brain, which made one say he loved not metheglin, because he was wont to speak too much of the house he came from, meaning the hive."

There was a time during the reign of the Stuarts that mead was little used by the English people. Rich wines and highly spiced ales drove out the simpler drink. It is seldom found on the inventories of estates, in cellar lists, etc. Pepys, in February, 1659, wrote in his Diary of "a brave cup of metheglin, the first I ever drank;" and Pepys was a great ale and wine bibber.

Metheglin was one of the drinks of the American colonists, but I have never seen it named as mead. As early as 1633, the Piscataqua planters of New Hampshire, in their list of values which they set in furs—the currency of the colony, made "6 Gallon Mathaglin equal 2 Lb Beaver." Twenty years later it was worth ten shillings a barrel in the Connecticut valley. Metheglin was made in large amounts in Virginia, where whole plantations of honey-locust were set out to supply metheglin. The long beans of the locust were ground and mixed with honey, herbs and water, and this fermented liquor was used to make metheglin.

One other never-ceasing honor may be paid to mead; from its use by the Teutons, the ancient people of Germany, as a constant drink for thirty days after being married, is said to be derived our

KING GEORGE JUG

expression "to spend the honey-moon"—or, as The Tatler calls it, the "honey-month."

A graphic and thoroughly Gallic description of old English customs during the reigns of Edward VI and Mary is given by one Master Stephen Peblin, a French physician, who was in England at that time. He says:

"The English, one with the other, are joyous, and are very fond of music, likewise are they great drinkers. Now, remember, if you please, that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, 'Goude chere;' and also they will say to you more than one hundred times, 'Drink Oui,' and you will reply to them in their language, 'I plaigui.'"

One of these earthen pots which were used for drinking beer and metheglin is the oldest well authenticated drinking-vessel in this country. It was brought here by Governor John Winthrop, in the year 1607. He called it "a Stone Pot tipped and covered with a Silver Lydd." It stands eight inches high, and the lid is engraved with a quaint design of Adam and Eve with the tempting serpent. It is now owned by the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass. Some of these jugs, in gray and blue stoneware, have on the side a medallion with the initials G. R., or a crown or a crude bas-relief of a bewigged person said to be George I.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS AND CORRESPONDENCE*

IT IS only taking a step into the past to find the correspondent unknown; while the general staff has an etiquette-and routine, differing little in practice, and not at all in spirit, from precedents established by all generals, from Rameses to the Duke of Wellington. A council of war is in solemn progress. Secrecy, maintained to the point where eager lies are to be told to hold back the truth, is the imperative order. Then there comes, without status either legal or customary, a person whose business in life it is to learn secrets—prepared in his turn to resort to almost any device in order to persuade the truth into escaping. What is to be done, and how are the antagonists to be reconciled? During the Civil War there was a disposition shown by the more irascible generals to hang the correspondent—which is merely begging the question. Certainly some of the carefully prepared plans of the North became Southern property through the questionable enterprise of the newspapers, to the exasperation of those whose labors were thus made vain; and, certainly, it is little more reassuring to have a friendly spy in camp, than one sent by the enemy. Mr. Grover Flint discloses the method adopted by the Cuban Army of Liberation: He was made an honorary major, attached to the headquarters staff with General Gomez, given a ration and a share in the plunder, and, confidence once being reposed in him, permitted to do as he pleased. Mr. G. W. Steevens with the Turk in the recent war with Greece had also an official position, a decree of the Sultan's introducing him to Idhem Pasha, commanding the army of invasion; but he had no title nor ration. For him, however, the Turkish Army turned out for inspection, the general staff obtained as authentic information as the oriental habit of mind permitted, and the censorship established was made as light as possible, confidence being reposed in his judgment also. Both men were without adequate telegraphic facilities, official or otherwise. The practice obtaining between officials and correspondents at the National Capital indicates the highest revolutionary point reached in civil matters of this kind. The Washington correspondent sustains amicable relations with one or more carefully selected members of the government—technically and graphically known as his "leaks"—exchanging the influence of his powerful journal for the information possessed by the aspiring statesmen, there being a complete and inviolable understanding between them in respect of the use of their names respectively. Contrary to the general impression, "a gentleman having great influence with the administration, who, for obvious reasons, will not permit his identity to be disclosed," is not a myth, but the final reality in all news from the seat of government.

*WITH THE CONQUERING TURK.—By G. W. Steevens. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

*MARCHING WITH GOMEZ.—By Grover Flint. 12mo. Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

Somewhere between these varied practices the true method, for use in the war now upon us, will find its way. It is eminently necessary that no politics be permitted to creep into the discussion, and the willingness of the correspondent to trade influence for information invites this very form of disaster. As long ago as the Crimean War (Sir) William Howard Russell and the London Times proved, in the case of "Old Redan" Windham, that a popular hero can be made with a stroke of the pen—and it will surely be a sorry day for mankind if ever it lose the desire for herohood. It is, of course, out of the question for newspapers to content themselves with a purely official report. This assumes a knowledge of what constitutes news on the part of the military authorities—while a "nose for news" is as much a question of technical training and experience as a knowledge of strategy and the higher tactics; and a newspaper man can no more turn his business of news gathering over to a graduate of the Military School at West Point than the officer can trust his command to the baccalaureate of the metropolitan journal taking his post-graduate course in the field. Censorships are obnoxious to the American mind—so are suspensions of the habeas corpus act, yet war may necessitate both—but they indicate the proper practice. By all means give the war correspondent representing a responsible agency an official connection with the headquarters—in the last analysis he represents the American people. Then trust him, but not to the extent of permitting him to aid the enemy unintentionally through ignorance of the terms of war. Newspaper men are of ready wit perforce. Given a military censor of equal intelligence, one equally anxious to discover the diagonal or line of least resistance between martial secrecy and journalistic disclosure, and it will be a question of days only before all are working in harmony, the correspondent writing nothing which can injure his country's cause, and the censor limiting his duties to explanations for guidance in the future. No one knows better how to deal with this question than the constitutional commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States—and President McKinley has repeatedly given the writer of this his personal assurance that in all his extended career he never had his confidence abused or betrayed by a newspaper man.

This disposes of one question which these two books raise at the present time. Mr. John Fiske's Preface to the work of his son-in-law, Mr. Flint, disposes of another—the question of Spain's capacity, first, to deal with questions of the day in general; secondly, to deal with those of the hour in particular. He rates the Spaniard no lower than others—Captain Mahan, for example—and says nothing especially new in so doing; but it is worth while repeating what he has to remark concerning the Inquisition, the precise point having been neglected so far as the present strife is concerned. "What was the Inquisition?" he asks, after stating that "that pre-eminently Spanish and Satanic institution survived in America until two decades of the nineteenth century had passed," and answers it as follows:

> It was a machine for winnowing out and destroying all such individuals as surpassed the average in quickness of wit, earnestness of purpose, and strength of character, in so far as to entertain opinions of their own and boldly declare them. The more closely approached an elevated standard of intelligence and moral courage, the more likely was the machine to reach them. It worked with deadly efficiency, cutting off the brightest and boldest in their early prime, while the duller and weaker spirits were spared to propagate the race. Thus the ideas and methods which other nations were devising to meet the new exigencies of modern life were denied admission into Spain. In manufactures, in commerce, in the control of the various sources of wealth, she was completely left behind by nations from which the minds hospitable toward new ideas had not been so carefully weeded out. In many respects the atmosphere of thought in Spain remains mediæval even to the present day. In the government of her dependencies her methods have shown scarcely any improvement since the Middle Ages, and it was not strange that the advent of this stirring nineteenth century should bring rebellion.

Mr. Fiske's statement may be regarded as settling the second of the questions raised here. Then there arises a third: Is it better for a correspondent to have a technical knowledge of war, or not? Mr. Steevens writes a book quite as readable as his former Land of the Dollar, and contrives in it to give a vivid impression of the burlesque engagements between the Greek and the Turk; and Mr. Steevens terms himself an irregular, a "Bashi-Bazouk," because of his complete ignorance of the military art. Mr. Flint, on the other hand, was a soldier in the American army, saw service in plenty on the plains, and has the words of his profession at his tongue's end. He, too, writes a readable and lucid book, not drawn with quite so free a hand as the other, but giving a conception equally clear of the facts behind these new allies of the United States—the first we have had, by the way, since Louis XVII and Lafayette. It remains only to be confessed that Mr. Flint draws upon his technical knowledge almost not at all. It seems likely, therefore, that the general rule in newspaper offices may be followed:

"Go out and report the football match between Halston and Yarncevard," says the city editor.

"But I never saw a game of Rugby in my life," demurs the new reporter.

"So much the better," replies the other. "The people that read the paper will know what it's like."

This rule works out curiously enough in matters of artistic criticism now and again, but it serves in the long run. The war correspondent, it would seem, must be either a man unknown to military science, or one who knows enough about it to avoid using its terms—any compromise would assuredly be disastrous.

But a single interrogatory raised by the reading of these two entertaining books remains to be answered: Into what literary form is the correspondent to cast his dispatches?—and literary is used here in its common and inclusive sense. Hitherto the choice has been largely between the ponderous historical method and the flippant journalistic method. War is unquestionably history, and the account of it is certain to appear in a newspaper, so both have their advocates. But a third sort has not been given a fair trial, and its advan-

tages seem beyond argument. The first man to adopt the pure epistolary form will not only achieve success, but will be renewing something so old and so coherent logically that he will obtain a desirable reputation for originality. By epistolary form is meant something quite different from "Y'r fav. rec'd and contents noted" or yet the letters of Glory Quayle of the present, or the interminable screeds of Pamela and Clarissa over which our colonial ancestors wept in the past: But the newsletters of the seventeenth century and later, the legitimate precursors of all journalism, afford a model of preeisely what is meant. The modern literary idea, saturated with notions of climax and overpersuaded by the marked success of "short stories," sacrifices too much to mere form and to a formal ending; the modern newspaper writer, imbued with the notion that readers must be persuaded into unwilling perusal and intimidated by the requirements of flaunting headlines, constructs a narrative like a catfish, all head and little tail. If some one will remember now that tales of war tell themselves, and will leave "construction" for those whose meager faculty for facts require it, will be simple and sympathetic, hearty and natural, and so writing at once for to-day and for all time, he will revive a lost art among men whereby he and all who happen upon his work will be the gainers. With both Mr. Steevens and Mr. Flint this is in the air. Let us reach forth and grasp it now that the fullness of the time seems to have come.

WHEN MY TURN COMES

WHEN my turn comes, dear shipmates all,
Oh, do not weep for me;
Wrap me up in my hammock tight,
And put me into the sea;
For it 's no good weeping
When a shipmate 's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
At the bottom of the sea.

But think of me sometimes and say:
"He did his duty right,
And strove the best he knew to please
His captain in the fight:"
But it 's no good weeping
When a shipmate 's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
Through the long, long night.

And let my epitaph be these words:
"Cleared from this port, alone,
A craft that was staunch, and sound, and true—
Destination unknown;"
And it 's no good weeping
When a shipmate 's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
All alone, all alone.

And mark this well, my shipmates dear,
Alone the long night through,
Up there in the darkness behind the stars
I 'll look out sharp for you;
So, it 's no good weeping
When a shipmate 's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
All the long night through.

BARRETT EASTMAN.

REVIEWS

WAR NOVELS

THE VINTAGE: A ROMANCE OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—By E. F. Benson. Illustrated. 12mo. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

THE DISASTER.—By Paul and Victor Margueritte. Translated by Frederick Lees. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

THE BROOM OF THE WAR GOD.—A novel by Henry Noel Brailsford. $1.25. D. Appleton & Co.

WAR is as many-sided as a woman. It has its glories, its horrors, its power, its fatalism, its beauty, its ugliness, its romance, its prose. In writing of it we can elect to see any of these things in it; we can choose any one as our master note, back of and around which all the others play in harmony. Our mimic war may be of romance, as in Harold, or of horror, as in Ground Arms, it is the same reality, the same complex tremendous power.

In The Vintage war is romantic. It is a background, shifting, melting, wavering from pale rose to pale gray, against which are thrown the love of a man and a woman, the nobility of a great patriot, the devotion of a boy. The colors are subdued; but rarely a brighter flash gleams from a war-cloud, and then it is only to throw into greater relief the figure of the hero, or the proportions of a stirring deed. There is horror, but it is used for artistic contrast, and does not seem inevitable; there is prose, but it is only that we may regain for a new episode the power of our hurried attention. The interest lies not in the war-setting, but in the girl awaiting her lover, and in the youth who undertakes as twin and equal emprises the independence of Greece and the release of his mistress from a Turkish harem. It is a brave tale, but we know that the hero will come out all right, no matter how closely he seems beset by death. There is nothing inevitable in the war-god's decrees. He will be graciously pleased to permit the battered door to hold for another second while the heroine escapes, or will allow any number of really necessary miss-fires. But The Vintage is a good story. It has to do with brave men, fair women, true friends, great commanders. The events are interesting and exciting, the characters well drawn. Mr. Benson has done his reputation good in writing it.

In The Disaster are set forth the glory and power of war. It is written to show the grand inevitability of the Sedan. Its authors are the children of General Margueritte, that brave old warrior, who, when shot speechless, still dauntlessly waved his troops forward with his sword, and they have evidently inherited his patriotism. The Disaster is a protest against the master motif of Zola's Downfall. In the latter, the glory of France grovels in the dust. In the former, a nation has stumbled because the petty gods of luck have turned their faces from her. Events are full of power, move forward in thick-thronged waves, faster and faster, nearer and nearer, pass with a roar, leaving us to draw a deep breath and

look abroad pityingly upon the destruction of the flood. Strong men have sunk, others have staid afloat on some plank of chance or heroism, a few have ridden on the top wave proudly, believing themselves masters of the torrent. Men have not created circumstances, but have had to make the best of those born of a greater fate. The nation in its throes and struggles becomes almost personal. We are near the great heart of it, and can feel the blood surge outward to the straining muscles. The hero of the story is not one favored by all Olympus, but merely a lucky man. He escapes the deluge because he is fortunate enough to be hero, but the flood does not sunder for him. He is always in the shadow of something greater than himself.

All this is the spectator's standpoint. In Mr. Brailsford's book we take that of the participant. The Broom of the War God purports to be a novel of the recent war between Greece and Turkey. It is nothing of the kind. It is merely imaginary war correspondence. The story in it, outside the real story of history, is nothing to the purpose. The characterizations are good. We find in the first chapter a literary flavor and cleverness of line that sets us to making marginal notes—as when it says, speaking of the tendency to gesticulation among the nervous races, "They cannot describe their experiences; they can only re-live them;" or, "He found their conversation pleasant, because he thought his own better,"—but it stops there. Some one has facetiously said that Balzac describes fully the character and antecedents of every person in his books, even though it were only some plush breeched Jeems blessed with but one appearance, and having to say but a single speech. Mr. Brailsford has the same way with him.

But as no other book, it gives us the prose of war. Its descriptions of hunger, heat, cold, thirst, wounds, and fatigue are real. We have all been there on a lesser scale, and we know it must be so. The tale is a narrative of a man who has lived it, and is striving for no emotional or "artistic" effect. It is the greatest of realism, for it is realism of plot rather than of treatment. Perhaps nowhere else can be found a saner account of a battle from the soldier's point of view than that in the chapter entitled Dies Iræ. We instinctively assent to it. It has none of the hysterics of Stephen Crane, nor the impossible omniscence of objective battles. It is subjective, and still not ultra-emotional. "He could feel the enemy's rifles trained upon him; it seemed glory and pleasure enough to point his own piece true, and every minute that he survived to answer their fire was like a victory." The excitement of the fight is intense, but it is the excitement of one who has not lost his self-respect as a man. The main strength, however, is in the impression of the great dreary prose of war. The moment of excitement is the battle; the eternity of dreariness is the march, the camp, the waiting, the sordid, foul coarseness of the lower-class soldiers, the deadly ennui of the higher. The participant sees all these things clearer than the later-evident glory and romance, and these Mr. Brailsford has most interestingly brought home to us.

WHY ENGLAND INTERVENES

A Desert Drama: Being the Tragedy of the Korosko.—By A. Conan Doyle. 12mo. The J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

THE Tragedy of the Korosko is at once the most interesting book which Mr. Conan Doyle has given us for a long time, and one of the most effective political arguments which England could find for her policy in Egypt. The question of the English occupation of Egypt and her frontier campaign against the dervishes,—the campaign to which the recent battle seems to point so successful an outcome—is outlined for the reader in the desultory conversation of a group of tourists on the little steamer Korosko, bound up the Nile from the first to the second cataract. Young Headingly, just from Harvard, hears the French and the English arguments from Monsieur Fardet, of Paris, and Colonel Cochrane Cochrane, of the British army (retired), respectively. The Frenchman asserts flatly that there are no dervishes; that they were an invention of Lord Crome's in 1885, and that any pretense will do which will allow the continuance of the British occupation. Another point of view is that of a young English diplomat, who objects that England has been long enough the policeman of the world. "There is never a mad priest," he says, "or a witch doctor, or a firebrand of any sort on this planet, who does not report his appearance by sniping the nearest British officer. One tires of it at last. If a Kurd breaks loose in Asia Minor, the world wants to know why Great Britain does not keep him in order. If there is a military mutiny in Egypt, or a Jehad in the Soudan, it is still Great Britain who has to set it right. And all to an accompaniment of curses such as a policeman gets when he seizes a ruffian among his pals. We get hard knocks and no thanks, and why should we do it? Let Europe do its own dirty work."

"Well," replies Colonel Cochrane, crossing his legs and leaning forward with the decision of a man who has definite opinions, "I do n't agree with you at all, Brown, and I think that to advocate such a course is to take a very limited view of our national duties. I think that behind national interests and diplomacy and all that, there lies a great guiding force—a Providence, in fact—which is forever getting the best out of each nation and using it for the good of the whole. When a nation ceases to respond, it is time that she went into hospital for a few centuries, like Spain or Greece, —the good is gone out of her. A man or a nation is not here upon this earth merely to do what is pleasant and profitable. It is often called upon to carry out what is unpleasant and unprofitable; but if it is obviously right, it is mere shirking not to undertake it."

This, according to Mr. Doyle, is why England opens the ports of China, occupies Egypt, and protects the Uitländer in South Africa. This also, we take it, is why America wars with Spain.

Doctor Doyle's enforcement of his position is as simple as it is strong. It is very well to sit calmly by an English fireside and talk of the rights of native people and of the futility of trying to ensure

safety of life and limb everywhere on the globe. The answer to such talk, at least the answer of this book, is very simple, to show you some of your own kind in the hands of savages who may torture, maim, or kill at their pleasure.

When Doctor Doyle was in Egypt a winter or two ago, he must have stood upon the hill of Abousir, at the frontier of Nubia, and wondered what might happen to a party of tourists like his own if a dervish raid should capture them. The answer to his own question he gives in this book. There is very little plot, in the ordinary sense of contrived intricacies; there is only the thinnest thread of a love interest running through. It is the kind of narrative which an honest, capable newspaper correspondent might write. Doctor Doyle does not avail himself of any of the ordinary devices of the novelist; his story is told simply and forcibly. The forlorn little party of Europeans is dragged away across the desert by the Arabs to suffer horribly, some of them to die bravely. There is the Egyptian question: Shall it be possible for gallant and chivalrous souls like this to fall into the power of wild fanatics? Shall the seventh century prey upon the nineteenth? The little band from the Korosko will probably answer the question for many simple souls in England. The British government should undoubtedly undertake the publication of a French translation in Paris.

GOSSIP

HEIRLOOMS IN MINIATURES.—By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton: With a CHAPTER ON MINIATURE PAINTING.—By Emily Drayton Taylor. 8vo. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co.

IF oil portraits as likenesses are notoriously unsatisfactory, miniatures have always been one of the most attractive forms of family souvenirs. Miss Wharton, in her interesting volume, has not only reproduced over eighty examples of American miniatures, but in the accompanying text has gathered together a mass of very valuable and very readable gossip and history concerning the men and women whose portraits are thus preserved. In the development of the work and the correspondence it necessitated with the representatives of the old families, "so much of interest was brought to light with regard to early American painters, that this book has grown into a chronicle of the sayings and doings of the artists, as well as of those whom they portrayed. For this divergence from her original design, the writer feels that she need make no apology in view of the interest that belongs to the reminiscences and anecdotes which have thus been brought to light, our early artists being men of attractive personality, whose histories are inseparably connected with their country's progress in the arts and sciences, as well as with her Colonial and her Revolutionary life."

The best known miniaturist of these times was Charles Willson Peale, and there are many anecdotes of him which help to make him for us more of a reality than ever before. Among others, it is said that in his recollections he tells of assisting a Miss

MISS PEGGY CHAMPLIN

Mary Wrench in perfecting herself in his own art, though this lady was so modest that she disliked to paint gentlemen's portraits, and only did so because she needed the money!!

Peale belonged to the Revolutionary period, and was prominent among the artists of the day. "Among these he was a leader, and in the field from first to last, often literally, as he painted a number of miniatures in camp. Of the soldiers and statesmen of the new era Mr. Peale painted many portraits, those of Washington being the most numerous, beginning in 1772 with the celebrated three-quarter length of the young Virginia colonel, and reaching down to a short time before his death." Charles Peale, from being a saddler and clockmaker, took to painting from sheer talent, went to Europe with money subscribed by prominent Baltimoreans, and studied there under Benjamin West and others. Soon after his return he raised a company of foot and was with the army under Washington in many important engagements.

Rather amusing is Peale's description in his recollections of his second wife, Miss de Peyster of New York, which would not seem to be all

MRS. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK
By Edward Greene Malbone

that romance might demand. He says she was "of a sedate countenance, of a fat rather than a lean figure, not very talkative, but rather of a serious, motherly appearance."

An entire chapter is devoted to Benjamin West and to John Singleton Copley, both of whom were the first American artists to secure any recognition abroad. Benjamin West, as is known, lived to be President of the British Royal Academy, though in early life his art was practiced under the most discouraging conditions. One of his biographers says "that he made his colors of charcoal and chalk mixed with the juice of berries, these colors being laid on with the hair of a cat drawn through a goose-quill." Benjamin West's courtship, the opposition of the lady's rich brother, her elopement to England where West met and married her, are all part of his remarkably romantic life. Another well-known miniaturist of the day was John Trumbull. Unlike West he remained in America, raised a company, and finally became an aide to General Washington, of whom his portraits are considered among the most satisfactory.

He is supposed to have been most successful as a painter of men, though the miniature of his niece, Faith Trumbull, would seem to belie this. During the continuance of the Revolution Trumbull secured permission to go to London to study art, and despite his permit he had a most trying time directly after the execution of Major André. He was arrested, and for seven months confined in the bridewell, during which time he says "that he became acquainted with the darkest side of human nature, and upon one occasion had a highwayman for a bedfellow." He was finally released on bail through the influence of Edmund Burke, West and Copley, both in high favor at court, becoming sureties for their young countryman. A story is told of how Sir Joshua Reynolds exclaimed in a sharp tone upon being shown some of Trumbull's work: "That coat is bad, very bad; it is not cloth, it is tin, bent tin."

In the chapter on End-of-the-Century Artists, Gilbert Stuart of Rhode Island holds first place; he was destined ultimately to outshine all the others as a portrait painter.

In connection with another painter, a Scotchman, Alexander Robertson, is related a curious incident. When Robertson was about to leave Scotland for America, "the Earl of Buchan committed to his care a small oak box, four inches long, three broad, and two deep, made of six pieces of the heart of the oak-tree which sheltered Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. This box the Earl wished to present to General Washington, with the request for his portrait 'from the pencil of Mr. Robertson.'" This box was afterwards returned to the heirs of the Earl upon the death of Washington.

All through these pages devoted to the artists are anecdotes about the people whom they painted, and others which illumine better than volumes of histories the times and their customs, such as the one of Judge Hopkinson, who wrote of a Mr. Pine. "He brought with him a plaster cast of the Venus de Médicis, which was kept shut up in a case, and only shown to persons who particularly wished to see it, as the manners of our country at that time would not tolerate the exhibition of such a figure."

Malbone and Fraser is the title of another chapter. Malbone, also from Rhode Island, became one of the most gifted of miniature painters, and his work ranks well beside the best work of England and France. There was quite a circle of literary people in the New York of the early century, including Cooper, Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Paulding, and Gulian C. Verplanck. Malbone's portrait of Mrs. Verplanck indicates his power of catching expression and is also a charming reminiscence of the simplicity of the times. This miniature was found in her husband's desk sixty-three years after her death, "with some of her letters and locks of her sunny brown hair."

Another of his miniatures is that of Matilda Hoffman, the fiancée of Washington Irving, whose early death was the greatest sorrow of his life. Years afterwards when asked why he had never married, Irving wrote: "I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful, and more beautiful, and more angelical to the last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; was the last one she looked upon. She was but seventeen years old when she died."

There is a chapter upon The Beauty of Our Grandmothers, in which it is set forth that though women of the day are perhaps as beautiful as of old, their charm has not such old-time delicateness and spirituality as that of our granddames. "A celebrated French miniaturist, when interrogated with regard to the probability of the newly-invented photograph superseding the miniature, replied, with a fine understanding of human nature, even if his soul was not prophetic, 'No, madame, there is no dangere; the photograph does not flattere.'" This may, in a measure, account for the extraordinary attractiveness of some of the faces preserved for us by the process that may at a pinch "flattere."

Among those for whom resource to such subterfuges was not necessary, was Miss Margaret Champlin of Newport, who, before her marriage to Dr. Benjamin Mason, was a very dangerous young person from all accounts. Not only her own countrymen fell before her, but the officers of the French army and navy were more than attentive. The Prince de Broglie, after dilating upon her personal charms to some length, wrote, "She added to all these advantages that of being dressed and coiffée with taste, that is to say, in the French fashion,—besides which she spoke and understood our language." Despite, however, this interest in foreign attention, Miss "Peggy" was a good patriot and one of the original members of the "Daughters of Liberty." Another famous beauty was Mrs. Edward Biddle, who was considered, when a young

MRS. EDWARD BIDDLE

By George Freeman

matron, one of the three most beautiful women in Philadelphia. Her beauty was enhanced by charming manners and ready wit, so that she was quite as popular with the old as with the young. Her miniature by Freeman is on a larger scale; this painter being the first to introduce the cabinet size into the art.

The book is peculiarly interesting not alone to students of history and art, but to the general reader, who can find many quaint and gossipy stories of the artists and their sitters, who, generally speaking, were the famous people in Revolutionary politics, war, and society. The illustrations may well induce a revival of the popularity of this form of portraiture, while Miss Wharton has imparted to the whole her accustomed charm of treatment which would make dry antiquarian recitals seem interesting and which, when practiced upon a fascinating subject, becomes quite enticing.

THE REVOLT OF ZOLA

PARIS.—By Emile Zola. Translated by Edward Vizetelly. 2 vols. 12mo. The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

THE reviewers, skillful as ever in the exegesis of the obvious, have pointed out the allegorical character of Zola's latest book, Paris. They have explained that it completes the trilogy, of which Lourdes and Rome were the first two parts, and that as the former showed the variety of faith, and the latter the variety of hope, so Paris demonstrates the futility of charity as a remedy for human distress. Other acute commentators on the self-evident have remarked the fact that in Paris, Zola insists upon the principle of human justice as the substitute for any and all of the three virtues mentioned. This jangle of words is taken very seriously by the gobemouches as making three important stages in the author's quest for truth. Zola, the novelist, is lost in Zola, the social reformer and moral philosopher. Recent events are, in part, accountable for this.

Can these events be in any way explained by Zola's views of the city in which he has undergone a French martyrdom? It is possible that a keen analyst studying Paris, not as a novel, but as a human document, might draw some interesting inferences as to the trustworthiness of its author as a witness and as an accuser. If, as George Brandes says, we can reconstruct Shakespeare's life in full by the proper study of his plays, it is reasonable to look for some connection between Zola's recent acts and the views which he had just before expressed.

Again, as in Lourdes and Rome, society is viewed though the eyes of the young priest, Pierre Froment, the man with the towering brow and gentle mouth, who returns to Paris after the loss of all faith and all hope, and tries to satisfy his spiritual needs by works of charity. His efforts to help the poor bring him into contact with all the elements of Parisian society, but nowhere can effective and permanent relief be obtained; so, after the breakdown of his belief in charity, he is ravaged by the most terrific emotions, and becomes a sepulcher of the three dead Christian virtues. He is now a desperate atheist, but becomes reconciled with his elder brother, Guillaume, the inventor of a new explosive which he intends to give the French government in the belief that by means of it France will introduce the reign of justice and enforce it on the nations. Guillaume thus believes only in science as the social regenerator. With the French government in possession of a powerful enough explosive, all will be well. Pierre soon sees this, and becomes a convert to science. Under the influence of a young woman who never does, or says anything that is not perfectly rational and healthy, he ceases to be a sepulcher. The young woman is Guillaume's fiancée, but he renounces her for Pierre's sake. Pierre marries her and so finds peace and joy. A happy faith in science and a hope that through hard work justice may enter the world now possess him. As to the allegory, Pierre is Man battling with Life and Reason, but finally becoming reconciled to them. The heroine probably typifies Reason and Life, but to the plain, blunt reader, she appears rather as the Genius of Hygiene. These are queer doings for a realist; for what real man or woman ever was an allegory?

This is the scheme of this book, and it is well suited to the author's purpose of passing all Parisian life in review, for Pierre's charitable activity takes him everywhere. He scours the slums, and, in trying to obtain relief for the oppressed classes, visits the houses of the rich bourgeoisie and of the

remnants of the old noblesse; attends sessions of the Chamber of Deputies, is present at a ministerial crisis, at the Madeleine when a great Neo-Catholic prelate makes an address, at an anarchistic bomb-throwing, and at any other place where a social lesson can be learned. And the social lesson is always the same. Political life is rotten; fashionable life is a cesspool; journalism is a sewer; charity is a sham; justice is a farce, and religion is a burlesque. And Paris being "the brain of the universe," the whole world is rickety and moribund from the variety of diseases which have fastened on its head.

Such is the thesis of the social protagonist who wrote the famous J'accuse manifesto. The Anglo-Saxon mind cannot cope with the perplexities of the Zola trial, especially as it was represented by the blundering and disjointed reports of our newspaper correspondents, but it can form an a priori estimate of Zola's credibility and reasonableness from a study of this book.

Economical nature rarely grants a talent without exacting a compensation. In bestowing the artistic temperament, she pays herself very often out of the fund of common sense. To Zola's lot has fallen the gift of literary scene-painting, of describing men in mass, of huge, coarse, but vivid and imposing delineation. He is the marvelously skillful showman of a panorama. A military campaign, a defeat, an uproar in the Chamber, a judicial trial, are his artistic heritage. As to the individual, he must be definite, salient, that is all. He must be all villainous, all good, all fantastical, an embodied quality or idea. He is a mere monochrome daub when seen too closely, but at a distance the mass of contrasting colors is wonderfully effective.

One feels instinctively that it would be a dangerous thing to be judged by the creator of these unfleshed beings, to be condemned forever to have only one characteristic, one motive, and one set of phrases. If real men and women take on these shapes to his mind, what a queer phantom world he must live in. Take Pierre, for instance, with his towering brow and gentle mouth. He is never allowed for a second to do anything in the least inconsistent with that brow and that mouth. He must always tower in thought and be gentle in feeling, for does not the brow come from the superbly intellectual father, and the mouth from the infinitely spiritual mother? And Pierre is better off than the others, for he has two whole traits of his own, while they have only one apiece. The anarchist, with the dreamy, flaring eyes, must never cease to dream and flare and brood anarchy; and from the moment when we see him we can guess by the slow music, that what distends his pocket is not "some hunk of bread" at all (as the translator calls it), but a fearfully destructive bomb. Then the enigmatic man who never forgets to be enigmatic, and the selfish, rich bourgeois, whose figure at times expands till it represents the whole bourgeoisie, and the bird-like, unscrupulous deputy, and the decadent symbolist—what are they all but clearly-lettered blocks to spell a theory with. A pretty errand girl, with fair hair and stomach ripped open by the bomb, recurs some nine times, and neither hair nor stomach is once forgotten. A curious and unprecedented resort to the Wagnerian leit motiv in literature, says a critic, by way of praise, forgetful of Quilp's constantly recurring grimaces, Mr. Carker's ominous grin, and the man whose moustache went up under his nose, to say nothing of Homer's leit motiv, which so often spares schoolboys the pains of translating a portion of the "advance."

Zola, then, can paint a crowd of men in action, but the individual man is badly mangled in the process. He will not find anything in man except what is dramatically effective, and as the blackest villainy and the whitest goodness are the best for his literary purposes, he finds more of these than of anything else. As for society, he is bound that it shall be rotten, root and branch, for this view has especially good dramatic possibilities. This attitude is the result of his literary temperament, and is absolutely sincere, but it is not that of a man whose judgment should be relied on, if by chance he should fall among realities. His course in the Dreyfus affair may have been wise and justifiable, but if there were no evidence one way or the other, except the psychological testimony of this book one would have to confess a prejudice against him. Where other men would suspect and hesitate, Zola would promptly, and without the shadow of a question, locate what he would call a moral sewer, hideous and festering, discharging its poisonous ooze over the diseased limbs of prostrate society.

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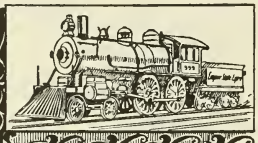

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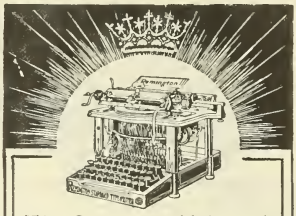

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